Saturday Review

January 8, 1966 25¢

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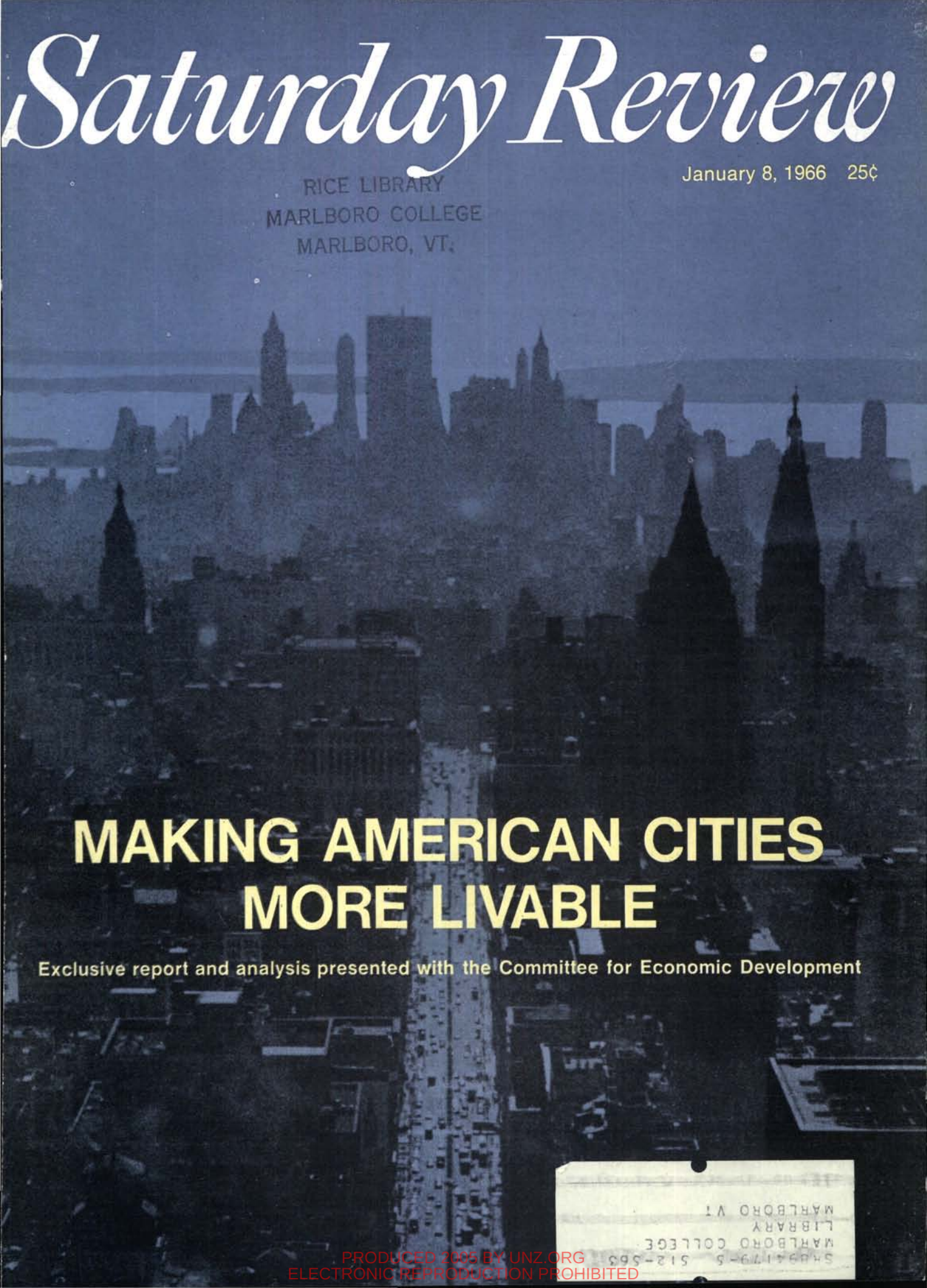

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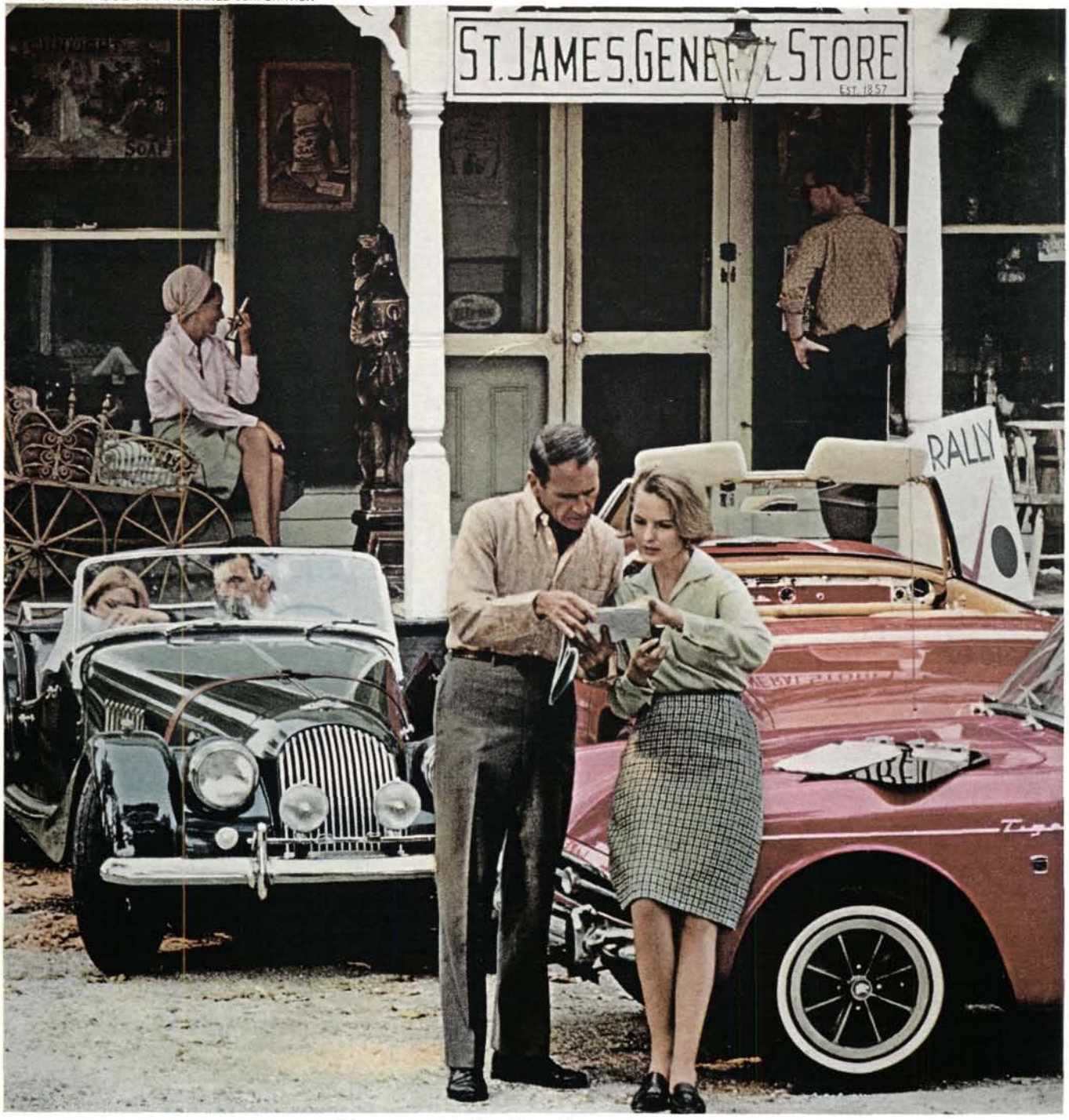

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For Cacus*

Readers of a certain age will remember the "Ask Me Another" books which were a national fad a number of years ago. Those a little younger will recall the radio show, "Information, Please." And those still younger may have watched, or even participated in "The College Bowl."

All of these were manifestations of the national interest in checking up on facts, of pitting one's skill against that of experts or friends.

This interest finds new gratification in a book called *Questions, Anyone?*, a collection by Robert Thomsen, who put together that earlier and equally fascinating volume, *Games, Anyone?*

The new book has 215 pages of questions and answers, enlivened with amusing personal anecdotes and commentaries. It is the perfect book to brighten parties of intelligent people, to lighten the duller hours of family reunions, to test your mental superiority over your neighbors, or to while away the monotony of long journeys over today's endlessly enervating turnpikes. Warning: the book is a little like peanuts (or *Peanuts*)—hard to stop once you've started.

In brief, for good, clean fun for all the family, at home or on the road, turn to *Questions, Anyone?*

L.L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

A Compulsive Asterisk Checker-Upper*

Questions, Anyone? ($4.50), by Robert Thomsen, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 228 Worth Avenue, Palm Beach, Florida.

***I'm one myself.—L.L.D.*

Saturday Review

January 8, 1966

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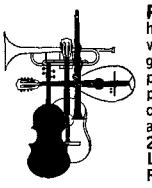

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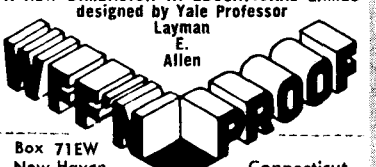

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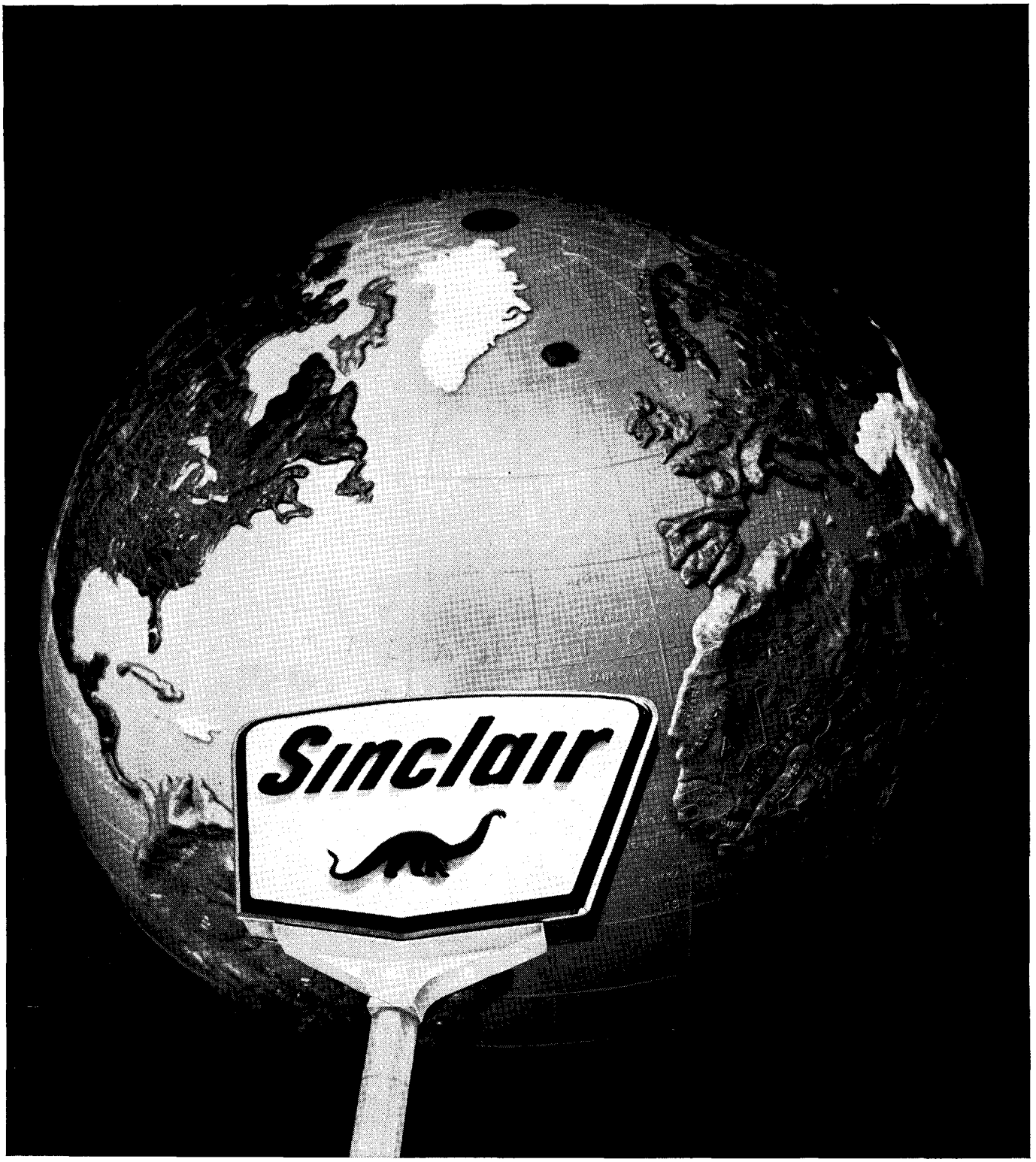

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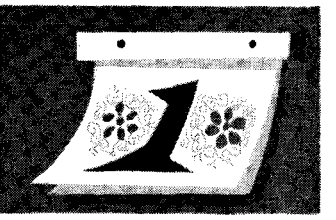
First of the Month



By CLEVELAND AMORY

THE LAST MONTH of the old year was the month in which, among other things, Secretary Rusk said that we were fighting now so that, later, we wouldn't have to fight World War III. Sort of, as we understand it, a new program—fight now, pray later.

Of course, we suppose another way to look at this thing would be for us to fight, say, World War IV right now—before we fight World War III—and then we'd be, so to speak, one war to the good.

And after we fight World War IV, we could then fight, say, World War *VI*—and skip World War V. This way at least we'd only be fighting the even wars—and not be bothering about the odd ones.

Picking whom to fight, of course, isn't always easy. But, as a general rule of thumb, the way we see it, you can figure that every other war you fight your friends in the war before—with your enemies as allies. And then, every other *other* war, you fight your enemies, or your former friends—with your friends, or former enemies, as allies.

It sounds complicated, of course, but it isn't really. In World War II, for example, we fought Germany and Japan and Italy, with France and China and Russia as our allies. Now, for World War III, we would fight China and maybe Russia and maybe even France, too, for that matter, with Germany and Japan and Italy, etc., as allies.

This way no one would feel left out—and anyway, even if they did, the war after, when we naturally got fed up with our friends again and loved our enemies, we could go back to fighting Germany and Japan, etc., with China and Russia, etc., as allies.

The whole thing, as we see it, is just a matter of getting used to the fact that there's no use, just because we're constantly getting oriented—you will pardon the expression—to time periods measured by "World War I," "World War II," etc., not to realize that, in between these wars, there have been times of peace. Not long times, to be sure, but good times, just the same.

In your grandfather's day, for example—you remember, your grandfather *lived* those times—World Peace I. Then, in your Dad's day—you remember the Twenties and those old roaring Depression times—well, that was World Peace II.

And now, for the New Year, at least, the job for all of us—Secretary Rusk, you, me, wherever we may be, in Santo Domingo or Vietnam or wherever, or whatever we may be doing, fighting or praying or whatever, our job is World Peace III.

• • •

One man who has made peace his job is John McConnell, former San Franciscan and publisher of two weekly newspapers, who came to New York during the month in connection with "Minute for Peace." A man with no previous connection with any organized peace movement, McConnell launched "Minute for Peace" on Armistice Day 1963, with a booklet called "Peace Blitz." "Minute for Peace," he explained to us, "is a non-formal organization which asks only that people from all countries take a minute each day to think, each in his own way, of peace. "The religious to pray," Mr. McConnell says, "and others to turn to their inner selves." It is, he added, something that he hopes will touch "the spirit of man, the intuitive sense—a link in mind and spirit above all differences, a link strong enough to reach Mao Tse-tung and Goldwater, too." Mr. McConnell told us that he had gotten the "polite attention" and "commitment of interest" of a wide variety of prominent people and prominent companies. "But now," he said, "I need more than their interest, I need a little capital, too." Among his problems—although Minute for Peace can keep its address at 777 United Nations Plaza, it has to move—to make way, of all things, for the Baptist Center for Peace.

• • •

Also on this general subject, we liked especially during the month a brief volume entitled *Rhymes for the Irreverent*, from the pen of E. Y. ("Yip") Harburg, of *Paper Moon, Over the Rainbow*, and *Glocca Morra* fame. Our favorite is a poem—or is it a lyric?—entitled "On That Great Civilized Morning":

Are the Africans in Africa
Prepared for independence?
Do they have enough delinquents
'Mong their juvenile descendants?
Can they fill the air with smog enough?
Their rivers with pollutions?
Are their citizens involved enough
For mental institutions?

(*Continued on page* 13)

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"Nothing we have done in the past will ever be good enough again."

Daniel D. Mich
Editor, Look Magazine, 1954-1965

The People, the Honors Through the years, LOOK has received more critical acclaim for reportorial and visual excellence than has any other magazine. Here are some of the people responsible for major honors won by LOOK in 1965. The continuing achievements of the entire LOOK editorial staff underscore the premise that "nothing we have done in the past will ever be good enough again"... that Dan Mich's words have become a magazine's credo.

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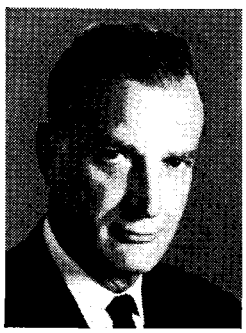
A LOOK Senior Editor at 26, Sam Castan—now 30—specializes in covering wars. Cyprus. Dominican Republic. Vietnam. A U. S. major in Vietnam praised Castan's "gallant bravery," noting he had "repeatedly exposed himself to hostile fire to record the action accurately." Castan's front-line report on *Vietnam's Two Wars* (LOOK, Jan. 28, 1964) captured one of journalism's top honors, the Magazine Reporting Award of Sigma Delta Chi. Said the citation: "Risking [his] life, Castan made a significant contribution to public knowledge."

CASTAN


ARTHUR

Sigma Delta Chi gives *two* annual magazine awards. The other, for Distinguished Public Service, also went to LOOK. It cited LOOK's "continuing effort in civil rights." This effort, launched and nurtured by Dan Mich, reflects his lifelong concern over intolerance in any form. Much credit for the '65 honor belongs to Managing Editor William B. Arthur. It was Arthur, an Army ex-colonel and Kentucky ex-newspaperman (with just a trace of bluegrass in his speech), who supervised production of the award-winning articles.

HURLBURT

Until late last year, Allen Hurlburt had one title: Editorial Art Director of LOOK. He now has a second: U. S. Art Director of the Year. It was bestowed by the National Society of Art Directors "for his outstanding job last year and the continuing excellence of visual presentation in LOOK." Hurlburt has been an art director 30 years, 13 of them at LOOK. His work at LOOK earned more than 50 awards, including an unprecedented six Gold Medals from the New York Art Directors Club.

That rarity, a native New Yorker, Senior Editor J. Robert Moskin was a newspaperman and magazine writer be-

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fore joining LOOK in 1956. His degrees from Harvard and Columbia were in history. His interests at LOOK are less circumscribed. The prolific (and peripatetic) Mr. Moskin has covered subjects as disparate as America's henpecked males and Germany's new nationalism. He won two '65 honors—a Sidney Hillman Foundation Award and New York Newspaper Guild Page One Award—for the same article: *The Challenge to Our Doctors* (LOOK, Nov. 3, 1964).

MOSKIN

The other '65 Page One magazine reporting award went to a LOOK Senior Editor who once spent 19 hours under arrest in a Castro jail. She's Laura Bergquist. The Guild cited her direction of the Nov. 17, 1964, *JFK Memorial Issue.* An accredited White House correspondent, Spanish-speaking Miss Bergquist also reports on Latin America. Her stories from there won a 1965 Golden Plate from the American Academy of Achievement.

BERGQUIST

HARRIS

A seventh-generation Kentuckian who rode to school on a plow horse, Senior Editor T George Harris ("T" is his first name) covers the LOOK financial beat. Academically, he went far beyond that little red schoolhouse. He was a Yale Phi Beta Kappa and later studied at Oxford. His *Automation: We Can Handle It* (LOOK, Jan. 13, 1965) won a University of Missouri economics award.

DUNBAR

Probably the only U. S. magazine writer who taught school in Kenya and Sierra Leone, Senior Editor Ernest Dunbar is a specialist on Africa. He was a journalism instructor there while on a LOOK leave of absence. In 1965, Dunbar received

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LOOK

Marks of Leadership. The awards listed here were among those presented to LOOK in 1965. These citations, unmatched by any other magazine, honor the editorial approach that has made LOOK the biggest-selling, most talked about magazine in its field ... that has made 1965 LOOK's biggest year in circulation and advertising revenue.

SIGMA DELTA CHI MAGAZINE REPORTING AWARD
SIGMA DELTA CHI AWARD FOR DISTINGUISHED PUBLIC SERVICE
NATIONAL SOCIETY OF ART DIRECTORS GOLDEN T-SQUARE
ART DIRECTORS CLUB OF NEW YORK GOLD MEDAL
ART DIRECTORS CLUB OF NEW YORK DISTINCTIVE MERIT AWARD
CAPITAL PRESS CLUB JOURNALISM ACHIEVEMENT AWARD
OVERSEAS PRESS CLUB CITATION OF EXCELLENCE
NATIONAL EDUCATION ASSOCIATION SCHOOL BELL AWARD
NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CHRISTIANS AND JEWS SUPERIOR MERIT AWARD
NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL PUBLIC INTEREST AWARD
AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ACHIEVEMENT GOLDEN PLATE AWARD
SIDNEY HILLMAN FOUNDATION PRIZE AWARD
TWO NEW YORK NEWSPAPER GUILD PAGE ONE AWARDS FOR MAGAZINE REPORTING
NEW YORK NEWSPAPER GUILD PAGE ONE AWARD FOR MAGAZINE PHOTOGRAPHY
UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI AWARD FOR ECONOMICS WRITING
CASWELL-MASSEY AWARD FOR MENSWEAR REPORTING
AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF MEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR-MENSWEAR
RETAILERS OF AMERICA LULU AWARD
NATIONAL PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS ASSOCIATION-WORLD BOOK ENCYCLOPEDIA-UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI AWARD FOR MAGAZINE PHOTOGRAPHY

a Journalism Achievement Award from the Capital Press Club and a Citation of Excellence from the Overseas Press Club. The OPC cited *The African Revolt in Russia* (LOOK, May 5, 1964), his first-hand report on racial bias encountered by African students in Russian schools.

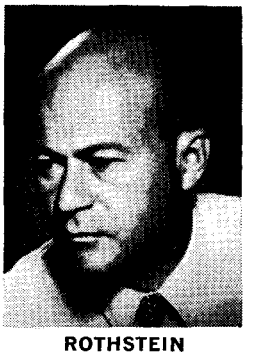
Problems of American students in American schools interest George B. Leonard, Jr., LOOK's West Coast Editorial Manager. His articles on teaching are a key reason why LOOK usually sweeps the major education awards. *Integration in Reverse* (LOOK, April 21, 1964), his story of a white girl in a San Francisco class with 22 Negro pupils, was cited in 1965 when the National Education Association gave LOOK its tenth consecutive School Bell Award "for distinguished coverage of education."

LEONARD

Teaching is associated with another LOOK staffer, Special Editorial Adviser Leo Rosten. Author of *The Education of Hyman Kaplan,* Rosten—as lecturer and visiting professor—has contributed to the education of *non*-fictional students at Yale, California and Columbia. His article on Saint Paul (LOOK, Dec. 31, 1963) was cited when the National Conference of Christians and Jews gave LOOK its top 1965 magazine honor: the Superior Merit Brotherhood Award.

ROSTEN

Top photo-journalism awards come from the National Press Photographers Association. In 1964 *and* 1965, LOOK won NPPA honors "for best use of photographs by any magazine." Credit goes to LOOK's camera staff and Technical Director Arthur Rothstein. A 25-year LOOK veteran, Rothstein wins many awards for his work, some of which is on permanent display at the Library of Congress and the Smithsonian.


ROTHSTEIN

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Continued from page 6

Are they ripe enough to know enough
To regulate their taxes,
So the poor can pay the rich
To keep the poor flat on their axes?
Do they know how to destroy
What they produce for their enjoyment?
Or employ enough machines
To keep employees from employment?
Have the natives the intelligence,
Native wisdom or dexterity,
To establish atom bases
As the base of their prosperity?
In essence, have we morally
The right to even plan
To let the backward nations
Join the Brotherhood of Man?

• • •

On the television front, the big news was the off-again, on-again, split-screen documentary put on, in the press, by NBC on the subject of Robert Kintner, the board chairman who was either in, or out, or out and in again. Part hard-sell, part soft-soap ("Will he, or will he not return—listen again tomorrow"), it was a gripping saga—the kind of thing that television does best, or worst, depending on how you look at it. In any case, perhaps the greatest irony was that the man who had been, for so long, the anonymous "they" upstairs seemed to have found out, at last, that he wasn't the *only* "they" after all. Somewhere up there, in the attic, for Pete's sake, there was evidently still *another* "they."

• • •

On our own job front, our favorite offer of the month came, via a telephone call, from none other than the famed cabaret queen Bricktop. Miss Bricktop told us she wanted us to write Part II of a three-part biography of her life. Her choice for Part I—her growing years (when she was brought up, among other things, as a *boy*): Langston Hughes. For Part III, which she described as the "Catholic part of my life," she told us she had chosen Bob Considine. "He has to do it," she said. "I'll kill him if he doesn't." And, she reminded us, our part would include *all* her social life. "I've had my picture taken with all the Popes," she said. "And remember, dearie, I've known every living 'name' in the whole world. I can call them on the phone, darling, and they still answer."

• • •

The passing, during the month, at ninety-one, of one of Miss Bricktop's famed friends, Mr. William Somerset Maugham, tested the mettle of more than one obituary writer. The fact is that the "Grand Old Man," a phrase he de-

(*Continued on page 89*)

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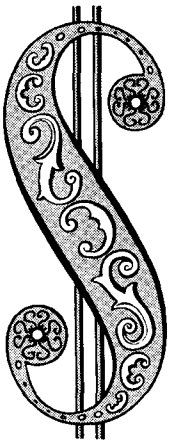

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Partial disability, weekly, up to 26 weeks, each accident (*Total and partial disability combined, 104 weeks each accident.*)	*12.50*	*25.00*	*37.50*
Loss of life, to age 70	5,000	10,000	15,000
Loss of life, after age 70	1,000	2,000	3,000
Loss of both hands or feet, or one hand and one foot, or sight of both eyes	5,000	10,000	15,000
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Broad Coverage . . . includes all kinds of accidents excepting only suicide and losses caused by war or while engaged in military service in time of war, insurrection or riot, or as a passenger in a military aircraft or a pilot or paid crew member of any aircraft. *No other accident exclusions!* All kinds of civilian passenger air travel are covered! The benefits are all paid in cash direct to you or your beneficiary and regardless of continuing income. Benefits may be prorated only in the event of over-insurance or change to a hazardous occupation.

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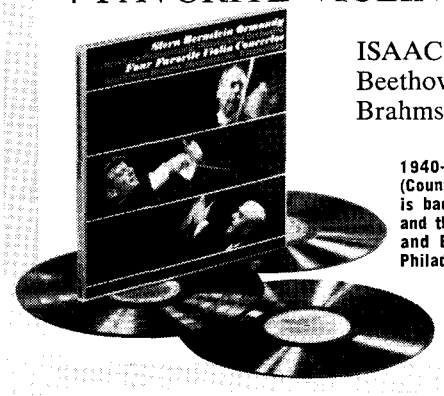

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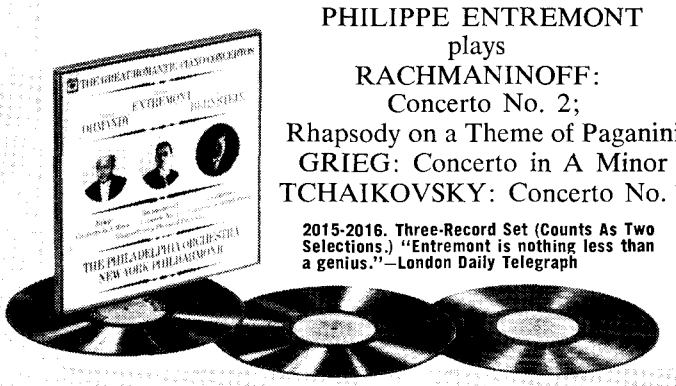

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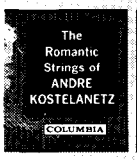

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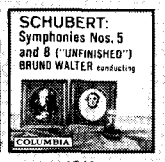

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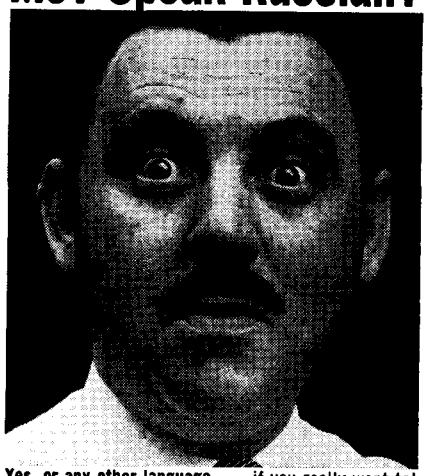

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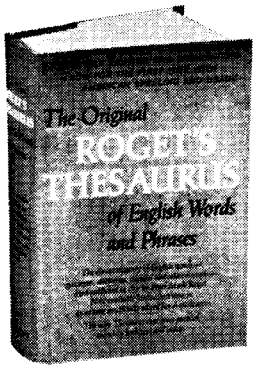

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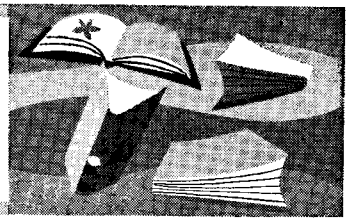
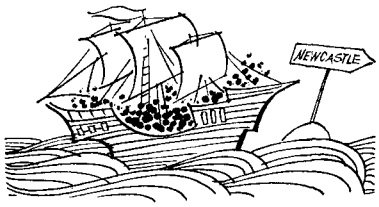


Now that the New Year has gathered some momentum, it is altogether fitting and proper that we clean up all those unfinished shreds of information left over from the previous year. Many alert and perceptive TRADE WINDS readers have come forward with luminous follow-up intelligence on previous items we were brash enough to print, and their comments deserve a better fate than a dusty file.

Previous item: A query in these pages about whether anyone in history defied tradition and legend and actually carried coals to Newcastle.

Follow-up: From William Rainsley, documented information that one Timothy Dexter, of Newburyport, Massachusetts, born twenty-five years before the Revolution, certainly did carry coals to Newcastle, and at a handsome profit, too. He loaded a boat with coal in America and sent it directly there. It brought a good price, too, because Newcastle was tied up with a coal strike.



Previous item: A complaint from a reader about the redundancy of the statement on the *New York Times* editorial page: "Published every day in the year by. . ." Claim was that the words "in the year" were redundant, and the *Times* gave in and changed the phrase accordingly.

Follow-up: From Abbot Sackheim, another challenge hurled into the teeth of one of the most hallowed traditions, the *Times's* slogan "All the news that's fit to print." It should be, according to Mr. Sackheim: "All the news that's fit to be printed." Journalistic wags have for years, of course, been corrupting the phrase with: "All the news that fits, we print."

Previous item: A doctor who named his horse Consultation so his office nurse could tell his patients, "I'm sorry, but the doctor is out on Consultation."

Follow-up: A protest from Oscar Forster. "This doctor should also have a dog named Physician," he writes, "so that when giving the dog an obedience lesson, he could command: 'Physician, heel thyself!'"

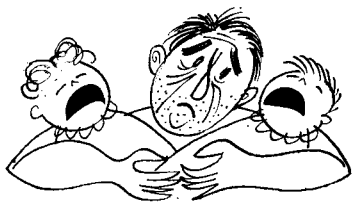
Previous item: Several references throughout the year to fractured news items and headlines.

Follow-up (multiple): From Mrs. William T. Barnes, a headline in the Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, *Patriot:* "Bird Output Due to Drop."

From Hedda Hopper's column of July 27, 1965, and sent by Sidney Finkelstein: "'I've been working from 3:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., says Dick Crenna. 'By the end of the year, I can hardly drag myself around.' The Crennas expect their third baby within a week. . . ."

From the Auburn Community College *News*, two items on the same page, submitted by Stanley H. Smith. In column 1: "Murray Banks keeps in top shape for the grueling sport of cross country by subsisting on a diet of liver and yogurt. He refrains from candy, soft drinks, fried foods, and desserts, and also leads a limited social life." On column 3: "Murray Banks suffered a slight concussion when he apparently collapsed from exhaustion and hit his head when he fell. He is now recuperating."

From Lester Noyes, a headline: "Students at Denver Men's College 83% Against Mixed Dormitories." The rejection is not as unbelievable as it sounds. The men discovered that all that "mixed dorms" meant was the mixing of freshmen, sophomores, juniors, and seniors—not a coed invasion.



Previous item: A complaint in these pages about the description by some hostelries of a stale Danish and a cup of coffee as a "Continental Breakfast."

Follow-up: Samm Sinclair Baker, bargaining with a New York hotel manager about a flat monthly rate, complained that the price was still too high. The manager raved on and on about the wonderful "Continental Breakfast" that would be available without charge every morning. "Just think," said the manager, "the price includes that delicious, piping-hot breakfast delivered to your

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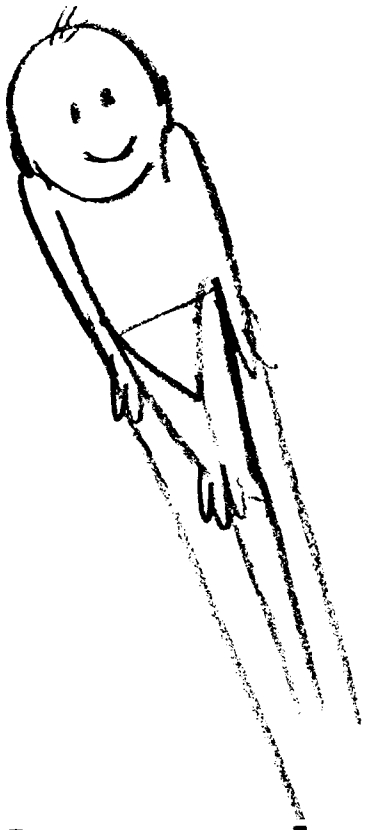

Boom Goes Baby! Bang Goes the Old Rulebook!

When a population explodes, some old ways of doing business are bound to be blown away. And a good thing, too, for it strips a company for future action and opportunities in other fields.

Just keeping up with the Joneses and their needs today is tough enough for any progressive company. But it's only the beginning: today's U.S. population of some 195,000,000 is expected to almost double in the next 35 years.

That's a lot of new Joneses! And that means a new game has started with a brand new set of rules.

This will give you some idea of the preparations ITT has made. In the U.S. in 1945, ITT had one manufacturing plant in one state—New Jersey. Today, there are ITT plants and facilities in 200 cities and towns in all 50 states.

That's a lot of ITT in the U.S.A.! Particularly for a company which often has been regarded as being far more international than national.

Today, in the U.S., ITT is involved in a variety of enterprises. Among these are telecommunications systems and equipment, including telephones for homes and automobiles; heating, ventilating and air conditioning equipment for schools, institutions and other commercial and industrial uses; industrial pumps and crop sprayers; navigation systems; aircraft and aerospace controls; flow controls and meters for the petroleum and other process industries; automatic and electronic control systems; data processing services; satellites for a variety of applications; and space communications.

There's more. Finance, investment, insurance and car-rental services—to say nothing of being named by the Office of Economic Opportunity to assist in the operation, maintenance and administration of a Job Corps Men's Training Center at Camp Kilmer in New Jersey.

To put it another way—by 1970, ITT's operations in the U.S. and its possessions will contribute more than 50% of aggregate earnings, compared with 40% last year.

And last year, ITT's growing U.S. earnings alone were sufficient to cover the Corporation's entire dividend requirements on both common and preferred stock.

So let the baby boom zoom. ITT stands ready now—and will through the year 2000—with any number of new and improved products and services. Need a little additional proof? Consider this: 60% of ITT's present products are the result of the last 5 years' research and development. Quite an accomplishment. But then, one would expect this sort of progress from a company that last year had sales of $1.8 billion in 115 countries.

There's a big job ahead in this big country. And there'll be no letup by ITT to help get it done.

International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, New York, N.Y.

ITT

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"Each mind hath its own method."
Emerson

Some achievements in chemistry stem from the isolated work of individuals.

Others result from many minds working together, as each individual sharpens his concepts upon the whetstone of another's ideas.

As practiced today, chemical research avails itself of both approaches. In our own research effort, each has led to developments that range from fertilizers to rocket fuels.

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door daily!" Said Mr. Baker: "I never eat in the morning. How much would it be without the Continental breakfast?" The manager looked disgusted. "What the hell does it amount to, after all—a lousy roll and coffee!"

Previous item: The mention of crazy rubber stamps some people have made up for themselves.

Follow-up (multiple): A rash of case reports from readers. Kathryn Briggs writes about a high school class that gave its English V teacher a stamp with his favorite cliché on it: "Trite!" Guy Sattley reports an identical incident in another school.

From editor Richard Ashby, a cluster of rubber stamps designed for manuscript readers, reading: "Trash!" "This Stinks!" "Rots O'Ruck."

From Bertrand Heflin, the information that a professor of journalism wields a huge, 72-point stamp for his students' papers, bearing the legend: "Great Zott!"

From Lucien Greif, a 42-point stamp, handsomely framed by wavy lines, reading: "Obsolete!"

From Arnold Lott, a retired Navy officer, the information that Rear Admiral C. C. Kirkpatrick handled memos with two kinds of rubber stamps, one showing a smiling face, the other a frown. They of course meant yes or no, respectively.

From Elizabeth Stein, a rubber stamp with the picture of a beer stein on it, which she conveniently uses in place of her last name.

And from Bernard Sokal, a rubber stamp bearing the phrase: "I Certify That My Wife Gave Me This Letter to Mail —— Days Ago."

With all this nonsense now cleared up out of the way, we can look forward to a fresh New Year, with only Bennett Cerf's jokes to stand between us and Utopia.

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1656)

G. S. GALBRAITH:

NEW YEAR'S HEROES

(From *The Wall Street Journal*)

This writer bows
To that brave contingent
Whose New Year's vows
Are stern and stringent . . .

For they're my betters . . .

Till a week's gone by.
Then those who reform'll
Relax with a sigh
And revert to normal.

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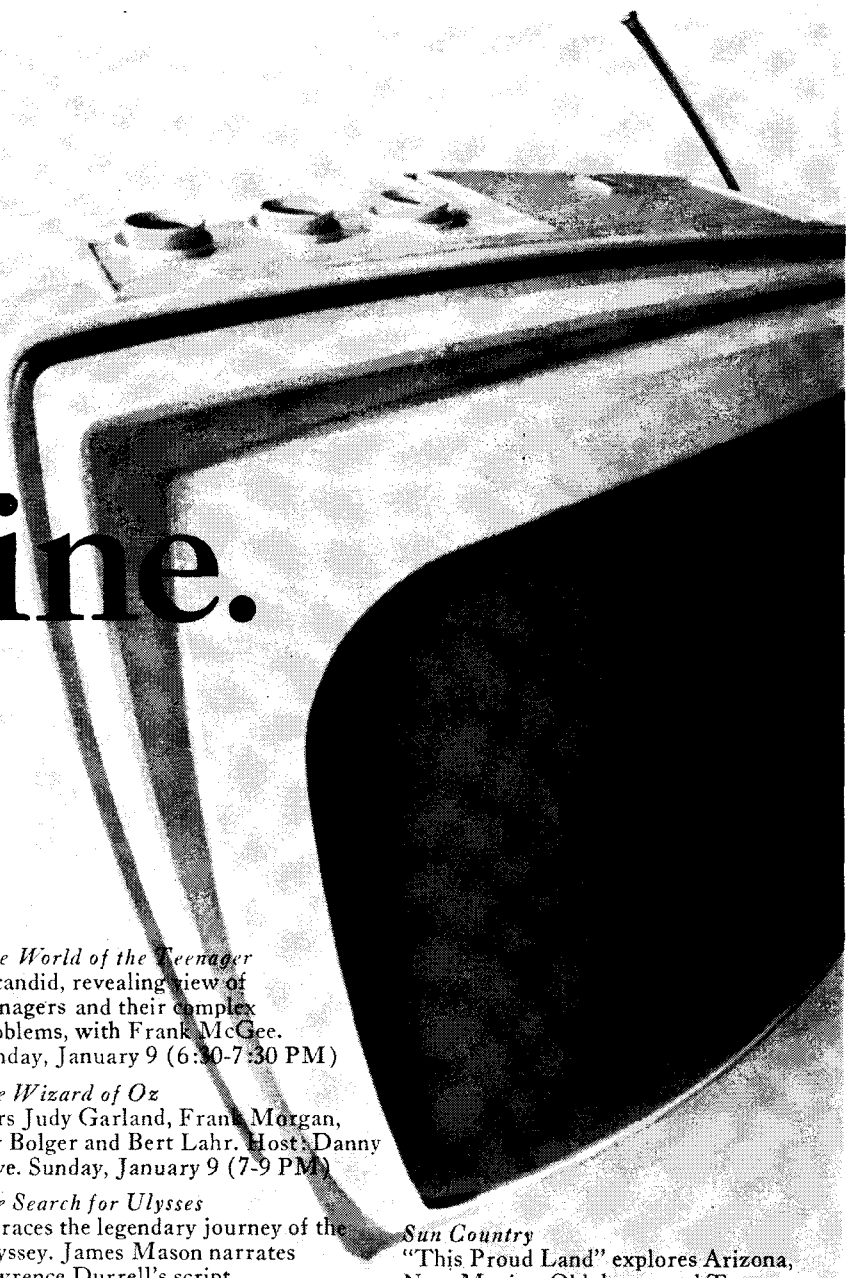
The Time Machine.



In January, television will transport you to the Mediterranean of Ulysses, Thoreau's Walden Pond, the Sun Country of the Southwest today, The Promised Land of yesterday, The Land of Oz with its wonderful wizard, Miami with its new dilemma, the big wild world of Kenya and a fantastic place called Never-Never Land.

Sooner or later, if you take the controls and operate them selectively, television will take you practically anywhere you want to go.

ABC Scope
Orphans of the Living; Dilemma in Vietnam II; Watts; Dilemma in Miami; Nixon. Saturdays, January 1, 8, 15, 22, 29 (10:30-11 PM)

Wide World of Sports
Charlotte "200" Stock Car Race; Alpine Skiing; Ski Jumping; Surfing Championship; Motorcycle and Toboggan Championship. Saturdays, January 1, 8, 15, 22, 29 (5-6:30 PM)

Pigskins and Parades
Football games featuring top teams and the traditional pre-game spectacles will be telecast on January 1, 2, 8 and 15.

Discovery
Discovery Goes to Israel; Discovery Goes to Kenya; The Vanishing Jungle; The World of Galileo; Discovery Goes to Greece. Sundays, January 2, 9, 16, 23, 30 (11:30-12 Noon)

Directions '66
Thoreau at Walden Pond; The Vatican, Part 1 and Part 2; American Indian; For Want of a Catapult. Sundays, January 2, 9, 16, 23, 30 (1-1:30 PM)

The Inheritance
Biblical history is recreated in Iran, Iraq, Egypt, Jordan and Israel. Sunday, January 2 (1:30-2:30 PM)

New York Philharmonic Young People's Concert: A Birthday Tribute to Shostakovich. Wednesday, January 5 (7:30-8:30 PM)

The World of the Teenager
A candid, revealing view of teenagers and their complex problems, with Frank McGee. Sunday, January 9 (6:30-7:30 PM)

The Wizard of Oz
Stars Judy Garland, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger and Bert Lahr. Host: Danny Kaye. Sunday, January 9 (7-9 PM)

The Search for Ulysses
Retraces the legendary journey of the Odyssey. James Mason narrates Lawrence Durrell's script. Tuesday, January 11 (10-11 PM)

The National Health Test
Viewers at home can participate to test their knowledge of health and medicine. Tuesday, January 18 (10-11 PM)

Peter Pan
Mary Martin flies into the hearts of young and old in Sir James M. Barrie's classic tale. Friday, January 21 (7:30-9:30 PM)

Ages of Man
Sir John Gielgud in his internationally acclaimed one-man Shakespearean program. Part 1 and Part 2. Sundays, January 23, 30 (4:30-5:30 PM)

Meet the Press
A global press conference via Early Bird Satellite. Sunday, January 23 (6:30-7:30 PM)

Testing: Is Anybody Honest?
Home-viewers are tested and see how personality, aptitude and I.Q. tests work. Sunday, January 23 (10-11 PM)

Sun Country
"This Proud Land" explores Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma and Texas. Wednesday, January 26 (9-10 PM)

Regularly Scheduled Programs
Monday through Friday:
Today/Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: CBS Reports

Saturdays:
Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester/The First Look/Exploring/Wide World of Sports/ABC Scope

Sundays:
Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Issues and Answers/The Catholic Hour/Wild Kingdom/College Bowl/The Twentieth Century/Sports in Action/The Frank McGee Report/Walt Disney

Note: Times (EST), programs, titles and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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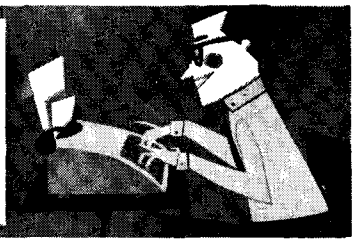
Top of My Head



Sound as a Dollar

THE SIMILAE and the metaphors are getting out of hand. They flow like water and spread like a house on fire and I've been busy as a one-armed paperhanger trying to nip in the bud this avalanche of mixed and cliché figures of our popular speech.

Colorless and unimaginative trope has been raining cats and dogs from the mouths of the high and the low until our dialogue has become as twisted as a pretzel and as dull as dishwater. The standard has become the trite and the true. A girl is always as pretty as a picture, a man is as innocent as a newborn babe, the mail is as slow as molasses in January, twins are as alike as peas in a pod, an old man who takes a young bride is old enough to be her father, a man who overeats has eyes that are bigger than his stomach, and a girl in disarray looks like something the cat dragged in.

Daylight is always broad, a blessing is always in disguise, a judge is sober, a sailor is drunk, a duckling is ugly, a rail is skinny, Methuselah is old, a fruitcake is nutty, a fox is sly, a stringbean is tall, a statue is cold, and butter always melts in somebody's mouth. Without these and thousands of other day-in-and-day-out, bread-and-butter frostings on the cake of conversation these everyday phrase makers would stand mute. But they don't. As witness:

The other noon I had lunch with a rather articulate gentleman who in characterizing one of his friends said that his friend is as honest as the day is long. I whipped out a pencil and a small notebook which are reserved for such occasions and with pencil poised I asked: "May I use that?"

"Use what?" he asked.

"You said your friend is as honest as the day is long. May I use that?"

"Yes, I guess so." he said.

"Did you just make that up?"

"No, I've been saying that since Hector was a pup."

"And that?" I asked.

"I don't know what you mean."

"Well, you see I do some writing and I can use things like that—with your permission of course. Is it original?"

He preened a little at the thought of getting into print. "Well maybe it is. I don't exactly remember. I guess so. I've been saying it for years."

"Well, it must be public domain by now," I said. "What does it mean exactly?"

"Well, it means he's very honest."

"Well, why don't you say he's very honest instead of he's as honest as the day is long? I mean, right now in January the days are very short. Or do you usually only say that in the summer?"

"No, I use it all the time. It doesn't matter if the days are long or short. I was only trying to tell you the man is as honest as the day is long."

"Well, then, by the same token could I say a man I know who is dishonest is as crooked as the day is short?"

"Well, I never heard anybody say that."

"But I could say it, couldn't I?"

"Yes, I guess you could. You can say that," he admitted.

"Thanks a lot."

I scribbled in my notebook, "Don't ever make a lunch date with this guy again."

"What about some dessert?" I asked, closing my notebook.

"Well, I shouldn't," he replied. "My wife's got me on this diet. But what she

doesn't know won't hurt, I always say."

"Yes, I imagine you do."

So over coffee and dessert he asked me how the writing game was going. In the mood of the dialogue I replied, "Fine as silk."

"I've often thought about writing something," he said. "In my business I run into a lot of unusual incidents. I could write a book."

"Why don't you?" I asked.

"Well, you know—I'm busy every day—anyway, I always think of writing as a hobby—kinda like something to do when you have nothing else to do."

"Right as rain. Check, waiter."

When we parted he said, "We must do this more often. Long time no see between lunches. The next time lunch is on me."

I've had lunch with this man before. That last statement is not only a cliché. It's as crooked as the day is short.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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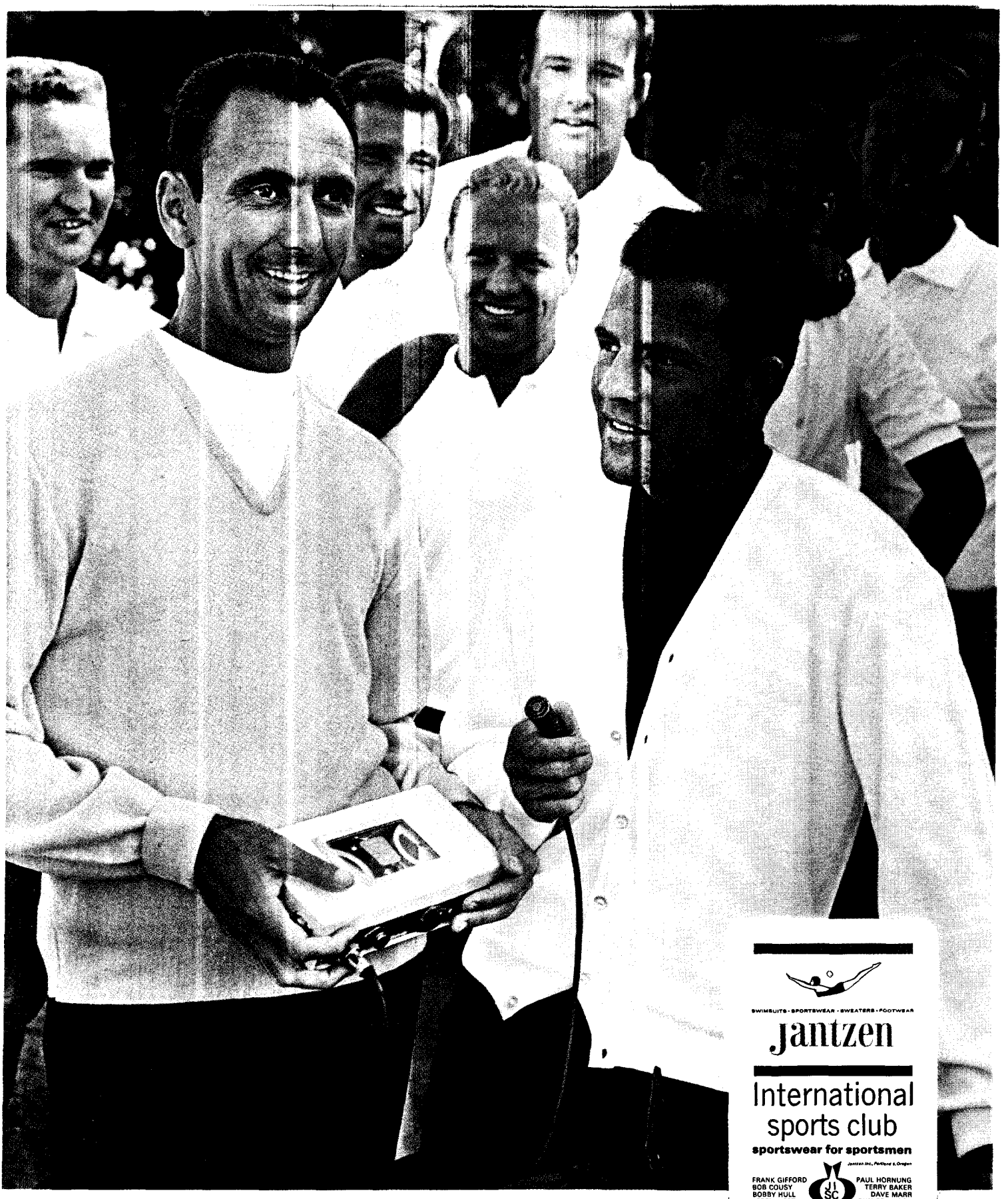

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maybe we should call it the Jantzen Sports Announcers Club Here in the good-looking all-Acrilan sweaters that look and feel like velvet are Bob Cousy, director general, and Frank Gifford, membership committee chairman. They announce sports, as most sportsmen know; behind them is a motley group of fans seeking autographs. Now a short commercial message, as Bob and Frank say ever so frequently.

These good-looking sweaters are exceptionally soft to the eye and to the hand, and, incredibly, they can be *washed by machine!* This is the amazing and rare characteristic of 100 percent Acrilan; thus these sweaters retain their shape, color (eight splendid shades), and feel. V-neck about $13, cardigan about $15. Snapped at the Hilton Hawaiian Village. Now back to the game.

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The Thunderbird Touch: An overhead Safety Convenience Panel

1966 Thunderbird Town Landau with new formal roofline

Look! Thunderbird for 1966 has a unique Safety-Convenience Panel, mounted overhead on Town Hardtop and Landau models. Tap a switch and the Emergency Flasher System sets four exterior lights blinking. Other lights remind you to fasten seat belts, tell you when fuel is low, or doors ajar. Other personal Thunderbird touches for 1966 include the optional AM Radio/Stereo-sonic Tape system to give you over 70 minutes of music on an easy-to-load tape cartridge. Completely automatic! Four speakers! New, too, are: an automatic Highway Pilot speed control option; more powerful standard V-8—plus a 428 cubic inch optional V-8. And all the craftsmanship that has made this car a classic in its own time.

Thunderbird

UNIQUE IN ALL THE WORLD

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Art, Architecture

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE. By Mark L. Peisch. Random House. $4.95.

FROM THE CLASSICISTS TO THE IMPRESSIONISTS. By Elizabeth Gilmore Holt. Anchor. Paperback, $1.95.

THE RADIANCE OF CHARTRES. By James Rosser Johnson. Random House. $4.95.

Crime, Suspense

DATE WITH DEATH. By Elizabeth Linington. Harper & Row. $3.95.

DEAD WOMAN'S DITCH. By Simon Nash. Roy. $2.95.

NIGHT'S EVIL. By Mark McShane. Doubleday. $3.50.

THE PAINT-STAINED FLANNELS. By Pete Fry. Roy. $2.95.

TRAITOR BETRAYED. By Osmington Mills. Roy. $2.95.

THE TRIUMVIRATE. By H. Baldwin Taylor. Doubleday. $3.50.

Current Affairs

BLACK MAN'S BURDEN. By John Oliver Killens. Trident. $3.95.

PATTERNS OF COMPETITIVE COEXISTENCE. By Young Hum Kim. Putnam. $6.95.

READER IN PUBLIC OPINION AND COMMUNICATION. Edited by Bernard Berelson and Morris Janowitz. Second edition. Free Press. $8.95.

WE ACCUSE. Diablo Press, P.O. Box 7084, Berkeley, Calif. Paperback, 96¢. Speeches given at the thirty-six-hour "Vietnam Day" protest in Berkeley, California.

Education

BUILDING MATHEMATICAL COMPETENCE IN THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL. Revised edition. By Peter Lincoln Spencer and Marguerite Brydegaard. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $7.95.

THE CHEERFUL PROSPECT: A Statement on the Future of American Education. By Charles S. Benson. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

CURRICULUM PLANNING FOR MODERN SCHOOLS. By J. Galen Saylor and William M. Alexander. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $7.95.

CYBERNETIC PRINCIPLES OF LEARNING AND EDUCATIONAL DESIGN. By Karl U. Smith and Margaret Foltz Smith. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $8.95.

Fiction

AFTER JULIUS. By Elizabeth Jane Howard. Viking. $4.95.

DOOBIE DOO. By Ivan C. Karp. Doubleday. $4.50.

THE EQUINOX. By Carol Saylor. Lippincott. $4.95.

A FLIGHT OF BIRDS. By Cecil Roberts. Coward-McCann. $4.50.

THE HOSPITAL WAR. By Charles H. Knickerbocker. Doubleday. $4.95.

IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT. By Alex Hamilton. McKay. $4.50.

MY BROTHER JOHN. By Herbert R. Purdum. Doubleday. $3.50.

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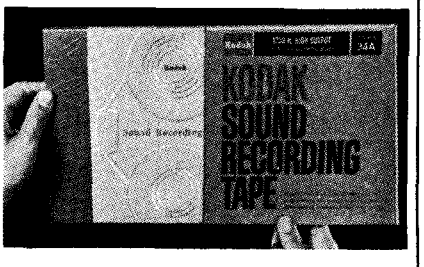
Every sound system generates some unwanted noise. The trick is to minimize it, component by component, so it can't be heard. Good systems do. But your tape must be quiet, too. Here KODAK Sound Recording Tape excels—by a substantial margin over conventional tapes. You demand silence from your equipment. Demand silence from tape. Try Kodak tape and hear the difference.



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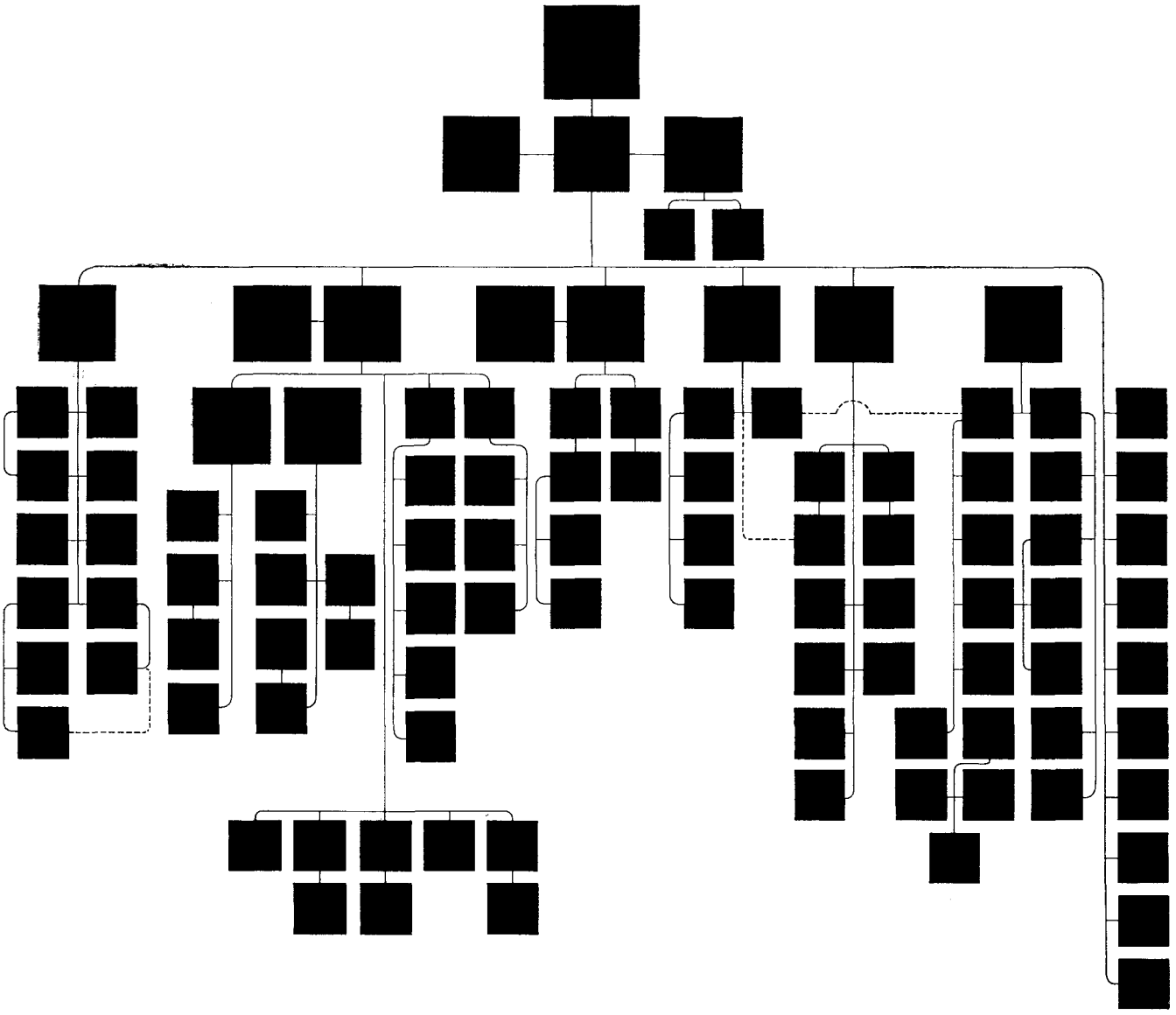

Your business.

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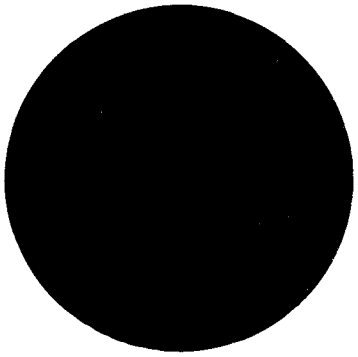

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THE NOWHERE CITY. By Alison Lurie. Coward-McCann. $4.50.

RAFE. By Weldon Hill. McKay. $4.95.

THERE IS A SEASON. By Faith Baldwin. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.95.

A WALK IN THE SPRING RAIN. By Rachel Maddux. Doubleday. $2.95.

History

BID FOR FREEDOM: USSR vs. Tarasov. By C. L. Sareen. Prentice-Hall. $3.95.

THE CASE OF JOE HILL. By Philip S. Foner. International. Hardbound, $3.50. Paperback, $1.45.

HISTORY OF THE OLD SOUTH. By Clement Eaton. Macmillan. $8.95.

Literary History, Criticism

JOYCE-AGAIN'S WAKE: An Analysis of Finnegans Wake. By Bernard Benstock. Univ. of Washington Press. $5.95.

LIBERTINE LITERATURE IN ENGLAND, 1660-1745. By David Foxon. University Books. $6.

Miscellany

THE AIR FORCE WIFE. By Nancy Shea. Revised by Anna P. Smith. Harper & Row. $5.95.

THE ANATOMY OF SUCCESS. By Nicolas Darvas. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.

AROUND THE GARDEN. By Joan Lee Faust. Appleton-Century. $3.95.

THE COMPLETE BLENDER COOK BOOK. By Sylvia Schur. Simon & Schuster. $3.50.

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF GARDENING UNDER LIGHTS. By Elvin McDonald. Doubleday. $4.95.

AN INVITATION TO MODERN SKIING. By Fred Iselin and A. C. Spectorsky. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.

MARINE ARCHAEOLOGY. Edited by Joan du Plat Taylor. Crowell. $9.50.

THE NON-DRINKER'S DRINK BOOK. By Betty Rollin. Recipes by Lucy Rosenfeld. Doubleday. $4.50.

THE PHENOMENOLOGY OF DANCE. By Maxine Sheets. Univ. of Wisconsin Press. $4.75.

THE PONY BOOK. By Jeff Griffen. Doubleday. $7.50.

Psychology

STUDIES IN PHENOMENOLOGY AND PSYCHOLOGY. By Aron Gurwitsch. Northwestern Univ. Press. $15.

Religion, Philosophy

HISTORY AND TRUTH. By Paul Ricoeur. Northwestern Univ. Press. $10.

MARXISM AND THE LINGUISTIC PHILOSOPHY. By Maurice Cornforth. International. $6.95.

THE TRAINING OF A ZEN BUDDHIST MONK. By Daisetz Teitaro Suzuki. University Books. $6.

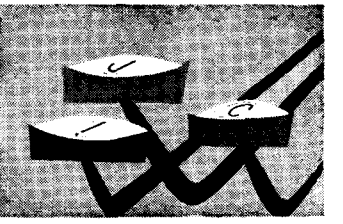
Travel

THE LAND AND ISLES OF GREECE: The Complete Vacation Guide for All Budgets. By Philip Deane. Doubleday. $6.95.

THE TRAVELLER'S TREE: A Journey Through the Caribbean Islands. By Patrick Leigh Fermor. Harper & Row. $7.50.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

Manner of Speaking



Raising the Stakes: Not long ago I found myself at a banquet seated between two distinguished men of science, one a British astronomer and the other an American biochemist. These two impressive men fell into a discussion of the future of scientific research and, having little to contribute except the admirations of my ignorance, I played a rapt game of ear-in-the-middle as they forecast the next hazy turnings of the technological revolution.

As dinner discussion will, theirs ranged far—as far even as to the possibility of extracting brain substances that might transplant acquired learning and acquired abilities from one organism to another. Such transplantation of learned processes had, or so I gathered, already been accomplished in a primitive way among primitive organisms. In the easy ramble of dinner talk my two scientists were iffing wistfully. If only there were some way of injecting scientific knowledge into research men, they were dreaming. Sadly, however, neither the biochemist nor the astronomer foresaw any likelihood that some sort of Einstein extract, for example, could ever inject the mystery of genius into a young Johnny Doe.

It would, they both agreed on their way back to reality, continue to take most or all of thirty years and intense training to turn an especially gifted Johnny Doe into a good research man. And as scientific knowledge became increasingly complex it would take longer. The astronomer estimated that after each twenty years of scientific development it would take an additional five years of training to bring a good man up to the jumping-off point at which he could leave the known and push into the unknown. And the biochemist agreed but thought the astronomer's estimate might turn out to be a bit conservative.

As befits the scientific mind, however, their iffing was not entirely random. Both of my dinner companions were convinced that scientific research could not continue to expand and proliferate in the future as it has done in the past. And both thought that the problem of training enough competent research men would probably be the one to fix the critical limits of future research, though there was the almost equal problem of financing the endless projects in which science is interested.

The astronomer was convinced that the next step in our space program would be planetary rather than lunar, and that by 1975 such a program would be costing about $60 billion a year—about the amount of our present annual defense budget—and with nowhere to go but up. Even granting a fantastic development of the economy, the appetite of science, as the astronomer believed, would outrun all public and private resources of men and money. Eventually, he foresaw, each nation would find itself abandoning certain kinds of basic research in order to continue with others.

One consequent possibility might be that each of the major powers, as well as some of the secondary ones, would be pushing its own sort of research into areas other powers had abandoned. Any sort of basic research, moreover, may conceivably turn up a new weapon capable of producing a dramatic shift in the world's balance of power.

Were the scientists of all nations about equally involved in about the same sorts of research, such an imbalance would probably not last long. But if, for example, nation A abandons space research in order to concentrate on neural phenomena, while nation B continues to pour its resources into space study, while nation C concentrates on wave phenomena; and if such a divergence continues for, say, ten or twenty years, it will have become a near certainty that no one of the nations could retrain and retool to catch up with another in the field the other had chosen.

If, then, the researches of any one of the nations produces a super-weapon (a neural impulse capable of immobilizing populations, a space-source capable of mass annihilation, or a wave phenomenon capable of destroying life on a truly enlightened scale), then the nation that first happens on that particular technological breakthrough will have life-and-death powers over the others, who will not have the means for developing a similar weapon, or one to counter it.

So, by brandy-and-cigar time, two reasonable and learned men had drawn a picture of a technological gamble that seemed to be approaching with something like mathematical certainty. And though I could hardly meet my companions on their own grounds, I found myself at last on grounds of my own.

I had once spent four years in a research unit then known as the United States Army Air Force, and I had personally compiled extensive test results on certain mathematical near certainties

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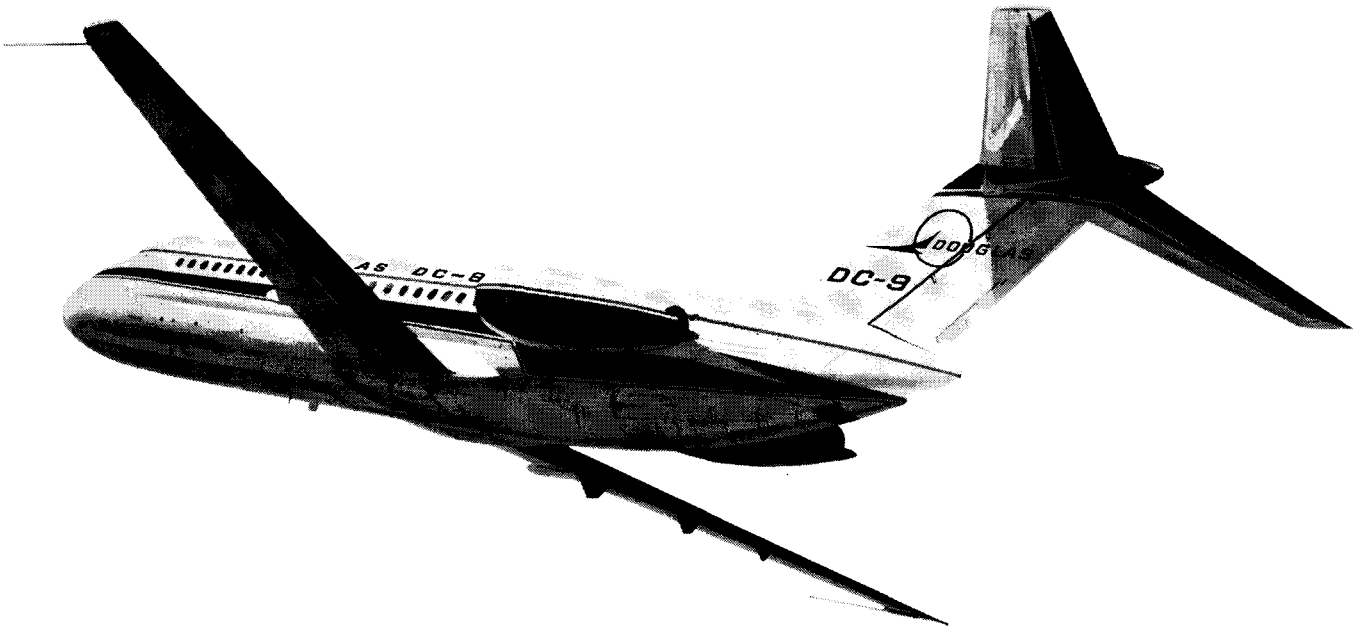

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Gentlemen: If you purchase this shaver, we promise never to repair it.

But we will promise you this, and in writing: If anything goes wrong within one year we will send you an all-new ACCUMEN Shaver. After that one-year guarantee period, and if you are unhappy with the shaver for any reason, return it to us—even if it's thirteen years from now—and for just $12.95 we'll send you the newest "top-of-the-line" model available at the time. (We fully realize that $12.95 may be worth only $2.95 thirteen years from now. But that's our hard luck). And then you can start this all over again with that new shaver—for another thirteen years if you wish. That's why we call it the "ACCUMEN LifeTime Shaver Plan."

If this sounds like an unprecedented offer, you are correct. It is. And if you think there must be some "gimmick" involved, you are also correct. There is. We would not stick our necks out so far and for so long if we weren't quite sure that the ACCUMEN will give you trouble-free satisfaction from now until the cows come home. What makes us so sure? Just this: We have observed the ACCUMEN's performance for years in Europe and since we introduced it to this country. We have talked to hundreds of really satisfied owners. We have "fan letters" by the score. Finally, we know what it's made of and how it's made. It will be a rare ACCUMEN that falters or disappoints.

This is the Ultimate Shaver — We think this is the finest shaver made in the world today. Cordless or otherwise. In our opinion, it makes all others obsolete. Very few of our competitors describe their shavers as "second best", so we quite understand if you take all of these claims with a heaping spoonful of salt. But, here, for your consideration, are the principal reasons why we believe the ACCUMEN to be "The Ultimate."

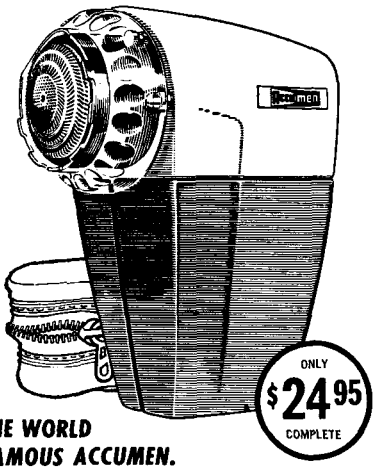
1. The Powerplant: A high-potential nickel-cadmium battery, which will give you at least fifteen to twenty good shaves before recharging. As an aside: The president of Witte & Sutor (manufacturers of the ACCUMEN) is none other than Herr Waldemar Witte, the inventor of the nickel-cadmium battery. He ought to know!

2. The Motor: The "synchromesh" motor is a 6000 rpm. marvel of German engineering. Barium ferrite permanent magnets, self-lubricating bearings and copper-carbon brushes assure a long, hardworking life.

3. The Shaving Head: Shaving area 2½ times larger than that of any other rotary shaver. Ultrathin foil (0.0315"). Four stainless steel cutters are individually sprung and balanced and can operate independently to adapt to the minutest contour of your face (this is a truly radical innovation — have you ever noticed how your present shaver is built on the same principle as a lawn mower?)

And then the marvelous extras: The patented "LumiRing" that spotlights the working area for perfect shaves in any light. Vacuum action that keeps your whiskers from your clothing. And, as far as we know, this is the only shaver in the civilized world that is rechargeable directly from any wall socket—no transformers, no "power cords." The ACCUMEN is lockable, to keep it exclusively yours (sorry, teenagers). Then, there is a built-in shave counter. Last, and probably least, women are wild about the ACCUMEN, because the shaving head is round and smooth and has no sharp edges. (But, please, buy her one of her own.)

Still more. The ACCUMEN is not just the finest shaver in the world. The optional attachments make it a complete grooming system—among other things. Look at the choice in the coupon and help yourself.



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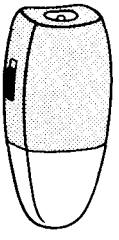

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involved in the permutations of the top surfaces of two cubes, the sides of which were numbered from one to six in such a way that the numbers on opposing faces of each cube always totaled seven. By repeated experimentation, I discovered (to cite only one mathematical near certainty) that if one of my co-researchers (called "the shooter") were to set himself the problem of turning up two faces totaling four, six, eight, or ten before turning up a combination totaling seven; and that if he were offered odds of seven-to-one that he could not make his particular total by turning up paired numbers (*i.e.*, "the hard way"); and that if the shooter were stupid enough to take the bet (as many of my co-researchers were, I am happy to say, abandoning mathematics for the mystique of long odds), then it would be (and is) a mathematical near certainty that the researcher offering the bet might sometimes drop $700 in the course of chasing a mere hundred, but that over any substantial period of time he would achieve what may be called positive results.

I had, then, only to remind myself that what we call history is basically the record of the longest sustained crap game of which we have any knowledge, and I could once more be reasonably certain about where I stood in the misty sequences of time. Science, I am now able to conclude, has not changed the nature of the game. It has only raised the stakes.

And Lowering Them: Despite the forecasts of my learned companions, present research still seems able to reach into all sorts of odd corners at once, as I learned at another party from a young genius who told me he was at work on a research effort to generate new kinds of light at such high intensities that a space team on the full moon could send visible signals to earth using no more than hand equipment.

I don't really doubt that he will eventually get his spacelights rigged and working, but I must believe he is mad if he thinks his gadget will be used to blink back Morse Code. Russia and the United States are both in this moon business and in the propaganda race in earnest. Neither nation would dream of letting history's greatest outdoor advertising space go unused. My young genius may be honestly persuaded that he is working on a moon-to-Pentagon blinker, but we all know better. Whichever side gets there first will rig its lights not to blink code but to spell out a message of triumph to all eternity.

If Russia gets there first, the face of every future moon will be emblazoned: CCCP. If we get there first the eternal message will read: Coca-Cola.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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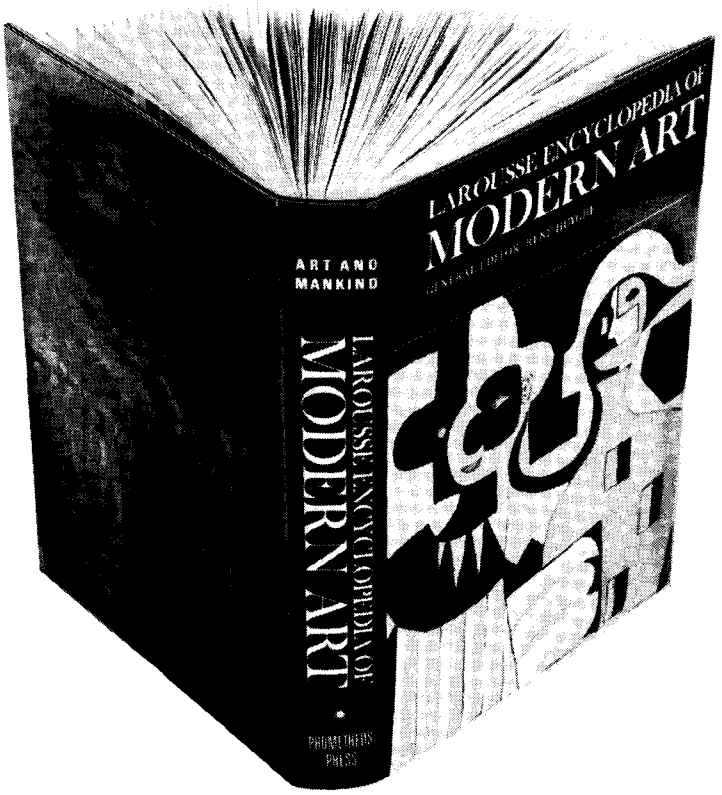

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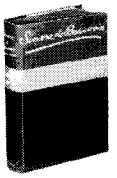

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Edited by Martin Levin

The Deviate Author

Against the current mode, my novels shun
What Roget dubbed *salacious, lewd, concupiscent.*
Their whole erotic incidence, when done,
Is less than 2%.

Likewise my plots eschew, bypass, avoid
What once was writ in Scripture, or in Freud:
The homo caper (as for inst.), or sodomy.
Isn't that odd o' me?

—Fred Saidy.

Don't Tell *Me* Why

"LET US *take a piece of human skin about the size of a postage stamp and see what is found in just this tiny space.*"

I don't know what *you* did when you read that in the New York *Journal-American*, but what I did was to take a piece of the *Journal-American* about the size of a daily newspaper and see how far I could throw it.

It was part of a short essay in the paper's "Tell Me Why" feature, for which the young reader is urged to send in a question to be answered by someone the paper calls "the author." If the question is used, "author" sends the child a fifteen-volume set of the Britannica Junior Encyclopedia with which to become precocious and unbearable.

Now about that human skin. It would have been nicer, don't you think, if "author" had approached his subject in a less gruesome way? He could have started off, for example, by saying: "Let us just *pretend* that someone has given us an old piece of human skin that nobody had any more earthly use for."

But what really concerns me here is that there is so much information being spread around today, in books, magazines, newspapers, and on TV, that one of the traditional roles of the parent—conveying information, and thus acquiring stature and authority in the child's eyes—is rapidly becoming usurped. Sonny already has all the answers. If this continues, there will be more and more exchanges such as the following, when Dad tries to have a little "talk" with his growing boy:

Dad: Anything worrying you, kid? I mean—well, *you* know.

Sonny: Well, yes, Dad. I know there are fifteen sebaceous glands and an average of ten hairs in a piece of skin the size of a postage stamp, but what worries me is—which stamp? Air-mail? Special Delivery? United Nations? I'm all at sixes and sevens, as it were.

Dad: Yes. Well, dammit. Your mother and I have always tried to teach you right from wrong, you know, and why you want to go and defy us so often is beyond me.

Sonny: Another thing—why does my skin weigh twice as much as my liver, when basic—

Dad: For crimenysakes, why does the chicken cross the road? What else is worrying you?

Sonny: Oh, I worry a lot about heat, and heat dissipation. If you didn't have ice in that glass, do you think your skin would still give off 90 per cent of your body's heat?

Dad: Ninety? Where'd you get that figure? Ninety-eight point—point something-or-other is normal. What the hell they teaching you in school these days? Are we throwing our taxes down the drain?

Sonny: Let go. You're hurting. Another thing is, why do we have twelve sensory apparatuses for detecting heat and only two for detecting cold, in a piece of our skin the size of a stamp?

Dad: Listen. Why don't you go out and play? It's still light enough to play. You don't get enough fresh air to put in your eye.

Sonny: Do you know that when your eyes are all red, like yours, that doctors describe the condition as "injected sclera"? Sclera comes from the Greek *skleros*, meaning hard. The sclerotic coating—

Dad: Listen, go peddle your papers, will you? And tell your mother to hold dinner awhile. I'm not the slightest bit hungry.

—Hayes B. Jacobs.

Sleep

UNTIL I spent a week in a hospital recently I had always been a careless sleeper, or at best an indifferent one. It had never occurred to me that there was anything more to sleep than closing one's eyes after one had stretched out in

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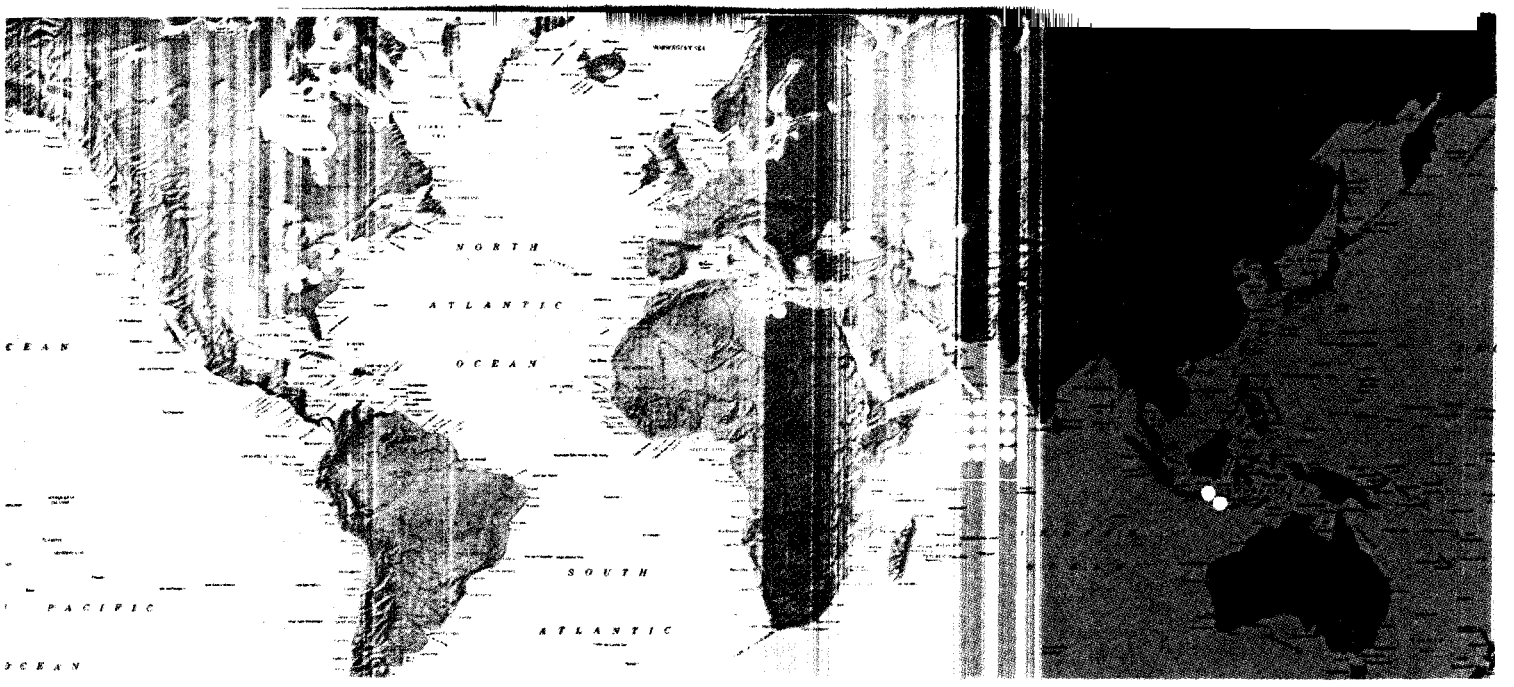
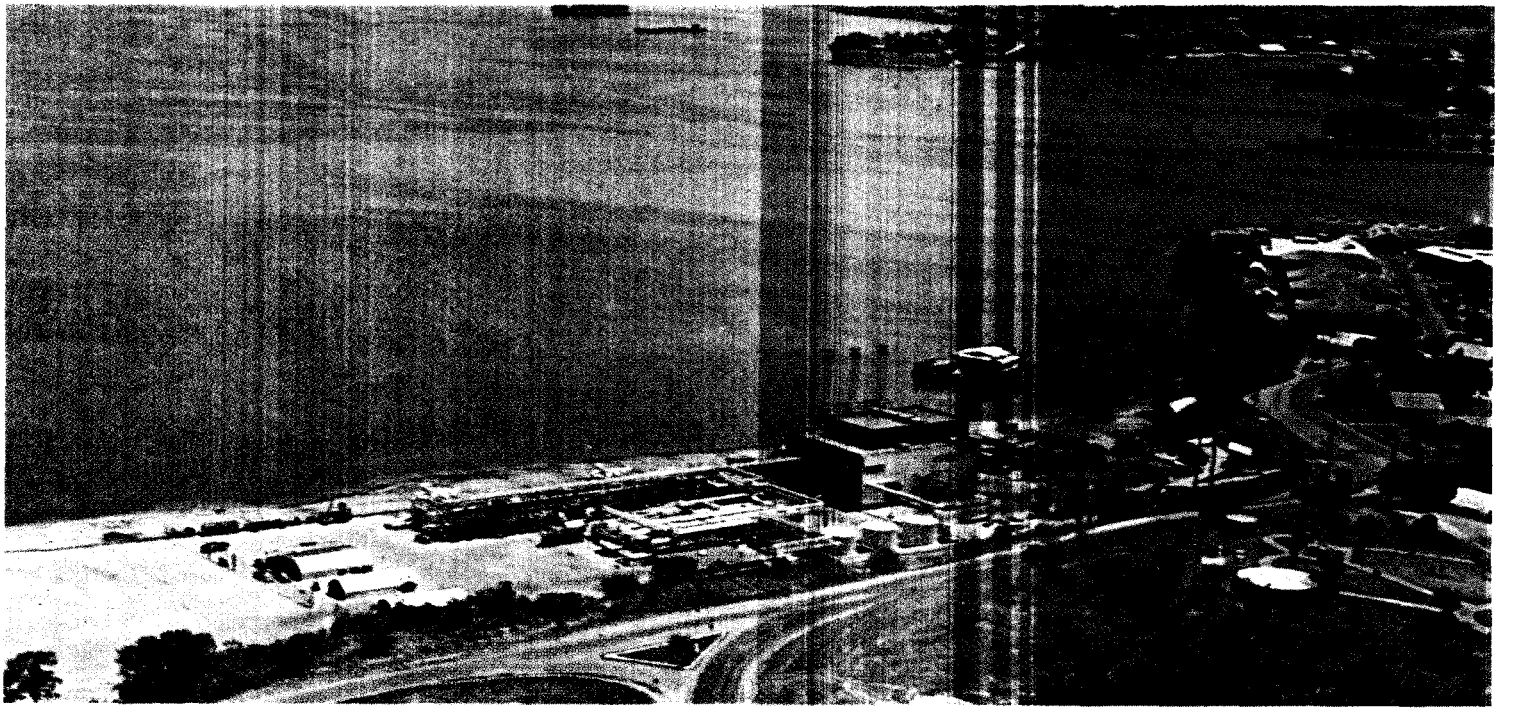


57 Westinghouse desalting units convert salt water to fresh for a thirsty world



These three units at Guantanamo produce 2,250,000 gallons per day

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The installation at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, provides the U.S. Naval Base there with all its fresh water and electric power needs. Westinghouse was awarded the Navy's Certificate of Merit for performance on this job, which was accomplished in record time.

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Lydia Diaz is working her way through college—as a visitors' guide at the University of Puerto Rico.

Lively youngsters with lively minds—the bright new generation in Puerto Rico

(youngsters so eager to learn, the Commonwealth spends a full third of its budget on education)

PUERTO RICO has a new fountain of youth—its eager-beaver, *well-educated* younger generation.

The student in our photograph was snapped between classes at the University of Puerto Rico. This university alone has a total of 23,000 students—boning up on every subject from agriculture to nuclear physics.

Add to them the students at Puerto Rico's four other institutions of higher learning and 16 vocational schools and you get a total of 37,000 students. An impressive figure for an island with a smaller population than the city of Chicago.

To keep pace with this dedication to learning, the Commonwealth spends a larger proportion of its budget on education than any country in the western world—including the U.S.

When Ponce de León sailed from Puerto Rico to the mainland, he was searching for a fountain of youth to keep him eternally young. Now the traffic is reversed. U.S. manufacturers are coming to Puerto Rico at a steady clip to take advantage of a different kind of fountain of youth—the island's pool of well-educated youngsters.

If you feel your business could do with an injection of youthfulness, come to Puerto Rico. Some manufacturers find they can choose from many applicants for each job. *All well-educated.*

One of a series on the cultural and economic development of Puerto Rico. Manufacturers: write for information on productivity and special incentives. Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. C6D, 666 Fifth Ave., New York 10019.

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bed and relaxed. All my life I had slept without thinking about it. I had taken sleep for granted. I was a good sleeper, a natural sleeper. When, as sometimes happened, someone asked me how I had slept the night before I always answered in the simplest way, "Oh, like a log." Or "Like a newborn baby."

I knew, of course, there were people who talked about sleep as others talk about food and the ballet and foreign movies, matching performances and comparing notes, but I never felt that I had any contributions to make to such conversations. Rather, I thought of the colossal vanity that must possess a man to lead him to boast about a night's sleep and of the even grosser conceit of the man who would tick off splendid sleeps he had had at a Wyoming mountain camp or on shipboard or in a small Basque fishing village. Talking about sleep seemed to me as inane as talking about swimming in a backyard pool.

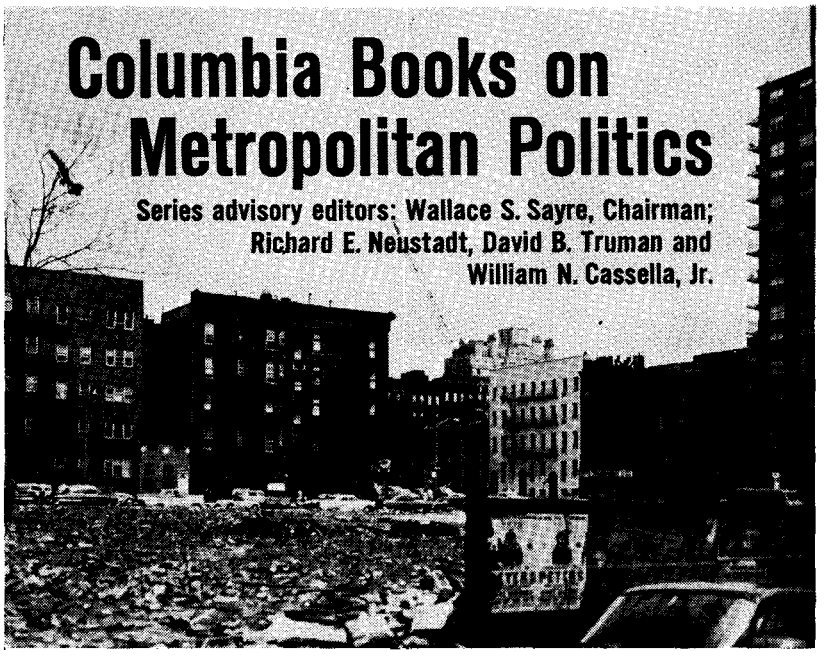
And then, as I have said, I went to the hospital. I was having a pleasant dreamless sleep one night when the door of my room pushed open and a nurse entered carrying a flashlight with a dull red beam. She approached the bed and shined the light in my eyes. "Are you awake?" she asked as I stirred.

"Naturally," I said. "You woke me."

"I was just checking," she said. "You are awake now, but you were sleeping, weren't you?"

I tried to get at her meaning but I was too annoyed and drowsy to go far in my analysis before I fell asleep and it wasn't until morning that I realized that what I had taken as an intrusion, an impolite interruption of my private sleep, was in reality a special service. I was mollified, and suddenly felt the most tender sentiments for that nurse. Nobody, to my knowledge, had ever been interested enough in my sleeping to wake me up to check on my progress. I was aware that mothers stole quietly into a room where the baby slept but I had not even suspected there were adults who showed an interest in the sleep of other adults.

My attitude toward people who talked about sleep underwent the most astonishing change. My contempt for what I had regarded as idle chatter vanished. I looked upon sleep with new respect. Many things, fugitive sentences and phrases, I had overheard as people engaged in talk about their sleep came back to me. I suddenly saw sense, for example, in an observation a man had made —"How silly!" I had said to myself at the time—about taking care in the Christmas holiday season to regulate the speed of his sleeping. I recalled him saying that when he had only a few hours to sleep he slept at a fast pace, whereas when he had a whole night at his disposal he was more leisurely, composing himself carefully in one of several restful attitudes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he had adopted from his studies of classical painting before drifting into unconsciousness.

Such a thing had never occurred to me, and now I realized that I might well have wasted many hours in poorly timed slumber, sleeping at a snail's pace when I had only five hours to stay in bed, or throwing away long hours of what should have been casual sleep by following a wild uncontrollable style.

When I had humbly confessed to myself my past errors, I determined to do something about my future. I would get more out of my sleep. But I faced a problem: It was all well enough for me to resolve to get the most out of my sleep, but I didn't see how I could do it as long as I lived alone. Who would check my sleeping? A hospital is one thing, but I had no nurse or room for a nurse in my apartment, and as far as I knew there was no sleep-checking service in the city. I could hardly ask one of my neighbors to drop in at 2 or 3 A.M. to wake me to ask if I were sleeping well.

If I were to get help it must be self-help. I must train myself to study my own sleep. The nurse had shone her light in my eyes when I had been sleeping about four hours. I would train myself to wake after four hours to see if I had been sleeping well. I would not use an alarm clock or any other artificial means. The effort must come from myself.

It was not as difficult as I expected, though I am afraid I overslept the first night and it was five hours before I woke up. By the third night I was in good form. Gradually, I became master of my own sleep. Now I wake after four hours, remember why I woke up, check on myself and go back to sleep. If I find a fault in my sleeping, I correct it.

I'm not sure that I'm more rested than I used to be; but I feel in some vague way that I'm a more responsible citizen. I have even engaged tentatively in some talk about sleep. I'm not sure it will do. I have a feeling some of my friends regard me as an upstart sleeper.

—JOHN FERRIS.

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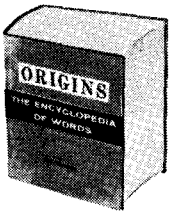

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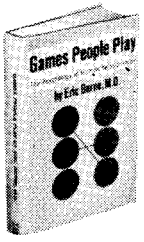

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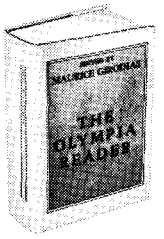

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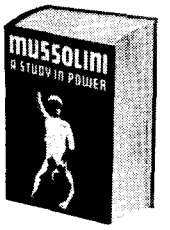

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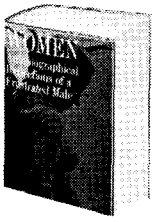

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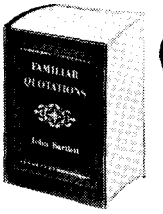

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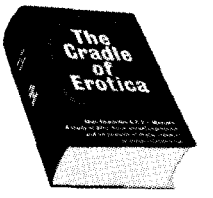

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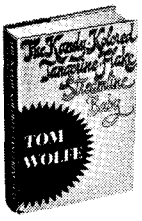

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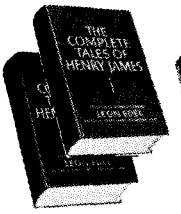

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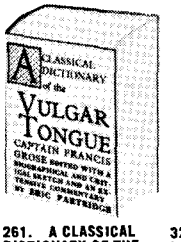

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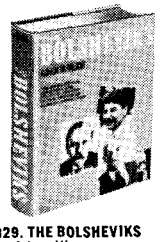

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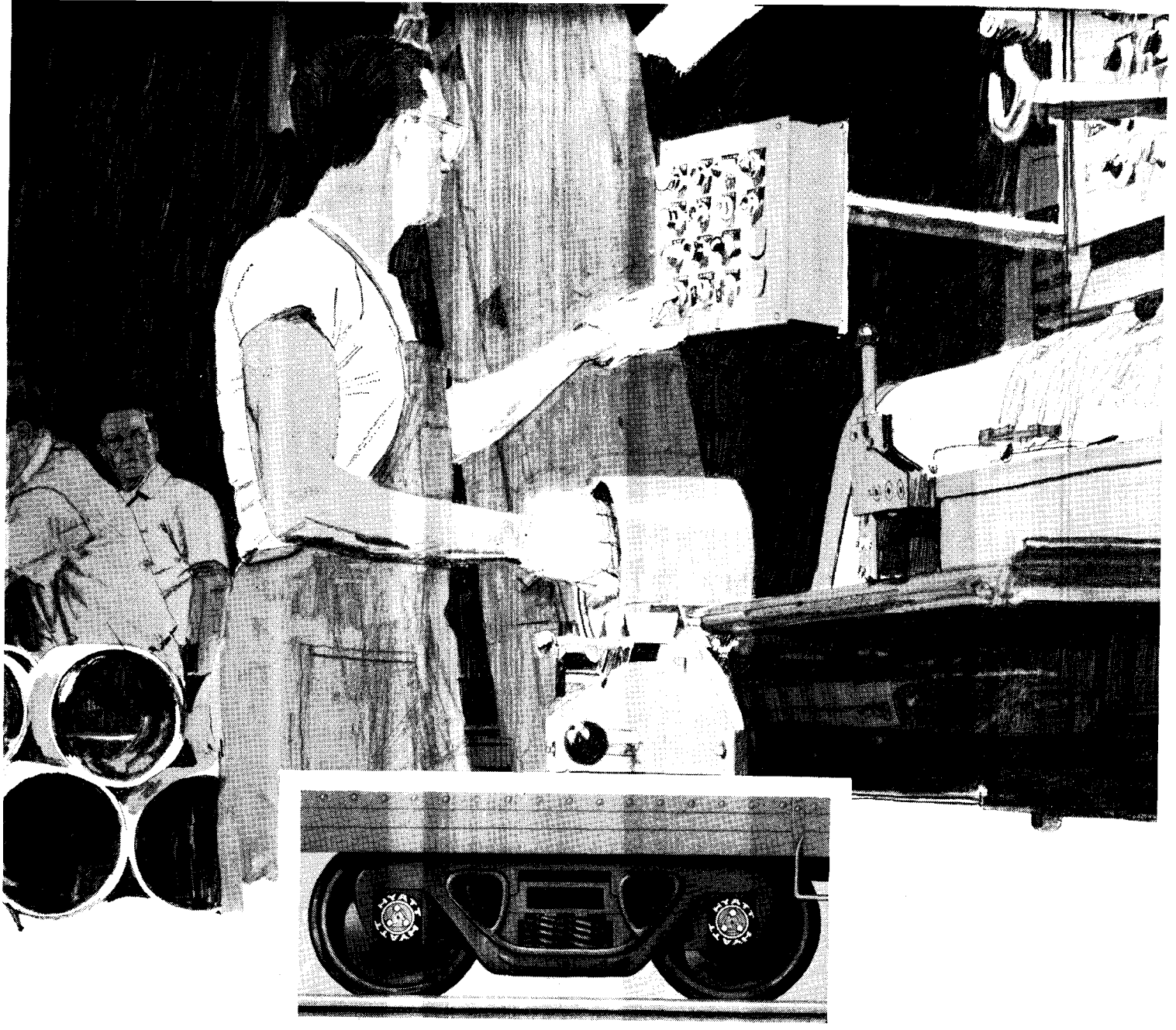

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Saturday Review

January 8, 1966

MAKING AMERICAN CITIES MORE LIVABLE

Exclusive Report and Analysis
Presented with the Committee for Economic Development

Behind the Business Issue: For the eighth consecutive year, *SR* and the Committee for Economic Development have pooled their resources to produce a special issue on some aspect of the U.S. or international economy. In the past the topics have ranged from the federal tax structure to the Soviet Union; from the challenges facing the Western world to the challenges facing the countries around the Pacific. This year the subject under review is strictly domestic, one affecting every American citizen: the problems of our cities.

Many of the articles in this issue grow out of material developed at the off-the-record fall meeting of the CED trustees. Although this material was originally addressed to business leaders, it carries meaning for all concerned Americans. This issue contains the accounts of significant achievement by business leadership in three great American urban areas—San Francisco, Philadelphia, and Milwaukee. They tell vivid stories, I think, of improvements in the material and human resources of three communities, making them more livable places for all their citizens to thrive in.

The general theme of this issue is set forth by Ralph Lazarus, president of Federated Department Stores, Inc., and chairman of the Area Development Committee of CED. The other contributors, all experts in their fields, are: Paul D. Spreiregen, director of urban programs for the American Institute of Architects; Howard C. Petersen, president, Fidelity-Philadelphia Trust Company, co-chairman of the Greater Philadelphia Movement, and a trustee of CED; William H. Wilcox, executive director, Greater Philadelphia Movement; Morris Duane, partner, Duane, Morris & Heckscher, and co-chairman of the Greater Philadelphia Movement; Harold S. Vincent, Superintendent of Schools, Milwaukee; Elmer L. Winter, president, Manpower, Inc., and chairman of the Milwaukee Voluntary Equal Employment Opportunity Council; S. Clark Beise, chairman, Executive Committee, Bank of America, chairman of the Bay Area Council, and a trustee of CED; Stanley McCaffrey, president, Bay Area Council; B. R. Stokes, general manager, Bay Area Rapid Transit District, San Francisco; and Karl Schriftgiesser, a specialist in economics. Finally, the editorial on page 70 is by former Congressman John V. Lindsay, who has just taken office as mayor of New York City.

—Frazar B. Wilde, Chairman,
Committee for Economic Development.

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THE CITY AS A WORK OF ART

By PAUL D. SPREIREGEN

EVERY SOCIETY in history has faced the problem of shaping the environment it inhabited. Some rose magnificently to the occasion and produced works that rank among the fine arts. Very many more produced less sophisticated but completely livable and enjoyable countrysides, villages, towns, and cities. The more sophisticated efforts in time gained such descriptive names as architecture, landscape architecture, and town planning.

So clearly did some societies recognize this social task that they developed terms for it in their languages. The French, for example, speak of *urbanisme* and *paysage*. The Germans refer to *Stadtbaukunst* and the Italians to *urbanistica*. In some ways it is a pity that we have had to devise so many separate categories for the ways we now try to design our environment and that we had to add "urban design" to our vocabulary. This occurred because of a fractionalization of approach that too often has led us to divisions of thought and action. Because of these divisions, the concept of urban design had to be established—not to create a new or separate field, but to prevent this essential environmental concern from being ignored and lost.

Many great social ideas in history were embodied in urban design concepts, just as they have been in architectural concepts. Thomas Jefferson, for example, saw an image of a future America that was as much a physical as a social vision. His abilities as architect and town planner were not incidental, nor were his visions ethereal. They were the design ideas consequent to his social precepts. At present we lack a consensus of what our future might be at its best. We sorely need vision of the quality that Jefferson gave us.

Every twelve seconds there is a net population gain of one person in the United States, which amounts to an increase of 2,620,800 people per year. The implications of this growth affect every aspect of our daily life. It creates problems in education, medical care, recreation, resources, government, and jobs. It also presents opportunities for industry, commerce, distribution, building, and artistic creation.

Accompanying this explosion of population is an ever-improving standard of living. Indeed, for many of us, it is not a standard of living that we measure, but a standard of affluence. If the population were not growing but remained fixed in number, we would have a considerable job merely improving our present physical environment—a task involving the upkeep of a healthy building and urban inventory, new building for the replacement of the worn stock, and the removal of obsolete areas. But our multiplying population compounds these problems and adds a further burden—the creation of totally new urban areas to house our increasing numbers.

WE find great difficulty in designing for this growth because it is taking place around existing urban centers whose long-standing problems we have scarcely begun to solve. Although we Americans have built splendid communities in the past, we are now unable to put a sufficient number of our ideas to work. This is indeed unfortunate for a nation that has been among the foremost in history as an innovator of rural, of urban, and of architectural form.

We cannot blame our shortcomings on a lack of technical knowledge. The United States has more people developing more ideas and advancing more theories than any other country. Most of these ideas are understandable to the lay public. The relationship between land use and transportation routes is quite obvious. The effects of property and building taxes on real estate development are comprehended by the average businessman. Most people are quite aware of urban redevelopment and its problems, as well as some of the alternatives to urban sprawl. Popularized visions of the future city draw crowds at fairs and readers' attention in magazines. Increasingly, letters to the editor on these subjects appear in the daily newspapers. More and more, foreign colleagues come to the United States to observe our methods firsthand. The growing number of books and articles by experts has long passed the point where even professionals can keep abreast of them. Computers are being used to assimilate statistics, draw maps, and even make perspective drawings.

Yet the application of our current store of ideas for improving cities is seen in but a handful of our own cities, and then only in isolated sites. Altogether these concepts have been more broadly realized and are more evident in the cities across our northern border. Toronto has a modern subway and a sensible system of off-street parking just behind Yonge Street, its main shopping spine. Montreal has a large "greenbelt" along its southern edge. Across the ocean the reconstructed cities of Europe are living encyclopedias of the modern concepts of urbanism, many of which were developed by us. To anyone observing these differences of accomplishment comes the insistent question: "Why have we not done as much if not more?" One of the first answers likely to be given is that our individual units of government (some 90,000 of them at present in the United States) are ill-equipped, if not obsolete, in the face of this difficult job.

Urban problems do not respect city, county, or state lines. They traverse them. But governments must respect those lines. In many cases local governments zealously enforce their significance. This difficulty will not easily be resolved, although it is clearly recognized as an obstacle to city improvement and is becoming more and more a main subject of political deliberations.

Fundamentally, the major fault may lie in our total outlook toward rural and urban life, as well as rural and urban land use, and, subsequently, in the many ways this outlook finds outlet. Our objectives have largely been the betterment of life through the profits of commerce, industry, and the quick use of natural resources. This is not to say that we are insensitive as a people. Our finer products include the New England village, the Southern plantation, the Span-

This article appears here through special arrangement with the McGraw-Hill Book Company, publisher of Mr. Spreiregen's book *Urban Design: The Architecture of Towns and Cities*, from which these excerpts are drawn. The book was prepared for the American Institute of Architects, an organization in which Mr. Spreiregen holds the position of director of urban programs.

—*SR Photo by N.C.*

Does the American city have a future?

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ish-Mexican village, the clipper ship, the jet passenger plane, and many poetic bridges. The growing concern over the preservation of the finer environmental works of the past is further testimony of an underlying passion we are somewhat reluctant to acknowledge fully and fairly. Too often we relegate our sensitivity to a second- or third-rate slot in our scale of values.

Our emphasis on the immediate and tangible, coupled with our relegation of higher values, has got us into no small difficulties. In too many city plan reports, the mention of design, if it exists at all, is treated as a cosmetic added to two-dimensional function diagrams. Too many leisure pursuits—the opera, the symphony, and the theater—are regarded as quasi-commercial and have to bear the burden of business taxes. And now it appears that buildings in New York City will have to carry a tax increase based on their beauty, as a result of the Seagram case. But one of the most unfortunate and revealing errors of all is the program for road building, which has upset cities as much as it has served them.

In his review of *Traffic in Towns*, the British study by Colin Buchanan of automobile transportation and its effects (published by Her Majesty's Stationery Office), Frederick Gutheim evaluated our urban highway programs. In this review, published in *Architectural Record*, Mr. Gutheim points out that our urban highway program was put into the hands of a retired army general to expedite it. Expedited it was, to the neglect of mass transportation, which could have solved many urban transportation problems more cheaply and effectively. Moreover, mass transit in many instances would not have cut away large swaths of city as do the urban highways.

Buchanan and his group started their study by acknowledging the increasing role and popularity of the automobile and recognizing its superiority for many types of trips. But, in contrast to the American approach, they saw that the values of the city as an institution and servant of society are paramount to the benefits brought by the automobile. Thriving cities have a limited capacity for automobile traffic. Any attempts to overburden the capacity of streets in a tightly woven cityscape come at the cost of destruction of the shops, schools, houses, offices, nurseries, and hospitals along those streets—the delicate fabric of city life woven over the years. Traffic capacities are limited by the existing abilities of a street, and the traffic volume of a whole city must be restricted to the capacity of all its streets together.

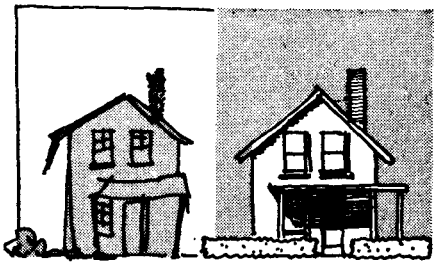
This comparison illustrates that the approaches to urban problems that are so widely considered practical may not be practical at all. Our urban programs cannot succeed if they are founded on anything but the best interests of a city as a social institution. Our attempt to solve circulation problems is the best example to take because it has so far been the greatest single urban effort upon which we have embarked—with all other projects far behind. If we have made mistakes in our urban traffic efforts, we can learn from them as we enlarge other endeavors. We can learn that the most practical goals of all in the short run and the long run are programs whose foremost objective is the improvement of the *quality* of the life we lead, both in the city and the country—those two areas which must be considered as one in the face of our mobility and daily pursuits.

Could it not be that the most comprehensive role of urban design is the specific articulation of social objectives, in specific programs of action in specific areas of city building which we have in hand?

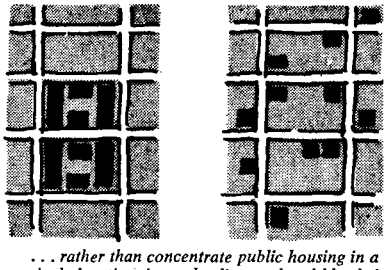
It has been argued that the great examples of building in other places and other times were quite often the results of happy accidents. This attitude we can dismiss by ascribing it to frustration with our own limited approach. Who can seriously conclude that a Gothic stonemason or a Cape Cod carpenter could fail to notice every effect and aspect of appearance of his handiwork as he trod toward it each morning and gazed at it over his shoulder each evening? Similarly, it has been argued that only absolutist societies could produce fine cities. Those critics have failed to ponder seventeenth-century Amsterdam, eighteenth-century London, nineteenth-century Vienna—let alone the accomplishments in our own country around the turn of the century. Further, they fail to see that past societies, no matter how centralized they may appear to us now, were in fact controlled by numerous competing interests. True, the great works of the past were the results of powerful individuals and groups, but a large portion of the credit is due to the men of art and intellect who furnished the ideas and models. If the number of individuals of power was small in past times there is without question a modern parallel. For our public undertakings are results of the urgings of articulate groups of businessmen, of the spokesmen of industry, of real estate people, of the representatives of commerce and trade. What models are being held up for them?

No matter how powerful his tools, man's choices of action have been shaped largely by the character of the land he attempted to transform. Some lands were totally unfit for any cultivation or habitation. Others could support only marginal cultivation and hence scant population. Others produced so abundantly that they posed questions as to their best use. Today, however, we can base our choice of action on an extremely wide range of possibilities. We can now transform deserts, level mountains, carve harbors, and convert salt bays to fresh-water lakes. Within broad limits we can redesign the earth—and by design we mean knowing what to leave alone as well as how to use intelligently the lands we inhabit.

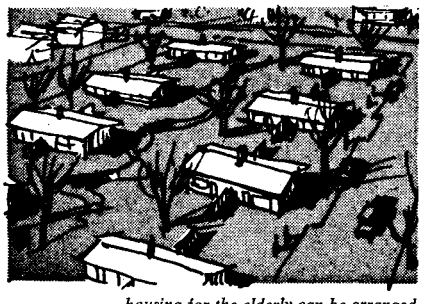
The United States has a geography of great variety and hence abundant design



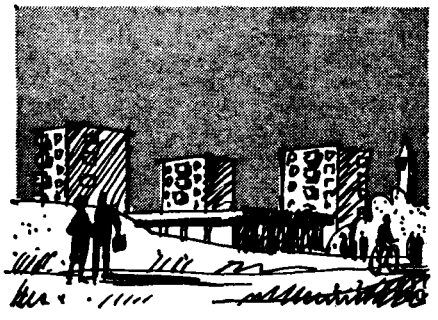
Federal programs allow the rehabilitation of still useful old structures . . .



. . . rather than concentrate public housing in a single location, it can be dispersed and blended in a community . . .



. . . housing for the elderly can be arranged as groupings in the community . . .



. . . needed college dormitories can be financed . . .

—From "Urban Design: The Architecture of Towns and Cities."

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possibility. We have already established the major uses of land according to the natural resources of various regions. Iowa and portions of its neighboring states comprise one of the richest farmland areas in the world. Our grasslands are among the world's finest cattle grounds. The various regions of the nation, distinguished by their climate, topography, and verdure, have developed their appropriate uses and subsequent physical characteristics.

The entire United States should be studied to determine its significant and integral physical sections. These should be delineated according to their characteristic topography, climate, and culture. We propose the formation of groups of persons, representing all walks of life and all professions, to study and lay forth a future vision of what these areas could become at their best. We propose that architects of broad vision be foremost in these groups. Not only would the participants prepare design plans showing the overall region and its land use, but numerous studies of the appropriate appearance of all man-made objects in this landscape—from telephone poles to cities—would also be made. The character of the land would be the basis for the design of cities and towns. A road and its overpass and cloverleaf appurtenances would be designed for its appearance *in* the landscape as well as for the appearance of the landscape *from* it.

These studies would maximize diversity of choice in the various regions, while at the same time assuring the protection of land character. Our new mobility and increase of leisure time is fast leading to a very intense use of land in, around, and beyond the city. That land will either be desecrated or enhanced, depending on what we envision now for its future use.

Discussion of land use beyond the city immediately suggests recreational activities. As a rule it should not take more than an hour to reach areas of natural terrain from the center of a city. Many cities now enjoy this convenience, but unless it is protected it will soon be lost.

WE propose a study of the potential recreation areas around all cities as a basis for conceiving a complete panorama of many types and sizes of recreation places.

Each state should formulate a plan for the use of its main recreational resources, along with private land development. The quality of recreation areas is bound to occupy an increasingly important role in a state's well-being. Our people now choose their place of residence on the basis of its ability to offer the good life as much as they choose places with economic and job opportunities. Programs on a state level could designate recreational areas—lakes, beaches, mountains—and plan the most desirable resort towns and resort homesites. This would maintain a proper and sensitive balance between untouched wilderness and developed land. Indeed, the wilderness areas could have lodges, trails, and other appropriate facilities at certain places. The towns would have a main street, a variety of shops to form a spine for the evening promenade, and perhaps a bit of carnival, like the boardwalk resorts of the nineteenth century.

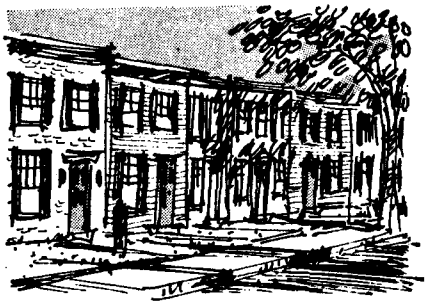
Urban design at metropolitan scale involves study of total metropolitan form. Our metropolitan areas are fast becoming undifferentiated and haphazard, whereas they could become works of art. At the metropolitan scale, planning is now inadequately limited to land use and transportation relations. It is therefore necessary to combine all the elements of metropolitan form into a total approach in order to state the case for design on a metropolitan scale.

We propose that all our metropolitan areas be studied to discern their evolving form and that, subsequently, designs be made exploring the likely alternative forms that could be perfected through present techniques—transportation planning, land-use designation, open space, new satellite towns, and new urban corridors.

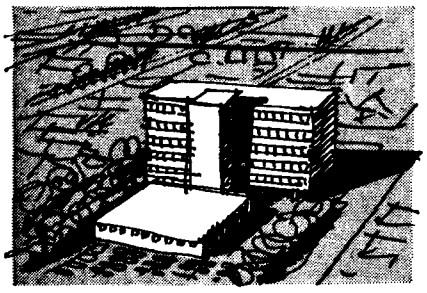
We propose, too, a program of urban design for transportation that puts the city first as an institution to be served. We propose that all means of transportation be examined as a prelude to any transportation improvement programs. The design of the roadway and its appurtenances is but one aspect of proper road design: the consideration and design of every means of urban transportation must be made basic to all transportation design. The current preoccupation with automobile travel is an adolescent stage in circulation planning. Rail rapid transit has been unfairly neglected in our automobile era. For over fifty years, rail rapid transit has received almost no share of the kind of design attention given to the auto, the airplane, even the elevator or the truck.

If we exercised the design ingenuity lavished on airplane travel we would introduce advances making these examples seem minor in comparison. Imagine, for example, a subway train in which a light breakfast is served, where the morning newspapers could be read in comfort, where the morning news is presented on TV, where the frequency of trains assures adequate seating for all. A short while after the workers' journey, school children could use the same trains, giving them a place for homework comparisons on their way to school, or even presenting televised lessons for the more studious. A metropolitan school system could be devised to give children a city-wide choice of schools, perhaps encouraging again the specialized high schools once prevalent in older cities. During the day the housewife could conveniently travel to shopping centers. The train could post advertising pages of the daily newspapers, as well as shoppers' guides. Packages could be delivered to subway stations via a special service, as they are on intercity bus systems.

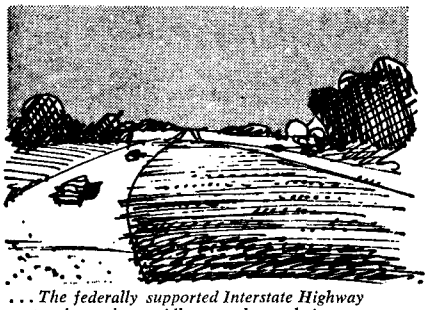
No generation of architects at any time in history has had as promising and inspiring an opportunity as we do now. And no generation of Americans ever had so great a responsibility.



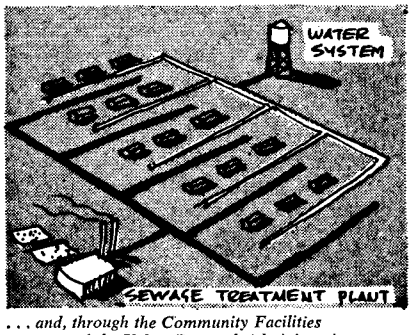
Through Federal programs historic architecture can be restored . . .



. . . through the Hill-Burton act funds are provided for community hospitals . . .



. . . The federally supported Interstate Highway system is moving rapidly toward completion . . .



. . . and, through the Community Facilities program of the Urban Renewal Administration, communities can plan and build public facilities.

—From "Urban Design: The Architecture of Towns and Cities."

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Variable Sweep Wings: A report from General Dynamics

A major step forward in aircraft design:

This week, several pilots redesigned their airplanes in flight. Shortly after takeoff, each pilot moved a trombone-shaped slide in his cockpit and folded back the wings of his plane.

The ability to do this made the F-111's they were flying the first aircraft that can (1) operate from short landing fields, *and* (2) fly economically for long subsonic cruise ranges or ferry itself across an ocean, *and* (3) strike supersonically at treetop height *or* dash at two-and-a-half times the speed of sound at an altitude of 12 miles.

The key is its variable sweep wing. Today the first eight developmental F-111's, built by General Dynamics, are daily demonstrating the feasibility of a movable wing—a development that finally makes a truly multipurpose airplane practical.

The matter of flight envelope:

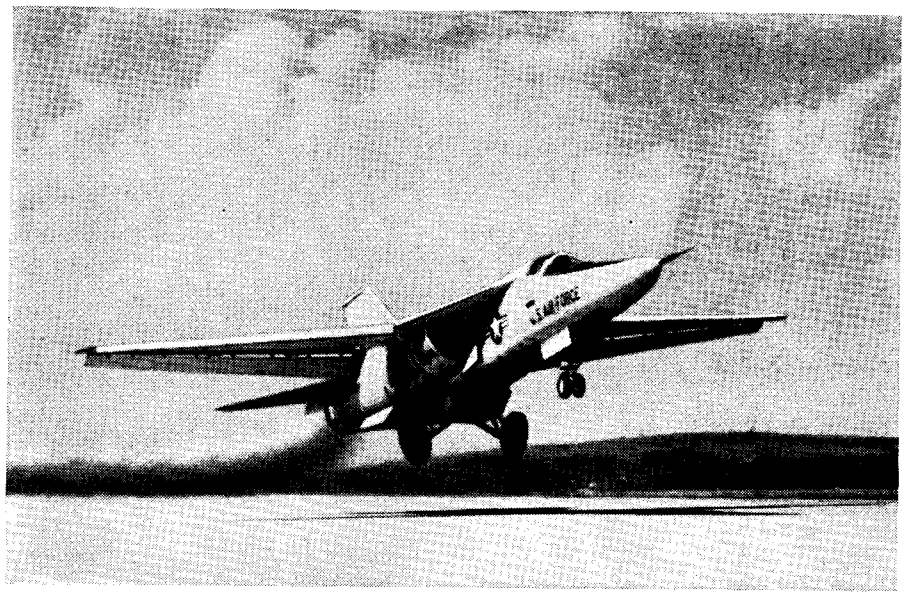
Every aircraft has a specific "envelope" —a set of limitations, or boundaries, of speed and altitude, within which it can operate effectively. The final design of a plane depends upon which of several possible purposes is most important.

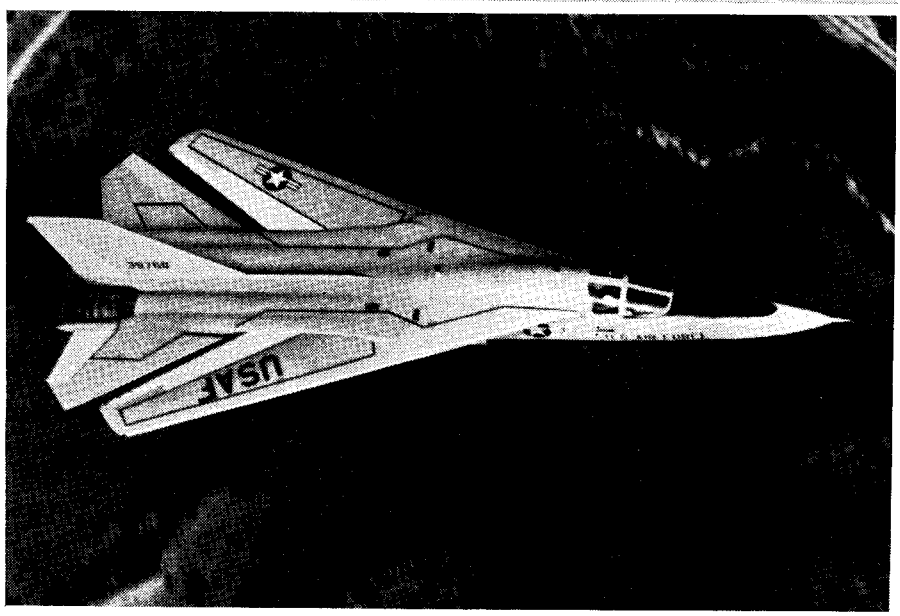
A long wing extended straight out is best for short takeoff and landing, long range and endurance, or high load-carrying characteristics. For the high lift demanded, a large amount of wing surface is needed.

But as speed increases, less lift is needed from the wings. In fact, at high speeds, large wings increase resistance from the air. Such an airplane can be pushed to supersonic speed by brute power, but not efficiently.

This resistance is commonly called drag, and one way to reduce it has been to sweep the wing back. For instance, the modern passenger jet, whose wings are partially swept back, can fly efficiently for long distances just below the speed of sound. But the swept wing provides less lift, and such aircraft need long runways, sometimes up to two miles long, and special braking devices.

Very high speeds—faster than sound —can best be reached with a very small wing, sometimes in a triangle or delta shape. But the still lower lift can require even longer runways, and additional braking devices such as drogue parachutes. The very small wing offers considerably less fuel efficiency for long-range, subsonic flight.





Top: The F-111 with its wings extended straight out for high lift at takeoff.
Bottom: Wings being swept back to allow F-111 to reach supersonic speeds.

Three aircraft in one:

A wing whose position can be changed by a pilot *in flight* gives a single airplane the special talents of all three types. With the wing fully extended, the aircraft has high lift for short takeoff or landing or high-load capacity. With the wings partially swept, efficient long-range subsonic flight becomes practical. Pulling the wings all the way back to their smallest exposed area provides supersonic dash, without having sacrificed either high lift or cruise economy.

Previous—and impractical—attempts to achieve variable wing geometry go all the way back to 1911. The chief problem: an undesirable relationship between center of gravity and center of lift as the wings moved would cause an airplane to nose up and down sharply—become longitudinally unstable.

How it operates:

Not until 1960 did the National Aeronautics and Space Administration conceive the answer to this instability—simultaneously sweeping both wings around separate pivot points which were moved out on the wing root rather

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than having a single pivot in the center of the fuselage. The concept has been refined and developed by General Dynamics through more than 22,000 hours of wind tunnel testing, and more than 25 million man-hours of design and development.

The F-111's variable wing can be moved in flight from its fully extended position (technically with 16° of sweep measured at the leading edge) to a full sweep of 72.5°, with the wings tucked back against (and much of them actually inside) the fuselage for a narrow delta shape. The position of the wings can be set and held at any position between these two extremes, with the pilot himself deciding what wing setting is best for maximum performance in a given set of circumstances. He can normally lever the wings from one extreme to the other in about twenty seconds.

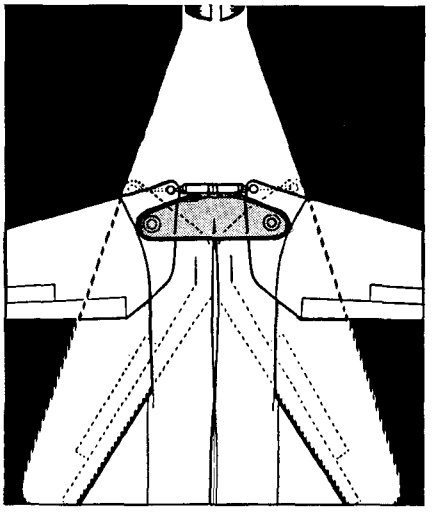
The precision of design is so exact and the wing so balanced that negligible elevator trim is needed to compensate for full sweep of the wing.

Heart of the system:

The heart of the F-111's variable sweep system is a 14-foot steel yoke across the fuselage (see drawing below).

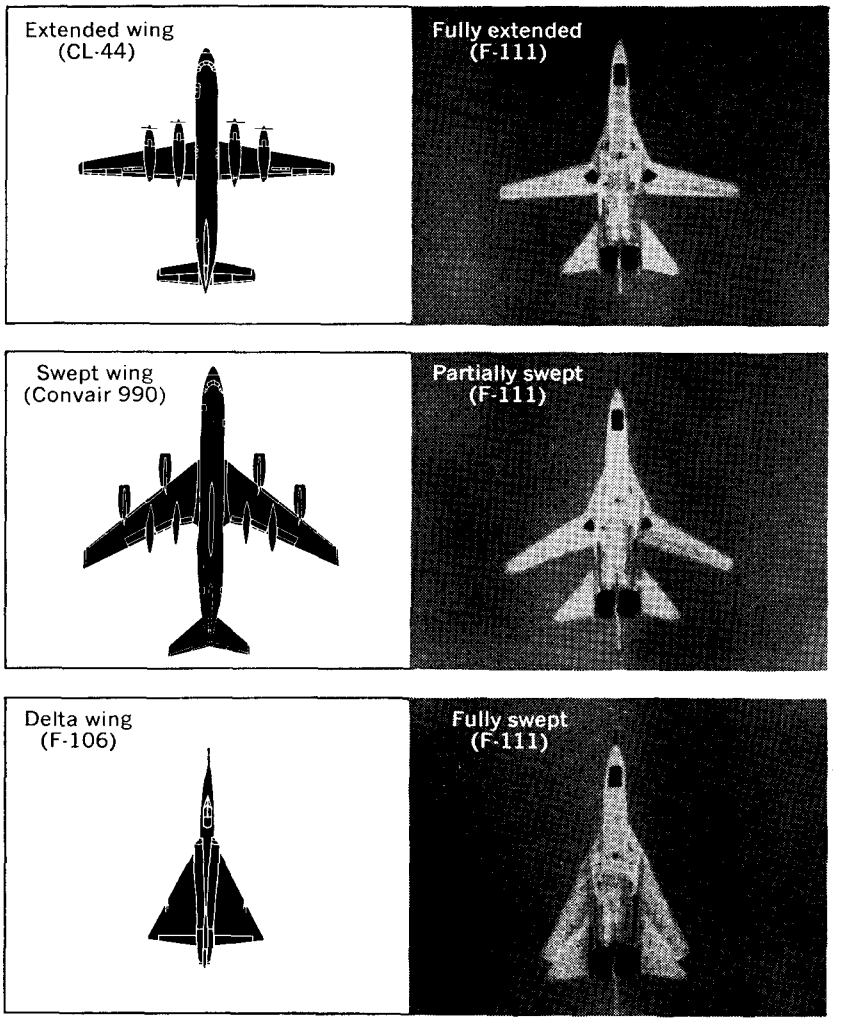
The movable portions of each wing are fastened to the yoke by 8½-inch diameter high-strength steel pivot pins. Forward of the yoke hydraulically powered actuators, responding to the pilot's control selection, move the wings from one position to another.

For additional high lift at takeoff and landing, full span slats and flaps are incorporated into the wing. The wing itself is ingeniously tapered so that much of its area when fully extended is highly cambered—that is, with a relatively thick curve for greater lift—and thin at the area remaining exposed when wings are swept back for high-speed flight.



How the wing works. A 14-foot steel yoke, with its 8½-inch diameter pins, on which the wings pivot, is the heart of the variable sweep winged F-111. The yoke and pins support the whole plane in flight. A jackscrew just forward of the yoke actuates the wings during sweep.

How wing configuration determines flight envelope



Left, top to bottom: Drawings of planes flying today. Extended wing of transport provides relatively short takeoff and landing with heavy loads. Swept wing of passenger liner provides less lift, but allows the plane to fly efficiently just below the speed of sound. Small delta wing of military fighter reduces air resistance (drag) and allows the plane to fly at supersonic speeds.

Right, top to bottom: Photos of the F-111 show how the variable sweep wing gives it the advantages of the extended wing, swept wing and delta wing—all in one plane.

The future for the sweep wing:

Since the Wright Brothers' first breakthrough in the art of manned flight, there have been relatively few major advances in the basic art of airplane building. One was the introduction of light aluminum structures, another the introduction of the turbine—better known as the jet—engine for propulsion.

The variable sweep wing represents a similar major step forward. For any category of aircraft—military, commercial or private—where the combination of very high-speed flight, long economic cruise and high lift for easy takeoff and landing is desired, the variable sweep wing sets the new standard. Even space ships may ultimately incorporate some form of variable geometric wing to make them more maneuverable within different atmospheres.

General Dynamics is a company of scientists, engineers and skilled workers whose interests cover every major field of technology, and who produce for defense and industry: aircraft; marine, space and missile systems; tactical support equipment; nuclear, electronic and communication systems; and machinery, minerals and gases.

GENERAL DYNAMICS

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SURVIVING THE AGE OF THE CITY

By RALPH LAZARUS

THE CITIES and their suburbs will continue to grow faster than the rest of the country until, by 1985, about 180,000,000 people will be living in America's 216 cities. (This is the same number who were living in the entire United States only five years ago.) In the next twenty years, according to conservative estimates, we will add 54,000,000 people to these same metropolitan areas—the equivalent of adding people enough to fill five New Yorks or twenty-seven Washingtons.

Some people might say this is no problem. All we have to do is duplicate what we have been doing. But who is satisfied with what we have been doing in our cities? Who wants us to continue to increase the soot in the city's air, the sewage in its rivers, the heroin in the arms of its teen-agers? Who wants to see more racial tension and riots, more school dropouts, more economic and social ghettos, more unemployables, more illegitimate children on relief rolls, more helpless and hopeless city halls, more ugliness in the day and more terror in the night?

Who thinks the quality of public education is adequate to the demands of today or tomorrow? Who wants to speed up the exodus of the economically self-sufficient, emotionally stable, and culturally advantaged, and abandon the central city to the angry or the spiritless poor? Who wants to choke the streets with more automobiles and let mass transportation die from starvation, inattention, and ineptitude? Who wants to multiply citizen apathy and make the job of civic leadership more difficult?

And what about what was once the country and is now part of the endless spread of the city? Do we want to duplicate what we have done to its trees, its fields, its farms and hillsides? Is there no better way to accommodate our growing population? Do we need to build more one-class communities that are just as much economic and social ghettos as their counterparts in the city? Can we afford to encourage more people to shed their political responsibilities because they live in one place and work in another? Can we afford to continue to postpone metropolitan solutions to metropolitan problems?

I do not want to give the impression that no progress has been made in the cities' problems, but we obviously have much to do in the years and the generations ahead.

The business community, it seems to me, cannot stand aloof and let these conditions deteriorate further. Business has always felt a clear obligation to help make our cities more livable. These metropolitan centers are, by and large, where business has most of its capital invested. They are where something like 80 per cent of its customers and employees live and work. They are its distribution points, the places where most of its products are bought and sold, or its services rendered. They levy much of the tax dollar and make many of the laws that affect the conduct of all business. We look to their governments to provide many of the facilities without which business could not thrive.

Nor must we overlook the influence of the quality of metropolitan living on the people, and thus on us. The richer the quality of that living, the better off we will be. An employee who is brought up in a good home, goes through a good school system, and has a satisfactory social, cultural, and family life is going to bring the fruits of this environment to work with him and spread them around. The same holds true for customers, suppliers, the cop on the corner, and the man in City Hall.

WE should also remember that people are voters. More than three out of four voters will soon be living in urban surroundings and dominating the political climate of the United States. If we fail to improve those surroundings, the resulting anger and frustration will inevitably break about our heads. The price that the business community might have to pay for neglect of the problems of the city could be higher than any of us would like to contemplate.

But it is important that businessmen do not look at the city with only negative objectives in mind. By this I mean we should not be thinking so much about how to wipe out drug addiction as about how to create the kind of environment and opportunities for youngsters that will enable them to lead the kind of full lives that need no drugs to deaden fear, frustration, and hopelessness. We should not think so much about decreasing the rate of school dropouts as about providing the kind of educational system that will open out into a rewarding and useful life and prepare its participants for a role in building a better civilization.

The time is ripe to shift our sights. We can no longer give effective community leadership on a problem-oriented basis. The problems have become too numerous, too glaring, and too interrelated. The nation is ready to change from problems to opportunities, to shift from symptoms to causes, from a piecemeal approach to one in which the interrelationship of all urban problems is recognized and in which these problems are attacked on a coordinated basis.

There has been no time when we have been as ready and able as we are now to tackle the task of improving our metropolitan areas by plan. With the gross national product rising at a rate of nearly $50 billion a year—or $250 per person—we can afford to divert significant sums of money and other resources from expenditures on physical capital to those on human and social capital.

If the conditions of living and working in the metropolitan areas are to improve, it will take vision, labor, and leadership. The business community not only should but must supply a good share of all three.

Now, how do we propose to set about our task? The problems of the city are legion, ranging all the way from dirt to violent crime. How should the business community get its arms around a manageable and significant segment that is also most pertinent to the function of business leadership?

The most direct way to go about this task would also be the most useful. Before we can effectively analyze things as they are, we will have to define things as they ought to be. We can then determine the obstacles to these goals and list them in order of priority. It is our hope that businessmen can lay the foundation for working out a program of action that would tackle important obstacles and move our urban society in the direction of clearly articulated goals.

Whether or not we can do this job will depend primarily on our ability to define our goals specifically enough so that the obstacles that stand in the way of reaching them can be identified and their order of priority agreed upon. If this is accomplishable—or even if the process for accomplishing it can be identified for use by community leaders—we will have rendered an important service.

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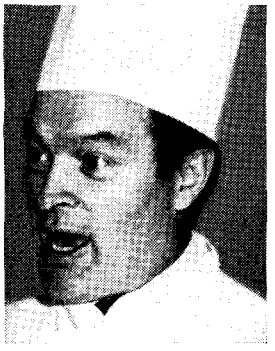
This is what they're saying about our 5-year or 50,000-mile warranty*

"That no-charge-for-parts-or-labor makes a big hit with me."

"Shows infinite confidence in the workmanship, I must say."

"Mighty big protection for my investment. Mighty big."

"I am proud to have an original of this historic document."



"The car's so great, the warranty is pure gravy."

"5 years or 50,000 miles. I wish I'd had it for the palace coach."

We don't blame "them" for cheering. You'll cheer, too.

Think of it. If at any time during the warranty period a defect in workmanship or materials shows up in the engine and drive train of your car, it won't cost you a cent for required replacement parts or labor.

And consider this: the warranty still lasts for the full 5 years or 50,000 miles even if the car is sold or traded in. That added value will do wonders for the resale price. When you're looking over the new 1966's from Chrysler Corporation, remember that only they have this 5-year or 50,000-mile warranty to protect their original greatness.

**Chrysler Corporation warrants for 5 years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first, against defects in materials and workmanship and will replace or repair at a Chrysler Motors Corporation Authorized Dealer's place of business, without charge for required parts and labor, the engine block, head and internal parts, intake manifold, water pump, transmission case and internal parts (excluding manual clutch), torque converter, drive shaft, universal joints, rear axle and differential, and rear wheel bearings of its 1966 automobiles, provided the owner has the engine oil changed every 3 months or 4,000 miles, whichever comes first; the oil filter replaced every second oil change and the carburetor air filter cleaned every 6 months and replaced every 2 years, and every 6 months furnishes to such a dealer evidence of performance of the required service, and requests the dealer to certify (1) receipt of such evidence and (2) the car's then current mileage.*

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TALES OF THREE CITIES

Philadelphia: The Economics of Social Problems

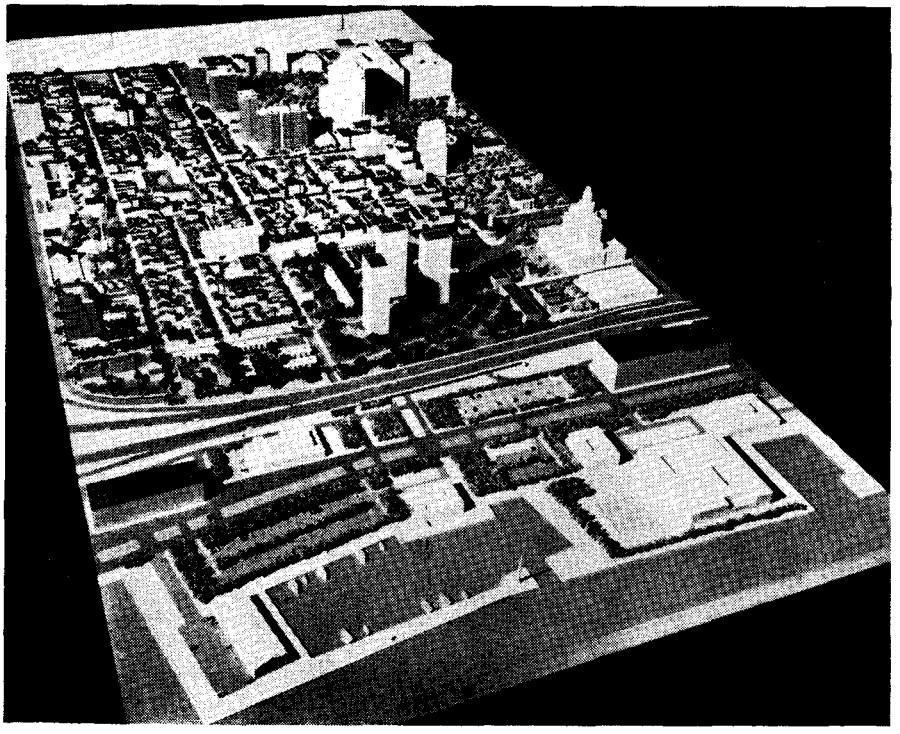
FOR ITS seventeen years the basic goal of the Greater Philadelphia Movement has been to contribute to the growth and well-being of Philadelphia's metropolitan area. We believe not only that our approach has been successful but that our experience shows how a business and professional group can work effectively on civic problems.

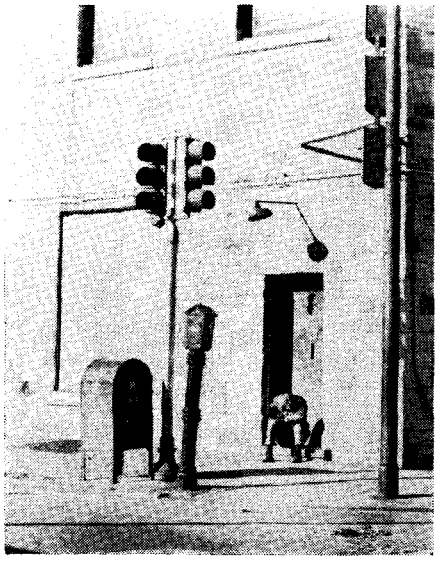
Our starting point was, quite simply, a concern about the problems facing Philadelphia and, I believe, a conviction that economic factors play a dominant role in the solution of social problems. We have, however, become deeply involved in some social problems in which the economic dimension is at best minor. For example, we are concerned with Philadelphia's Skid Row and the social conditions that exist there. And we are deeply involved in educational problems, not only in the primary and secondary schools, but at the college level as well.

Civic issues, by their very nature, are always controversial issues. One of the characteristics of all of us in GPM has been a willingness to be involved in controversy. Typically, this has meant political participation, though not necessarily in a partisan sense. Rather, I mean that GPM as a group has had the courage to make its commitments known to elected city officials charged with decision-making responsibilities. City administrations in Philadelphia, which have been Democratic since 1951, have consistently worked with GPM, largely Republican, in a number of tough policy areas.

A key element in the GPM story has been the homogeneity of its membership. All of the members are deeply concerned with civic problems and have been willing, on repeated occasions, to

Before and after—Above, redevelopment area in Philadelphia before the city's face-lifting program got under way; below, the area as it appeared in a model.





On Philadelphia's Skid Row —an emphasis on action.

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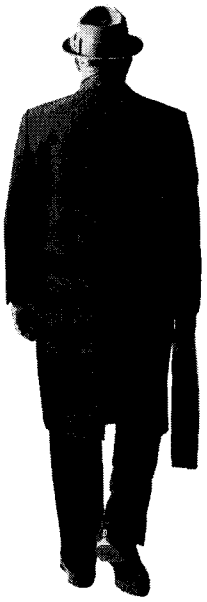
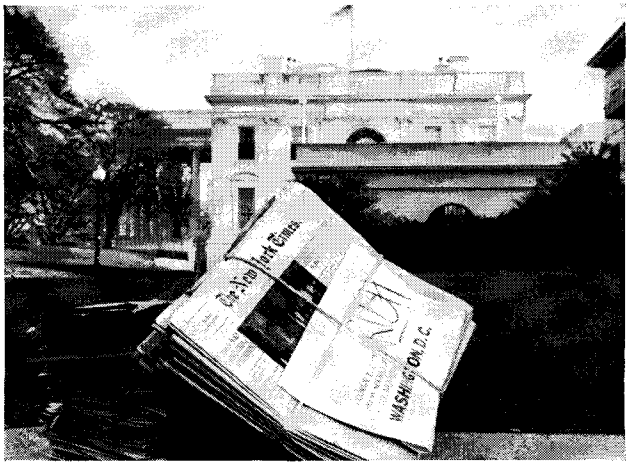
One of the six audiences your corporate advertising must reach— **Government Leaders**



The one who got away

Reports on the new Senate aren't in yet — but, last time we checked, only one of the Honorable Gentlemen wasn't a reader of The New York Times. Not that it really matters; 51 votes are a majority and we had a landslide (99 out of 100) without him. Our record with the House wasn't quite as startling: just 373 out of 435 Congressmen were listed as readers. (Still, it makes a most influential audience for your advertising.)



It's 7:10 AM at the West Gate of the White House

...and the usual 50 copies of The New York Times will be admitted any minute now. Naturally, The Times gets thorough and thoughtful attention from men at the top. If your company has a message for these men, consider—The Times really delivers.

Keep in touch with the real VIP's

Through The New York Times, of course —and feel free to quote these statistics at your next advertising meeting.

* The Times is daily reading for most, if not all, U.S. Cabinet Officers.

* 41 Federal Agencies receive The Times regularly. (Significant, when you consider that people in these Agencies make day-to-day decisions affecting your business.)

* 5 Supreme Court Justices have The Times delivered daily.

* 71 Embassies in Washington are subscribers. (Are you involved in foreign trade or international finance?)

Honest-to-goodness Independent Study

...made by Professor (Pol. Sci.) James N. Rosenau of Rutgers University. His research into the nation's opinion-makers starting in 1958 led to the illuminating volume (1963) called *"National Leadership and Foreign Policy,"* in which there's a conclusion of prime importance to corporate advertisers:

"An examination of the concrete sources upon which national leaders rely for information on world affairs must begin with one fact...there is, so to speak, an opinion-making bible, The New York Times."

States? Right.

75% of the national opinion-makers who rely on The Times are outside New York City. This group includes thoughtful and influential public officials and legislators — clear across the country. (And in most major countries *abroad,* government officials read The Times to learn what's going on in America—and the world.)

Do institutional and corporate campaigns in The Times *work?* Advertisers such as IBM and the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico seem to think so; at least they're sure of this: The Times is the most respected publication with all six groups of opinion-makers: Government Leaders, Educators, Financial Men, Investors, Community Officials, Executives in your field. Next time your corporate program is under discussion, tell your advertising people about the newspaper that opinion-makers *naturally* read first. Better still, show them—your own copy.

How opinion-makers get the message: through **The New York Times,** clearly.

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submerge what appeared to be their own short-run self-interest in order to work for longer-run goals of the community; at one time or another probably every member of GPM has made this kind of apparent sacrifice for the general weal.

But GPM's homogeneity is much more than simply a matter of civic responsibility. Virtually without exception, its members are the heads of their companies. As such, they can speak as equals, they generally move in the same social and business circles, and they are friends as well as business acquaintances. One of the features that has made GPM successful is its smallness. Its membership of only thirty permits interchange and understanding and promotes more concentrated action.

GPM has relied heavily on research and objective analysis as a foundation for policy positions. We have a small but excellent technical staff, and we draw upon leading experts in any field we enter. Much of our original research has made a direct contribution to those in city government faced with immediate policy decisions. And the objectivity of the conclusions drawn from this type of research has clearly been a major factor in the acceptance of GPM conclusions.

The smallness of our staff is a secret ingredient that has contributed substantially to our success. A small staff cannot become institutionalized into certain specific areas, and ours has remained flexible and has been able to investigate many different areas. But an even more fundamental result of staff size has been the necessity for personal participation by the members of GPM. The members themselves have done much of the investigation and research. The result is a far greater sense of involvement and dedication than would occur if the original diggings were done by the staff and we were merely the second-hand recipients of their work.

All of these characteristics provide a propitious climate for our operations. Although hardly a model of classic organizational efficiency, they seem to work in the case of GPM and the city it serves. —Howard C. Petersen.

Philadelphia:

Behind the Renaissance

Aristotle, as usual, may have said it all when he wrote about 350 B.C.: "Men come together in cities to live. They remain to live the good life." The good life requires many things, most of them expensive. Among them, as listed by Philadelphia's former mayor, Joseph S. Clark, are water, shelter, transportation, sanitation, law and order, fire protection, unpolluted air, recreational opportunities, educational and cultural institutions, health and welfare services, research activities, active businesses with diversified employment opportunities, and a wise local government.

The provision of all of these things is a matter of concern for all citizens, and particularly for the most able citizens. This becomes especially true when the entire Philadelphia-South Jersey metropolitan area is considered. This area, consisting of five counties in Pennsylvania and three in New Jersey, contains 4,500,000 people today and is expected to contain 6,500,000 people by 1980. At its core is Philadelphia, with a population of 2,000,000.

New recreation area—Spanning Pennsylvania, left, and New Jersey, right, is the proposed Tocks Island National Recreation Area.

Philadelphia's city operating budget, including public schools, is over half a billion dollars per year, and the capital budget is another $200,000,000 per year. The city has some 45,000 employees and, to make things even more difficult, in the metropolitan area there are 679 governmental units—city, borough, township, county, and school districts, plus an unknown number of special municipal and state authorities.

In 1948 Harry Batten, head of the N. W. Ayer & Son advertising agency, called together a small group of business friends to explore the situation in Philadelphia. It was at this meeting that he coined the phrase "The trouble with Philadelphia is *us*." Shortly thereafter, the Greater Philadelphia Movement was formed. Dr. Alfred Williams, former president of the Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia, recalling those early days, said, "We decided never to allow GPM to be used for the self-aggrandizement of any person. We decided not to get involved in the whole panorama of municipal problems—for us, it would be the rifle versus the shotgun approach. Thus, we could avoid the creation of large staffs. Publicity would be sought only on specific projects. And the projects we did undertake would be spun off—to one of the directors with a special interest in the specific field, or to two or three of them. We could then go on to something else, with the one man, or two, or three, keeping in touch."

GPM continues to follow these original precepts. It helped to initiate and backed not only physical development for the city but also some of the toughest of the nonphysical problems. Among its various achievements have been: the drafting and passage of a new city charter creating a "strong mayor" type of government; a study in depth of juvenile delinquency (now published in paperback as *Kids, Crime and Chaos);* a study of city finances and the creation of a Citizens Budget Committee; a study in depth of the city's educational system, which has resulted in the passage of new laws creating new home rule in precollege education under a nine-member Board of Education; creation of the University City Science Center; a study of the rehabilitation of Skid Row inhabitants and the cleaning up of the city's Skid Row area; removal of the wholesale fresh fruit and vegetable market, an unsightly, unsanitary collection of decrepit buildings adjoining Independence Hall Park, and the building on the old city dumps of a modern Food Distribution Center, now worth $100,000,000; a start toward the creation of Society Hill,

(*Continued on page* 98)

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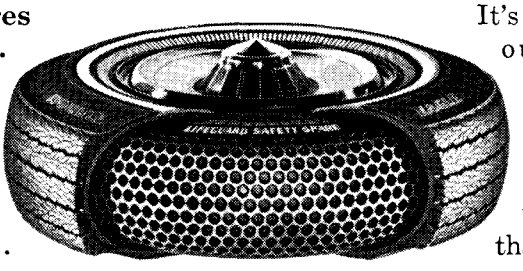
When there's no man around...Goodyear should be.

She'll never have to change tires with LifeGuard Safety Spare. You would help her if you were there. But you're not. That is why every woman should drive on Goodyear Double Eagle tires with LifeGuard Safety Spares (optional, to give her *extra* safety).



It's a "tire-within-a-tire," so if the outside tire is ever damaged, the LifeGuard Safety Spare takes over, lets her keep driving until she is safe. Good tires are especially important when there's no man around. And that is when Goodyear should be.

Double Eagle, LifeGuard—T.M.'s
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

GO GO GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

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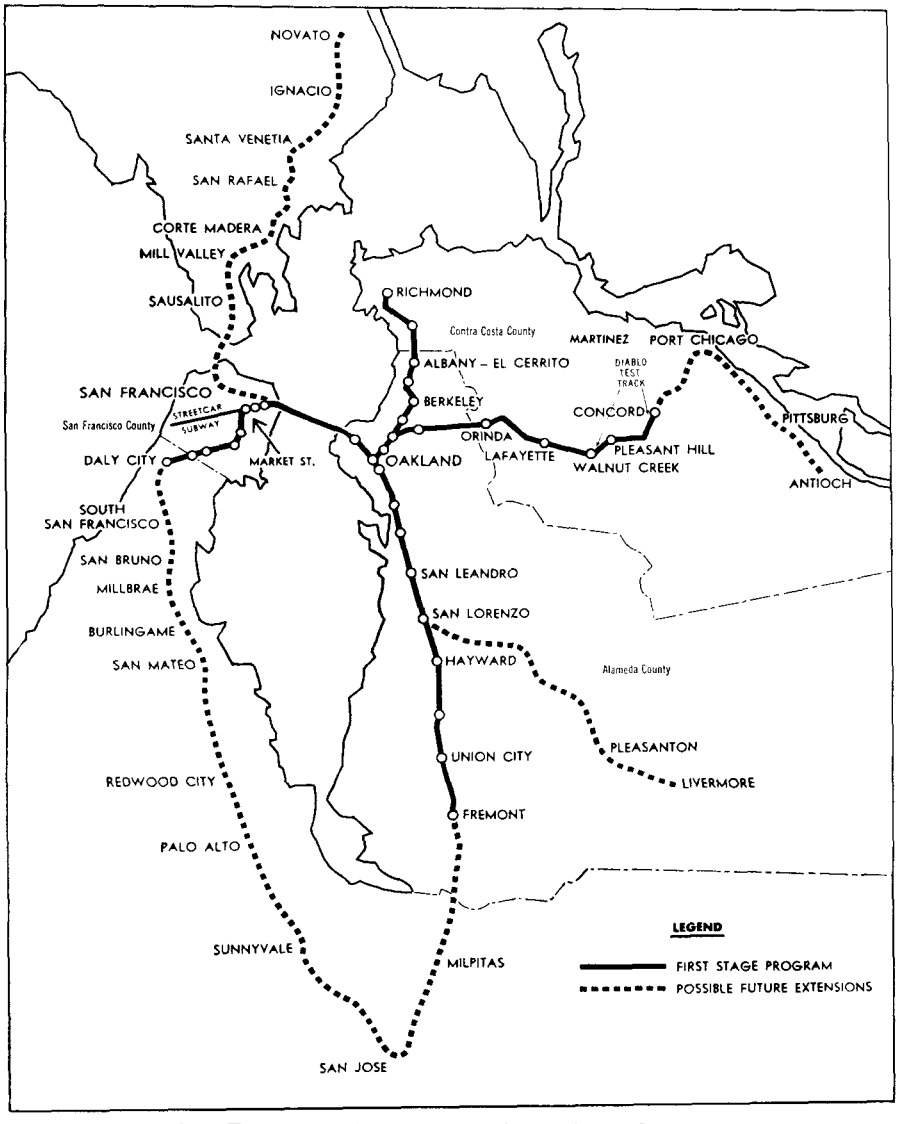
San Francisco: Getting Together

THE San Francisco Bay Area includes nine counties, covers some 7,000 square miles, and is comparable in size to the states of New Jersey and Massachusetts. Some eighty-five cities lie within the nine counties, varying in size from San Francisco, with three-quarters of a million people, to Oakland, with some 400,000, and to fast-growing San Jose, with about 350,000. It includes new communities, such as Fremont and Pacifica, that continue to spring up as a result of California's unparalleled population growth.

It is this tremendous population growth that accentuates, if it does not actually cause, the kind of regional problem with which our area has been confronted. Since World War II the population of the Bay Area has more than doubled, from under 2,000,000 in 1944 to over 4,000,000 in 1964, and this growth is certain to continue. Estimates indicate the population will double again to 8,000,000 by 1984 and that by the year 2000 more than 15,000,000 people will live in this nine-county area.

It was in anticipation of the resulting problems that business leadership initiated the organization of the San Francisco Bay Area Council just after World War II. Since there was no one governmental unit or other organization that embraced the nine-county area, this organization was formed in 1945 to encourage cooperation in solving regional problems for the civic and economic development of our area.

The larger business-industrial firms with interests extending throughout the region were the moving spirits in forming the council, but from the very beginning there has been a constant effort to include representation of all community interests. While it is a voluntary organization, supported almost entirely by contributions from business and industry (although with modest financial participation from each of the nine counties), it has been guided by the public interest in all its efforts and has been able to exercise a constructive influence in the solution of regional problems. We do not believe we have all the answers or that we have accomplished all we should have done. But I do think we can draw some conclusions and set forth certain principles that have worked in our case and that might apply in other similar cases.



San Francisco's Bay Area—taking the wide view.

1. There has been a sincere purpose from which the council has never deviated either for what might be interpreted as selfish interests of our member firms or to become involved in strictly local problems.

2. There has been a constant effort to obtain the cooperation and coordination of effort of all interests—business, industry, labor, government, and civic groups. Even though the council is supported mainly by business, we have always endeavored to have the participation of all interests in our program and have exercised caution in not engaging in activities that might weaken or endanger our objective position.

3. The council has constantly endeavored to maintain the regional approach, to have a regional interest and identification, and has exercised care not to seem to reflect the views of only one city or county.

4. A key element from the beginning of the council has been that our board of trustees has been composed of the senior people of our leading business firms; that is, presidents and board chairmen. These officers have demonstrated an interest by their participation in our programs and by their attendance at our meetings (substitutes are not allowed), and certainly their influence has been most important in whatever success we have achieved.

5. The presentation of a well-developed plan to meet an important community need, conveying full information to the public, offers a good chance of obtaining public approval.

6. There is a definite place for the voluntary organization. Sometimes our role is a frustrating one, and sometimes we wonder if we are really accomplishing anything worthwhile. But we have a function that is important and valuable. Although we do not have authority, we

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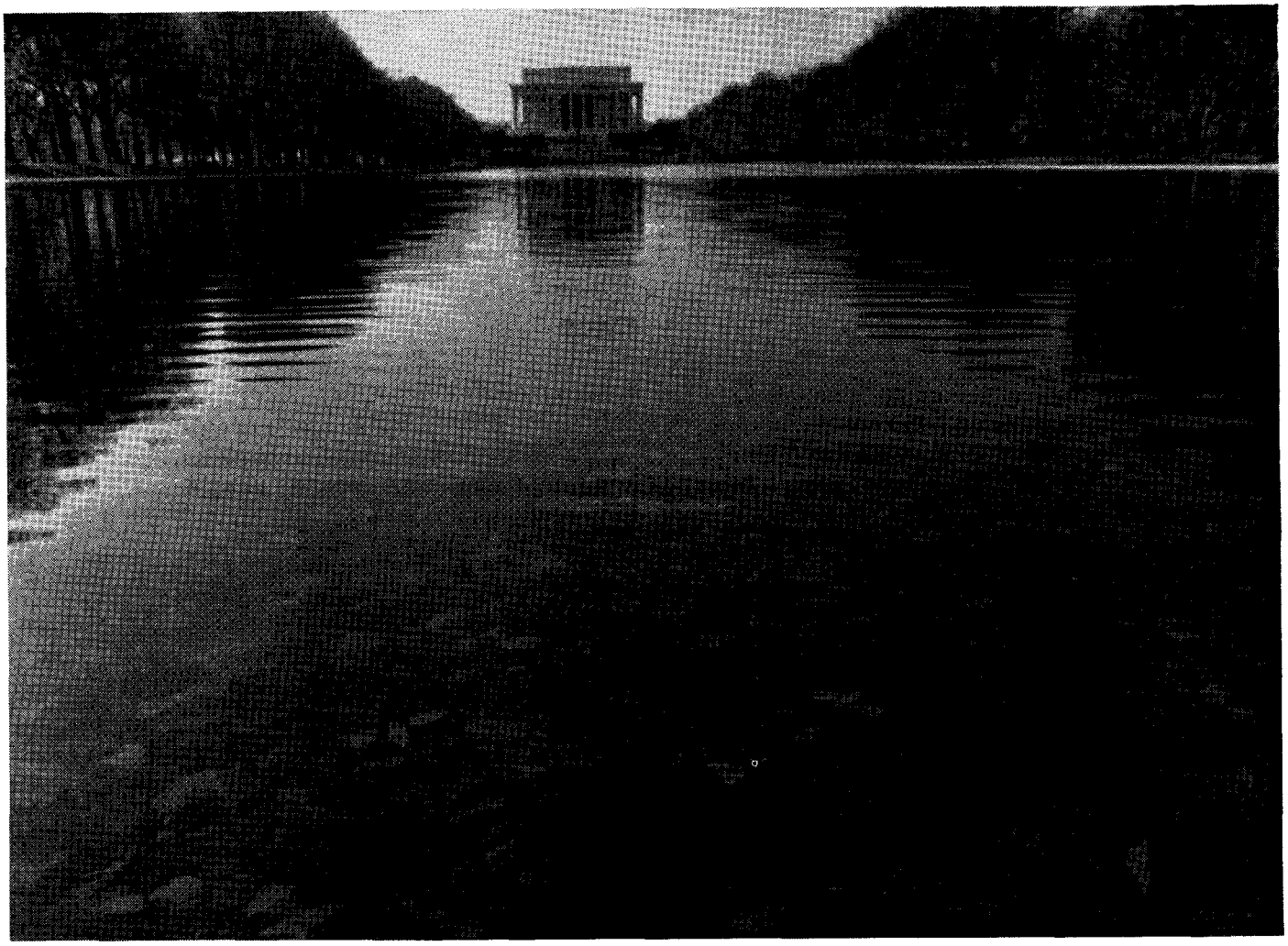

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Baker Aid To Bunch Is Alleged

Panel Ok's Action Vote On Rights

Dana Victoria Stand Appears More Rigid

The clear reflection of your company's corporate image is nowhere more important than in the nation's capital . . . and there is no mirror more effective than The Washington Post.

Starting at the highest levels of government, The Washington Post permeates every department to an extent unequalled by *any* other newspaper or, for that matter, any other advertising medium.

There is only one way to be sure that your corporate advertising reaches virtually every individual of importance in Washington government and industry (as well as six out of ten households) . . . and that is through the pages of The Washington Post.

The Washington Post

Quoted . . . consulted . . . honored

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have enough flexibility to take on a problem that needs attacking and that may not come under the jurisdiction of any duly constituted governmental agency. We can bring together leaders from all segments to work together in studying problems and recommending solutions and we can gain support for our proposals by the weight of public opinion, backed by the merit of our cause and the influence of the leaders behind it. —S. CLARK BEISE.

San Francisco:

Telling the Bay Area Story

THE BAY AREA COUNCIL works with banks, railroads, utilities, and other business groups, as well as with local chambers of commerce and industrial development associations, in trying to develop a business climate that will help existing industry grow and new industry come to the area. Our role is that of a central clearinghouse in supplying information about the Bay Area that may be of interest to business and industry. The individual chambers and counties sell their own respective virtues; we tell the story of the entire region.

Air pollution was one of the first regional problems to which the council addressed itself. In 1950 most of us in the Bay Area, looking south and noting the growing smog problems of our neighbors in Los Angeles, smugly said, "It can't happen here." However, at about that time, there were growing indications that it might happen here. Under the leadership of the Bay Area Council, a committee was organized to study the subject and make recommendations. The council, however, is an organization without authority; it must rely on voluntary cooperation, and its effectiveness depends on the logic and value of its case, as well as on the influence of the council's leaders. The air pollution committee, with the active participation of many industrial leaders, recommended the establishment of an Air Pollution Control District to embrace the six counties where population was mainly concentrated. The council supported this recommendation and helped bring about passage of state legislation to establish the District.

Air pollution continues to be a problem in the Bay Area, largely because of the automobile, but the system for controlling it has been established and is functioning effectively.

The Council has also long been interested in transportation and, at one time urged the establishment of a Golden Gate Authority (somewhat like the New York Port Authority) to govern all seaports and airports as well as bridges in the Bay Area. While this proposal was not successful, it did serve the important purpose of stimulating thinking in several related areas of transportation and regional planning, as well as in governmental cooperation in the area.

Recognizing that there were many simultaneous transportation projects involving bridges, freeways, and other aspects of regional transportation and that there was no coordination of planning or administration of these projects, the council took the leadership two years ago in pushing for the establishment of a coordinated transportation study. The legislature approved our recommended program, and last year the Bay Area Transportation Study Commission was established to conduct a study of all surface transportation in the Bay Area and to submit both a recommended transportation plan and a system of implementing it (the study is financed primarily from federal-state highway funds, augmented by local county contributions).

Two other important developments in our area are worth noting. One of these is the Association of Bay Area Governments, a voluntary organization of the cities and counties of the Bay Area. In a way this five-year-old organization is the governmental counterpart to our privately supported Bay Area Council. It has undertaken responsibility for land-use planning in the Bay Area and is coordinating its efforts closely with the Transportation Study Commission.

The other important development is the establishment of the Bay Conservation and Development Commission. One of the most precious things we have in our region is the San Francisco Bay itself, and there has been a growing recognition that important measures had to be taken to ensure the proper planning for the conservation and development of the Bay's shoreline. There are many interests and factors at work on this problem. The council has joined with other groups to support the idea of a coordinated

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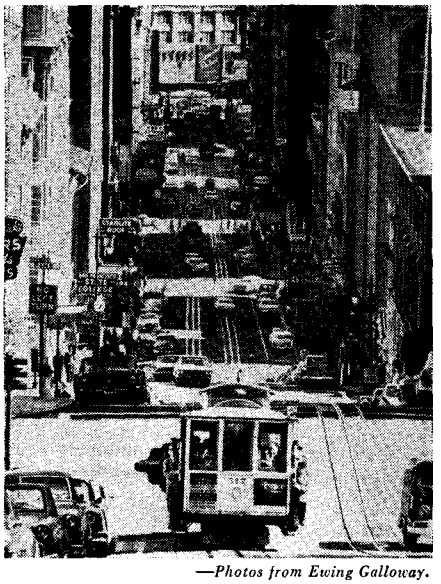

—*Photos from Ewing Galloway.*

Toil, trouble, and traffic—San Francisco's new rapid transit system is designed to speed the flow of people and thin out rush-hour traffic.

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the Dennison Copier introduces a new level in copying quality.

Your days of faint, streaky "unreasonable facsimiles" are over — the day you install a Dennison Copier! New advanced design improvements built into this widely acclaimed electrostatic copier now assure you a copying clarity and reproductive range unlike anything you've seen at any rental or purchase price. Even weak, hard-to-copy pencil originals, faint carbons or spirit copies come on clear and strong. The exclusive quality control stabilizing feature is one more reason why companies with volume-copying requirements (4M or more copies monthly) are meeting them with one or more Dennison Copiers. Its compact, flexible design takes copying out of the walk-and-wait-reproduction-center class and puts it into the deskside-class, right where the work is. Add the fact that you get 750 clear, dry copies with no reloading for as little as 2.2¢ per copy — combined with virtually no downtime for repairs or maintenance — and you begin to get the Dennison Copier success story. Get the *full* story now. Contact your nearest Dennison Copier office or mail coupon.

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Milwaukee: A Fair Deal

IT WAS a significant and important day in the life of Milwaukee when, in 1963, some of its citizens determined that more could be done to provide equal employment opportunity to members of all its groups.

The resulting Voluntary Milwaukee Equal Employment Opportunity Council determined that one of the best ways to bring about fuller employment on the basis of merit was to involve the total business community. Accordingly, the major corporations were invited to join. Today we have 180 member companies, employing more than 225,000 people.

We immediately recognized the importance of working with our public school system. We developed a cooperative training program with the Division of Curriculum and Instruction so that students from the inner core area could be enrolled in business-education classes while they were in their senior year in high school. These students supplement their classroom training by working part-time in stores and offices in our member companies. Students attend classes for approximately one-half of the school day and are employed in school-approved positions the other half-day.

At this time we have over 100 students participating in this cooperative training program, and all of them have a greater opportunity to understand the importance of advanced training.

We recognized that the high school guidance counselors in our central city needed to have a "new look" at the employment opportunities available, so we invited them and their principals to attend an orientation meeting at which a number of our personnel directors described the job opportunities that exist in their companies for minority workers. We made it clear to the guidance counselors that there was a new day in Milwaukee and we provided kits containing job availability information.

Later our personnel directors visited the high schools in the inner core area to counsel young people about job opportunities. We are also considering the development of summer courses for guidance counselors in one of our universities. Part of the training program would encompass field work in our local companies.

On the national level, we realize that 3,000,000 new young workers enter the American labor force each year, as compared to 2,000,000 a year in prior years. The estimates are that 26,000,000 new young workers will enter the work force during the 1960s. This is almost 40 per cent more than during the 1950s. The same percentages would apply to our community.

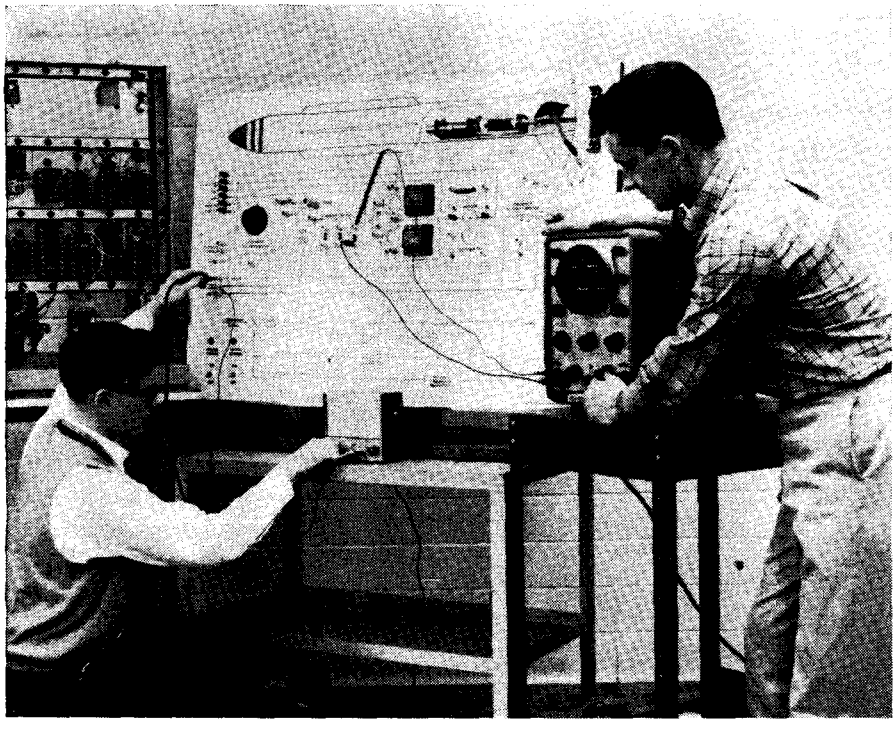
The aptitudes, skills and education of our young people must match the needs of a changing economy. The eight out of ten who will not complete college must gain occupational competency in other ways. In our own community, our employers have found that they have a larger stake than ever before in our educational system. Like it or not, we must recognize that we will have to employ a larger proportion of young and inexperienced persons.

Fortunately, we have an excellent vocational school in our community, with which industry is very closely allied. Businessmen serve on forty-two advisory committees. They help develop the curriculum and make certain that the equipment used for training is compatible with what is used in modern factories. While our vocational school is the largest in the world, we feel that the true measure of its success stems from its curriculum and the fact that it is attuned to the needs of Milwaukee employers.

In Milwaukee we are currently reviewing the progress of programs that are under the Manpower Development and Training Act. We find that from August 1964 to January 1965 there were 840 young people enrolled in MDTA courses, but that only 420 completed their programs. Of the 840 who enrolled, only 302 found jobs. In other words, 500 who started a training program did not find a job. Any sense of motivation that these enrollees had may well have been lost as a result of this disastrous experience.

In Milwaukee, we recognize the importance of cooperation with our school system to seriously cut back the number of dropouts. We are currently developing plans so that every eighth-grade class in the inner core area will be visited by teams of successful graduates who at one time faced the difficulties that currently are frustrating and discouraging them. I believe, too, that our business leaders, using their skills as motivators of people, can develop programs that will help our young people better understand the importance of training and education.

In Milwaukee, some $36,000,000 is earmarked for welfare. It is paradoxical that in a recent Sunday issue the Milwaukee *Journal* printed nine and a half solid pages of help-wanted ads. Many of these jobs do not require a college education or highly specialized skills. Our County Board of Supervisors is currently studying a resolution aimed at spurring Milwaukee business leaders to provide on-the-job training for present and potential relief recipients in such fields as sales work, food processing, and stock clerks. The members of our council hope to work closely with county officials to make certain that those who are on relief and who are able to accept employment are urged to make application for jobs so that they can become self-supporting. We will attempt to



Milwaukee students in a vocational school—an accent on education.

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Future astronauts need a good send off now

All systems are "GO" when they power up on nutritious meals.

ACTIVE youngsters are in orbit every day and, like busy adults, they burn up a lot of fuel. Help your family get through each day A-OK by serving healthful, well-planned meals balanced with plenty of milk and other dairy foods.

Your children look to the example you set for a healthful diet. Basic food habits are usually established by the time children enter school, and these patterns for eating will be a very important factor in the measure of good health and happiness each individual achieves as a child, as a teen-ager and as an adult.

It sounds like an awesome responsibility, but it's really a very easy one to fulfill. There's nothing complicated about it when you follow the Daily Food Guide. The Guide suggests four basic food groups that provide a foundation for a balanced diet. The groups are: (1) Milk and Dairy Foods; (2) Meats, Fish, Poultry, Eggs; (3) Fruits and Vegetables; (4) Cereals and Breads.

The foods are grouped on the basis of the kinds of nutrients they supply, and all the known nutrients are in the basic four food groups. Complete details are given in the Daily Food Guide. A free copy is yours for the asking. See offer below.

Milk and Other Dairy Foods

Milk is of primary importance in your family's daily diet because milk provides many essential nutrients. The Daily Food Guide suggests three to four glasses of milk daily for children and teen-agers, at least two glasses daily for adults (or equivalent amounts of milk in other dairy foods such as cheese and ice cream).

Milk is a very versatile food and can be used in many ways. For those family members who insist they do not like the taste of plain milk, it is easy to incorporate milk into cooking, or milk's flavor may quickly be changed by adding any of a wide variety of flavorings.

Time to set up your own Family Fitness Program

Well-balanced meals are just one of the essential elements in keeping your family fit and healthy. Your family also needs adequate exercise and plenty of rest. You see, fitness means an ability to work with vigor and pleasure, without undue fatigue, with energy left for enjoying hobbies and recreational activities. To set up your own family fitness program, write to the President's Council on Physical Fitness, Room 1031, GAO Building, 441 G Street NW., Washington, D. C. 20203.

For your FREE copy of *Family Feeding For Fitness And Fun*, which includes a copy of the DAILY FOOD GUIDE, write to the Public Relations Department, American Dairy Association, 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60606.

a message from dairy farmer members of

american dairy association

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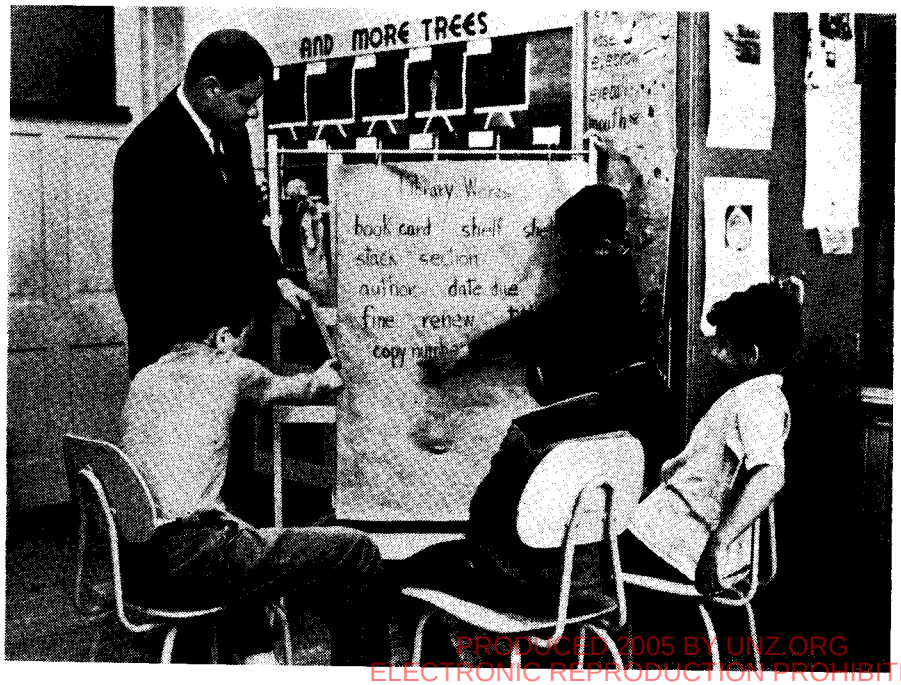
An Operation Head Start class in Milwaukee.

Students in a summertime enrichment program.

Children in an orientation center for migrants and transients.



place these people in jobs, but above all we must make certain that it is more interesting for people to work than to receive relief.

The Council is now developing a program with the Milwaukee Urban League to offer training and employment to those in the hard core of the unemployed. We found in the early days of the Council that while the president of a corporation might issue a clear statement to his employees setting forth company policies against employment discrimination, somewhere down the line certain biases had crept into our respective companies.

To correct this, we have conducted a number of seminars for personnel directors and supervisory staff. As a result, many stereotypes against minority groups have been removed. A better understanding of responsibilities and a clearer insight into the problems of adjustment resulting from the hiring of minority workers have evolved.

ONE of the most frustrating problems facing Council members is the shortage of qualified minority workers. We find that most well-qualified and highly skilled minority workers are already at work. It has been our policy in the Milwaukee Voluntary Equal Employment Opportunity Council to suggest to our members that we do not expect them to hire minority workers unless they are qualified. It would appear to me that we must now ask ourselves, "Can we maintain the same hiring standards for minority workers as we did in the past?" Can we do the complete job without in some way revising in part our employment qualifications?

The day of finding the skilled Negro, the distinctly qualified Negro, seems to have disappeared. Such people are at work now. Whitney Young, former director of the Urban League, has said, "We can't expect every Negro secretary to have the appearance of Lena Horne, or every accountant to be another Ralph Bunche." We need, in short, to hire average Negroes the same as we hire average whites.

Our Council believes that we cannot say that we are doing our share in offering equal employment merely by placing in our ads "Equal Opportunity Employer." Our employers are now aggressively seeking out minority applicants. Recruiters are going to the schools and colleges as well as to the Urban League to find minority workers to fill their job openings. Our companies have set up recruiting programs in our inner core area high schools. This is the best evidence to the Negro that training will pay off for him. He wants to see a job opportunity and not just a promise.

Because our personnel directors tell us that a number of Negro applicants

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Would a surgeon scrub his hands in secondhand water?

He would.

Because today not even the most careful surgeon can avoid it. The clean water that flows from any tap could already have done jobs that range from cooling a blast furnace to heating a baby's bottle.

Today more and more water is used, cleaned and reused. The challenging problem facing us now is making our secondhand water clean enough to use again and again. In more than 40 years of helping industry meet that challenge, Calgon Corporation has discovered there is no substitute for sound, experienced engineering when it comes to doing that job effectively and at realistic cost.

Learn how you can help industry and government in your area work towards sound, clean-water objectives—and perhaps how Calgon can help you. Write for "The Challenging Problems of Water," Calgon Corporation, Dept. K, Calgon Center, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15230.

Helping America answer the challenging problems of water

CALGON CORPORATION

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have not been accepted for employment as a result of the poor presentation that they made in an interview, we have developed a man-marketing clinic to assist the Negro applicant to present himself in the most favorable way. We also conduct weekly sessions in which minority workers can discuss job problems with one of our personnel directors who serve on a volunteer basis.

How well has the Council performed? Our effectiveness should, of course, be judged by placements and advancements of minority workers. We do not yet have any figures to show the numbers of whites and non-whites hired in Milwaukee, but the Wisconsin State Industrial Commission is currently making a study of the hirings of 3,000 companies.

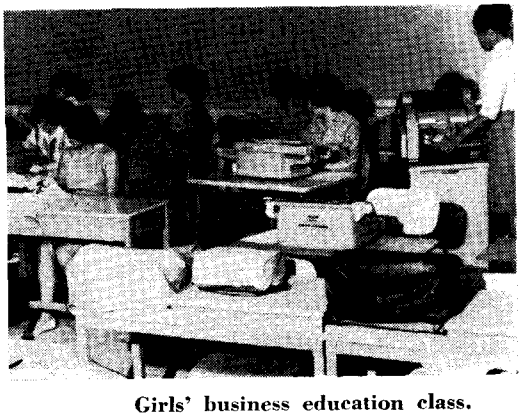
Recently Richard Graham, one of the federal commissioners for the United States Equal Employment Opportunity Council, came to Milwaukee and studied our program. After consultations with the leaders in the Negro community as well as with a number of business leaders, Mr. Graham issued a report saying that our Council appeared to be doing an outstanding job. And just recently the United States Equal Employment Opportunity Council convened a group of representatives from ten communities where employers councils have been established. The pattern of the Milwaukee Council appears, with some modification, to be the one that will be recommended to sixty major communities by the United States Equal Employment Opportunity Council.

I would, however, be less than honest if I failed to admit that we still have a long way to go. The opportunities for accomplishment in fair employment are broad and endless. As we expand our membership, we must make certain that the mere signing of a pledge by our employers is not thought of as an end in itself, for it is, of course, just the beginning. —ELMER L. WINTER.

Milwaukee:

Education for Industry

IN RECENT years the value of education from an economic point of view has been receiving greater and greater attention. This is evidenced by such thoughtful publications as *The Economic Value of Education,* by Theodore W. Schultz; *Human Capital,* by Gary S. Becker; and the CED policy statement *Raising Low Incomes Through Improved Education.* Moreover, it is well known that top industrial executives consider good school systems a key factor in locating new plants. A recent article in the *Wall Street Journal* points out that some of the nation's largest companies have become so much aware of their key employees' concern about local schools that they go to great lengths to measure school quality before selecting new plant sites. As a result, the article concludes, communities that want to attract and hold industry are learning that one important first step is to improve their schools.



Girls' business education class.

For the last fifteen years I have served as Superintendent of Schools in Milwaukee, and I agree fully with this point of view. But to achieve equality of educational opportunity in any large city demands that a disproportionate share of the total school budget be expanded in areas of special need, and this unique problem of the large city, involving greater than normal costs, is not generally recognized in state formulas for school aid or in procedures for shared taxes at the state level. As a result these extra costs have, in most instances, been carried locally. This in turn, to a greater or lesser degree, has resulted in a reduction of the funds available for the rest of the school system. Only with the passage of recent educational legislation by Congress have federal funds been made available to expand present programs and develop new ones.

In Wisconsin, the vocational education program is separate from the regular public school system. The Milwaukee Vocational, Technical, and Adult School is a very large and important enterprise. It has its own board on which the superintendent of the public schools serves as an ex-officio member. It is supported by a separate tax, together with allocations of state and federal funds, and is part of a state system of vocational schools administered through the local boards and the State Board for Vocational, Technical and Adult Education.

Industrial arts in Milwaukee.

In all the Milwaukee junior high schools all boys are required to take at least one full year of industrial arts, and they may elect to take much more. Areas covered in this field include woodwork, electricity, metalwork, and mechanical drawing. This sequence is continued at the senior high school level, with the addition of machine drawing, architectural drawing, electronics and power, and transportation shop. In one of the comprehensive high schools, additional work is offered in construction shop, construction drawing, and graphic arts. As of the fall semester, the total enrollment in the industrial arts field was 14,000, or approximately 64 per cent of the boys enrolled in our secondary schools. Much the same pattern is followed for girls in home economics.

In addition to the industrial arts program, each of our senior high schools offers a complete program of business education. Current enrollment involves some 70 per cent of the girls of the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth grades. Boys are also enrolled. Specific areas involved include bookkeeping, business arithmetic, clerical practice, office practice, sales and marketing, business law, shorthand, stenography, and typewriting.

This year, for the first time, a portion of the funds available under the Vocational Education Act has been channeled to selected public high schools throughout the state. This has made it possible for the industrial arts and the business education programs in our schools to be expanded to include vocational courses. In five of our regular comprehensive high schools, we have been able to tool up to offer automobile engines, industrial drafting, welding, machine shop, and graphic arts as vocational subjects. In six of our regular comprehensive high schools we have added cooperative programs in office education and distributive education. These programs are for senior students, who spend half their time in school

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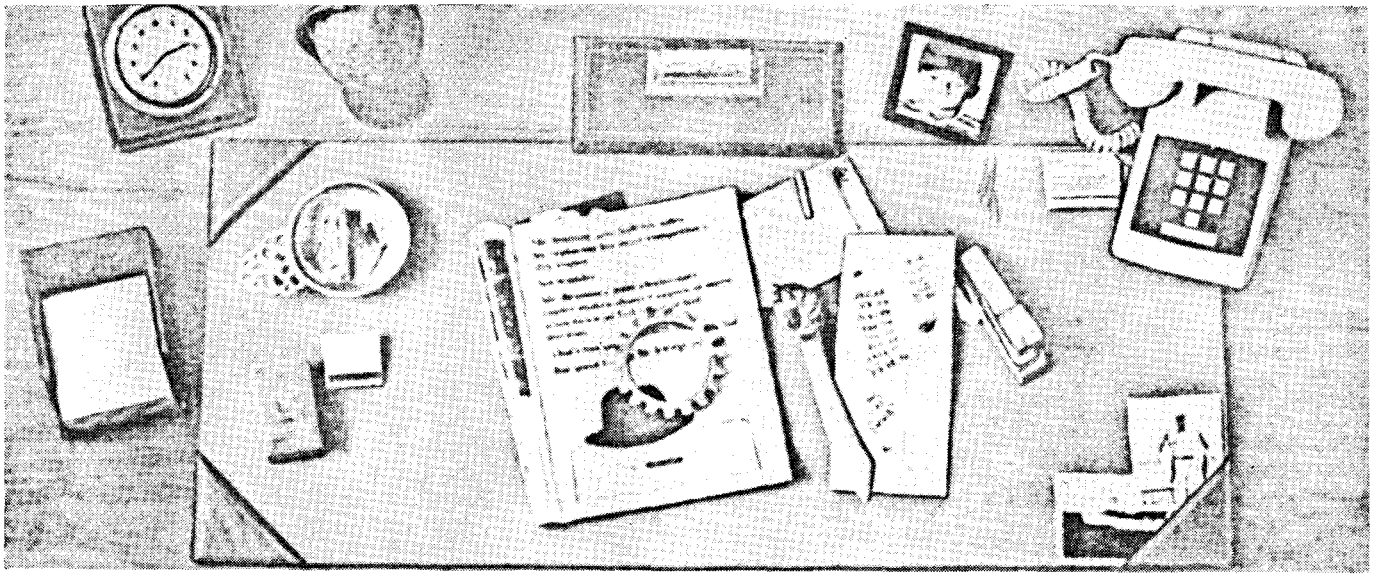

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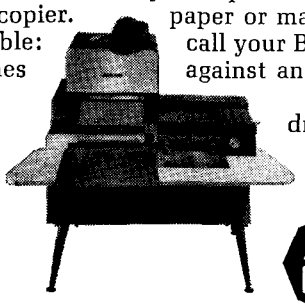

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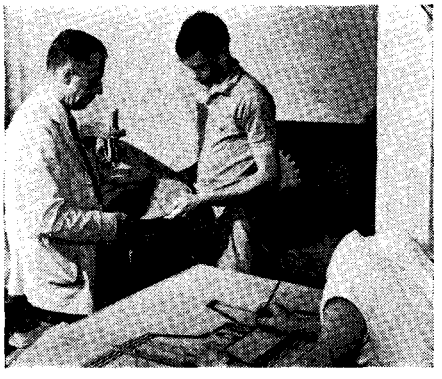
and half in on-the-job training in cooperating offices and retail outlets in the community. With federal funds we have also tooled up in one high school to offer a course in data processing.

Along with the increase in vocational offerings at our regular high schools, there has been a substantial increase in the allocation of time for vocational counseling and for working with students and employers in the cooperative program. Since employers are directly concerned, every area of vocational instruction involves an advisory committee selected from those in the field. Industry and the trades have been extremely helpful in this respect, as well as in making it possible for many of our teachers in the vocational fields to improve their practical experience through summer employment.

I SHOULD also mention the Ford Technician Training Program as another example of the cooperation of the schools and industry in preparing students for working. This program is designed to provide additional training to high school boys who indicate an interest in automotive work. Participants are high school seniors who attend carefully organized three-hour classes two evenings a week for thirty-six weeks. Classes are held at the Ford Motor District Service School. The instructor, taken from our vocational staff, is given a special two-week course at the Ford Technical Service Laboratory in Detroit. Following graduation from high school and the training program, the boys are referred to local dealers for full-time employment.

The offerings at the high school level also include an occupational adjustment program for mentally retarded and emotionally disturbed pupils. This operates on a work-study basis and involves the public schools, the Jewish Vocational Service, the State Department of Rehabilitation, and selected employers. In the last two years successful placements have been made in fifty occupations.

One of the most interesting aspects of preparing for the world of work in the general high school is a cooperative effort with the Milwaukee Voluntary Equal Employment Opportunity Council. During the 1964-65 school year representatives of the council met with all the guidance counselors of our high schools and explained their program of equal employment opportunity. For the current year representatives of the council were engaged to work directly with the counselors of ten of our secondary schools. Man marketing clinics were scheduled. The purpose of these clinics is to instruct and show by dramatic means how to present oneself for an interview, how to file an application, how to analyze one's job potential, and how to market one's talent in a more effective manner. It is expected that this program will grow rapidly in the years ahead.



Drafting class in a high school.

The Milwaukee Boys' Trade and Technical High School has been in operation for some sixty years. Its student body, taken from all parts of the city, currently numbers 2,500. Of this number, 20 per cent are in the trade program and 80 per cent in the technical program. Approximately 20 per cent of the graduates go on to college, usually in engineering. Of the other 80 per cent who immediately start to work, most move into apprenticeship training programs either in the trades or in various industries. Others take post-high school technical training, either in specialized schools or on-the-job training. Others enter non-apprenticeship industries or semi-skilled employment.

The various kinds of instruction offered at the Boys' Trade and Technical High School include aeronautics, auto mechanics, architectural drafting, cabinet making and carpentry, industrial chemistry, commercial art, electricity and electronics, machine shop, pattern making, plumbing, and printing. Close relationship with industry is maintained through advisory committees for each of the areas. With the advice of such committees, other areas of instruction are being developed to meet current and anticipated needs.

I referred earlier to the publicly supported Vocational, Technical, and Adult School. Since its organization in 1912, it has worked closely with the public schools, although it is organizationally separate. In a very unusual way it complements the public school system and gives to our city a superb educational resource including a two-year post-high school technical program leading to an associate in arts degree. The school includes five major divisions: the Adult School; the Continuation School; the Apprentice School; the Adult High School; and the Milwaukee Institute of Technology. This complex encompasses the post-high school and adult educational areas, embracing all aspects of work and the useful arts.

To accomplish its grand mission, the Milwaukee Vocational, Technical and Adult School has developed an active curriculum library of over 1,800 courses. Some of these courses may be completed in a few class sessions; others may require two years of hard study. In addition to individual courses, the school has grouped others into comprehensive curricula. Over 450 programs offer well-rounded educational experiences in such diverse specialties as accounting, photography, air conditioning, nursing, fluid power, restaurant and hotel cookery, telecasting, diesel engines, printing and publishing, and data processing.

The total full-time equivalent student population of the Vocational School has doubled in the last ten years. During the last year, the institution processed records for a cumulative total of over 37,000. To this number must be added nearly 32,000 more who attended eighty-six institutes, clinics, and short-term courses. In 1953 the Institute of Technology had fewer than 1,000 students. This year the enrollment has reached 9,000. Only a lack of space has kept the number from rising even higher.

Impetus toward greater educational equality has been provided by recent federal legislation that has brought the school into a more intimate relationship with local and governmental agencies concerned with broadening the educational base of the community to counter the effects of poverty and technological progress. Manpower Development and Training is one such program that has been operating in Milwaukee since July 1964 to train and retrain unemployed individuals so they can again become productive, contributing members of the community. As this program has developed, more emphasis is being placed on training the functional illiterate by offering basic education courses so they may more fully profit from vocational training. A typical Manpower Development Training short course in welding, established in cooperation with local industry, trained 100 welders. Of the 100 trained, 95 per cent were employed upon completion of the course.

In addition, special efforts and special programs are necessary in the schools serving city areas having a high incidence of socio-economic deprivation, high mobility, and high concentration of population. —HAROLD S. VINCENT.

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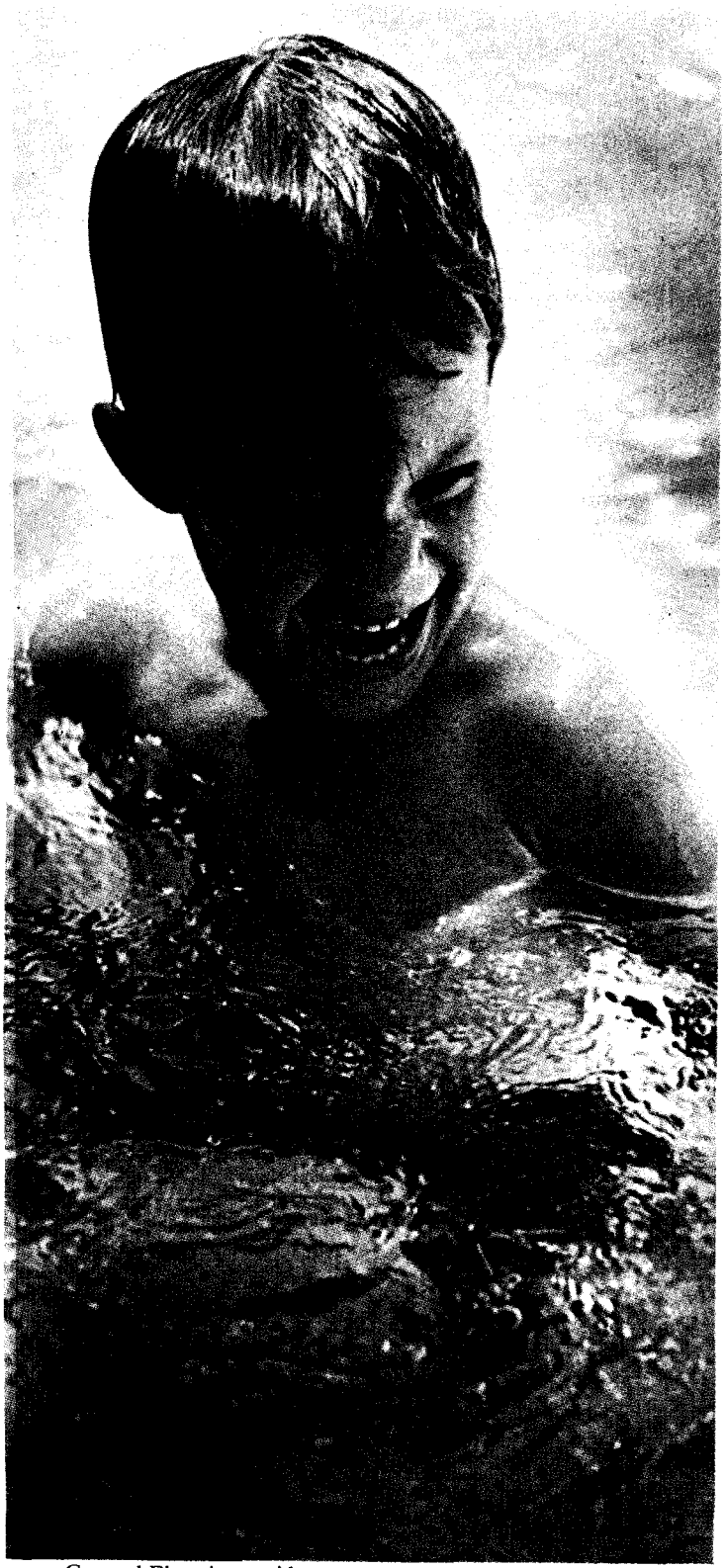

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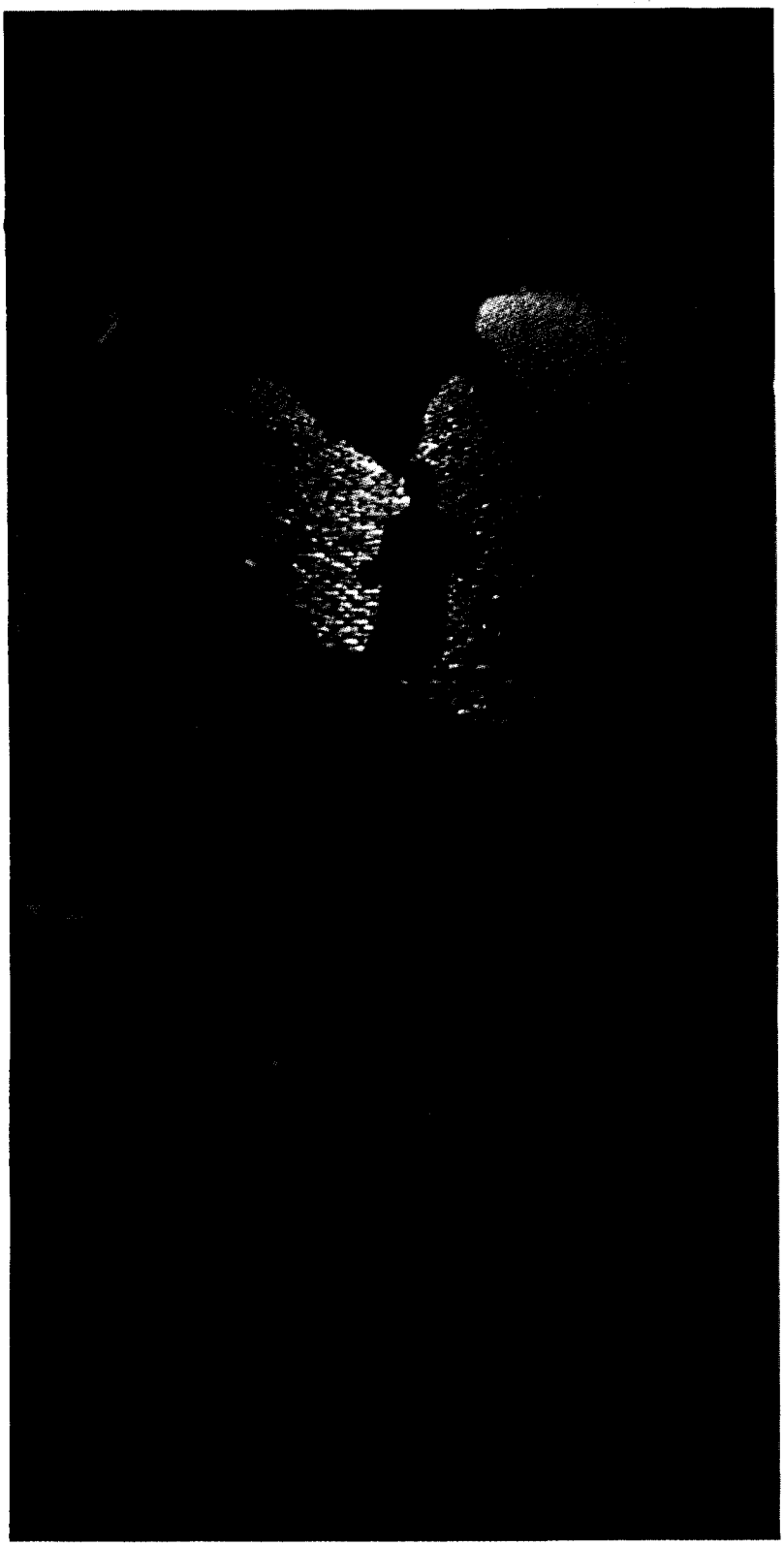

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Author of The Cruel Sea

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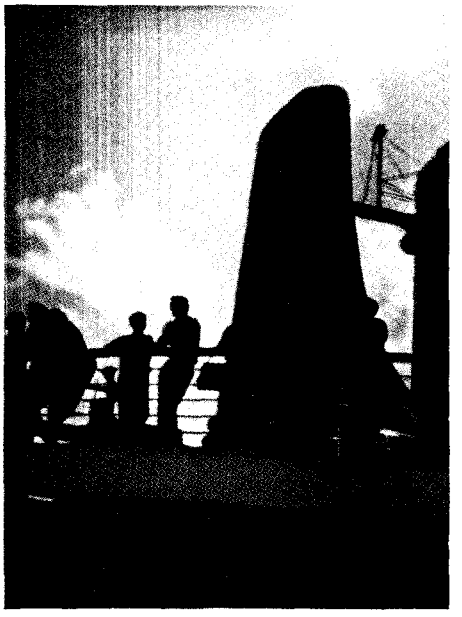

"One should never think of a sea-voyage as a way to get from A to B, rather as a perfect way to spend part of your life. It severs the link with all the trouble and doubt and dreary nagging of the shore." *(Every P&O-Orient liner has at least five open decks for relaxing.)*

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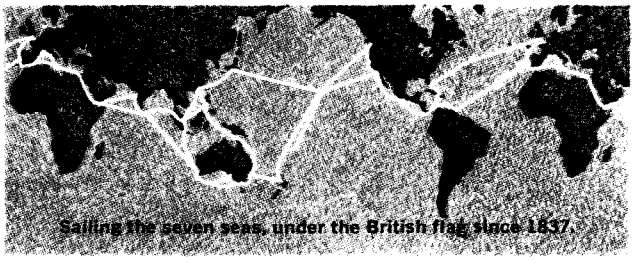

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KEEPING WATCH ON THE ECONOMY

By KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER

IN WASHINGTON next month a group of distinguished economists, politicians, statesmen, and just plain citizens will gather to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the passage of the Employment Act of 1946. The average person, if he is aware of the existence of such a law, probably could not describe it. And yet this act is one of the most important single acts affecting the economic life of the nation ever enacted by Congress.

In February 1946, when President Truman signed the act, he said: "Occasionally, as we pore through the pages of history, we are struck by the fact that some incident, little noted at the time, profoundly affects the whole subsequent course of events. I venture the prediction that history someday will so record the enactment of the Employment Act of 1946."

Before President Truman affixed his signature, the President's role in the economic welfare of the United States had been assumed, but never quite spelled out. Now he was, for the first time, placed in charge of keeping the economic chart going up. It became his responsibility to tell the people each year where the economy had gone, where it was likely to go in the next twelve months, why it had done so, and what he, as the chief executive, proposed to do about improving the performance.

The Employment Act not only made mandatory the annual Economic Report of the President (which in recent years has developed into one of the most valuable of state papers) but it created two important bodies—one in the Executive branch and one in Congress: the Council of Economic Advisors, and the Joint Economic Committee of Congress.

Even more important is the dictate set forth in the act about the uses of governmental power in determining at all times whose is the responsibility of guarding the economic health of the nation. Thus this act has become, as A. A. Berle has said, a "basic provision in the constitutional law of the American economic republic."

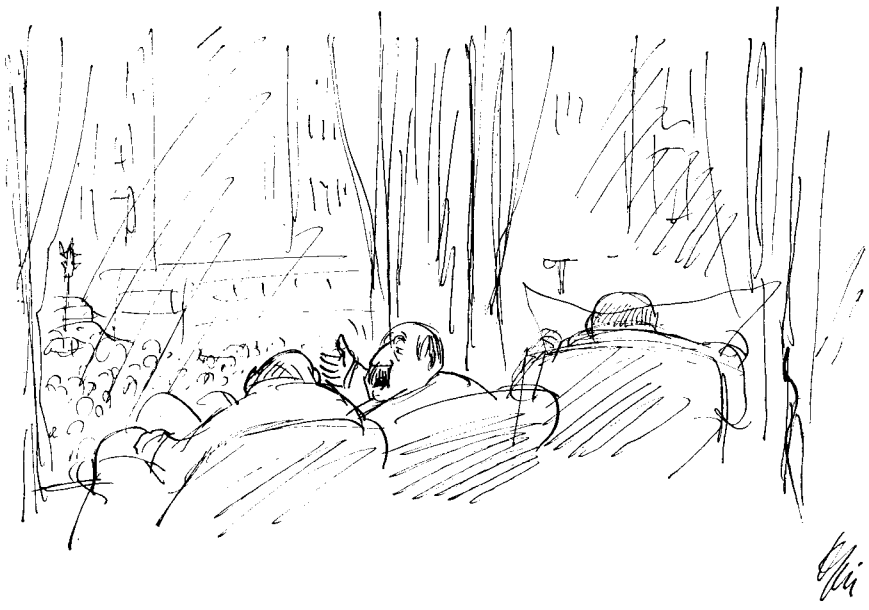
After a long and bitter debate in Senate and House, Congress in its wisdom declared (and it has not changed a comma of this declaration in two decades) that it shall be "the continuing policy and responsibility of the federal government to use all practical means" to "coordinate and utilize all its plans, functions, and resources for the purpose of creating and maintaining, in a manner calculated to foster and promote free competitive enterprise and the general welfare, conditions under which there will be offered useful employment opportunities, including self-employment, for those able, willing, and seeking to work, and to promote maximum employment, production, and purchasing power."

This is a powerful mandate, giving great added responsibilities to the President who as chief executive of the political state, becomes under it also the directed administrator of the nation's economic welfare. While the act does not usurp Congress's final responsibility, it does demand that the President recommend to Congress such policies as he may deem necessary for the economic welfare of the nation. For the first time the President is given a powerful instrument for the formation of public policy to which the Congress must respond. How, in a democratic system such as ours, did Congress come to give such sweeping powers to the President?

To answer this one must go back to the economic chaos and confusion of the Great Depression and recall the vast army of unemployed that remained a blight on America—despite FDR, Lord Keynes, Congress, and private enterprise—until it was rescued by the vast productive efforts of World War II.

Even while the war was going on there were many citizens, in business, in government, in labor, who were determined that another disastrous depression should not come with the peace and that the responsibility for averting it was in the final analysis that of government. This, as historian Mario Einaudi has made clear, was part of the continuing Roosevelt Revolution. Across the country, there was a growing recognition that a great and to some people a frightening change in the very structure of our economic society had come about. The old economic myths that once had been verities had been shattered. Something had to be done about it.

In a brilliant lecture in 1954 John Kenneth Galbraith recalled that during this crucial period "two events might be singled out" to show the nature of this change. One was the "immediate widespread influence on professional economic thought" that was engendered by the publication in 1936 of John Maynard Keynes's unreadable but pervasive *General Theory of Employment, Inter-*



"I've decided to stop talking about it and to start doing something about it. I'm going to buy and sell all of them."

Karl Schriftgiesser is the author of *Business Comes of Age, Business and the American Government*, and many other books on business and politics.

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est, Money. The other was the formation, in 1942, of the Committee for Economic Development (CED). This small but influential group of businessmen, created with the government's blessing but independent of government support from the beginning, set its sights on high employment after the war, and conducted a national campaign among businessmen to get them to aim *their* sights at this seemingly impossible goal. As Mr. Galbraith has said, CED quickly "came to accept a conservative measure of government intervention" as requisite to achieving its goal. This "defection of the CED businessmen" from the ancient rule of *laissez-faire* was to play a key part in the adoption of the Employment Act.

By 1945, the year Roosevelt died, there was in the Congress a growing number of leaders who were becoming more and more convinced that the *level of employment* should become a basic and explicit criterion for public economic policy. Among them were the Democratic Senators Harry S Truman, James E. Murray, Robert F. Wagner, Wright Patman, and Will Whittington, and the Republican Senator Robert Taft. There were many others, of course. With one exception all had been inspired by FDR's first point in his 1944 Economic Bill of Rights: "The right [of all American citizens] of a useful and remunerative job in the industries or shops or farms of the nation."

How these disparate men came together and eventually, through the storm and stress of the democratic process, brought about the Employment Act has been told in most of its details in Stephen Kemp Bailey's classic *Congress Makes a Law.*

Out of their troubles and their hopes came Senator Murray's famous S.380. This bill was truly a *full employment* bill. As such and as it was first written, it was probably foreordained to failure, although its fundamental spirit was not to be defeated. It declared it to be the policy of the U.S. Government "to assure the existence at all times of sufficient employment opportunities to provide jobs for all persons able and willing to work"; and, to the "extent that continuing full employment cannot otherwise be achieved, it is the further responsibility of the federal government to provide such volume of federal investment and expenditure as may be needed to assure full employment." It provided machinery to carry this out through a National Production and Employment Budget, to be submitted annually by the President and to be reviewed by a joint congressional committee.

The National Association of Manufacturers, the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, the Farm Bureau Federation, and other conservative groups threw thousands of dollars into the lobby hopper to beat S.380. Senator Taft led the fight against it in the Senate. There it was amended in some relatively minor details. But, still a truly "full employment" bill, it passed the Senate, seventy-one to ten.

In the House the same bill, introduced by Representative Wright Patman of Texas, ran into real trouble. Under the management of Representative Carter Manasco an Alabama Democrat and the chairman of the House Expenditures Committee, it was heading for disaster. Wright Patman desperately fought to have the badly damaged bill thrown out, and the language of the original full employment bill restored. He failed.

While all this was going on a small group of businessmen—Paul G. Hoffman, Ralph E. Flanders, Harry Scherman, Marion B. Folsom, William C. Foster, among them—had been independently dedicating long hours of their time as members of the Research Committee of the Committee for Economic Development to the same problems. They were interested not so much in passing the Murray Bill (or its House substitute) as in working out their own collective ideas for an up-to-date and economically sound program to maintain high employment in the postwar years through the proper use of fiscal and monetary policy and other means.

Ralph Flanders, later to become U.S. Senator from Vermont, Paul Hoffman, then head of the Studebaker Company, and others accepted invitations from the pertinent Congressional committees to testify on the merits of S.380. To the dismay of a great segment of the business community they supported its purpose and even some of its language.

IN August 1945 Mr. Hoffman, as chairman of CED, went before the Senate Banking and Currency Committee. There for the first time he proposed two new ideas that were not in the bill. These had been under the CED committee's scrutiny since some time early that spring. At this time he did not spell them out. But on October 12 they were made public in a brief and cogent statement by the Research Committee of CED, entitled *Toward More Production, More Jobs, and More Freedom.* They read as follows:

1) A President's Commission on Full Employment. This commission should be headed by a representative of the President. It should be a small working body composed of the ablest men to be found. Its members should be chosen as representatives of the general public interest (particular economic groups or viewpoints can be represented through advisory groups). The commission should be serviced by a staff of the most competent authorities in the various fields. It should make policy recommendations to the President periodically, beginning as promptly as possible. It should lay the groundwork for the development of a continuing and coordinated program of government action.

2) A Joint Congressional Committee on Full Employment. This committee should be composed of the ranking members of Senate and House committees which now deal with major problems affecting the economy. It too should be adequately staffed. It should receive reports from the President with regard to such matters and should work toward the development of a coordinated Congressional policy.

Even before the CED statement was published advance copies had quietly been circulated on Capitol Hill and to

"Are we still running scared?"

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the White House. One fell into the hands of Will Whittington, a moderate conservative from Mississippi. He was one of the Congressmen entrusted with redrafting S.380 for the House. As Dr. Bailey puts it, he was "striving for a bill that would exclude the last remnants of what he considered to be dangerous federal commitments and assurances (including the wording of the title), but would provide for an *economic planning mechanism* . . . in the executive and legislative branches, and for a moderate program of public works."

This was essentially the position taken by CED and set forth in the two proposals. Mr. Whittington, spurred by the CED statement and with the help of others in and out of Congress, wrote into the revised draft the sections calling for the present Council of Economic Advisors and the Joint Committee on the Economic Report (now the Joint Economic Committee). These then startling but now commonplace provisions were in the version passed by the House (by a vote of 225-176). They survived the deliberations of the joint conference committee of House and Senate to become the law of the land. At the same time the use of the phrase "full employment" went by the boards.

THE version that became law did not have a universal appeal. Representative Cellar of New York called it "something written by the best minds of the eighteenth century." Populists of Wright Patman's school damned it as a "sell-out." Men of Senator Taft's stripe thought it went too far to the left. For those on the right, the New York *Herald Tribune* spoke. The Employment Act of 1946 was, that paper said, "perhaps the most serious threat to free enterprise and democracy with which this country has been confronted in its 170 years of existence." But, in spite of all this, it has stayed unsullied on the books for twenty years. Four Presidents have not only used the power it has given them but have leaned upon it in times of both prosperity and economic stress.

During its two decades the act has not been without its troubles. Harry S Truman took his time in appointing his first Council of Economic Advisors. He did not like economists (because he could not understand them) and his first choices—Edwin G. Nourse, Leon H. Keyserling, and John D. Clark—were uncertain what their true function should be. Dr. Nourse thought the Council of Economic Advisors should advise the President only as true professionals. Mr. Keyserling was an activist. He not only wanted to advise but to go into the arena to help carry out the policies the council advised on.

This conflict of purposes resulted in a sort of two-headed advisory board during the early years. Dr. Nourse finally resigned and Mr. Keyserling carried on as chairman. The Economic Reports of the President under the latter's regime were forceful documents, argumentative, and, as the minority in the Joint Economic Committee never failed to point out, political in their approach to the inflations and recessions that marked those years.

When General Eisenhower took over the Presidency it looked at first as if the Employment Act might lose by default. He insisted upon having his own personal economic adviser on the White House staff. But, as it turned out, he saved the act; while his own Economic Reports were inclined to be pretty perfunctory documents, he left the institution stronger than he found it.

By virtue of an executive order (Reorganization Plan No. 9), President Eisenhower gave the chairman of the council sole authority over the deliberations and fact finding of his fellow councilors and staff. Of equal importance, he gave the chairmanship to Dr. Arthur F. Burns, a noted economist and outstanding student of business cycles who restored the council's reports to the high scholarly quality expected of them. And, as Robert Donovan has pointed out in *Eisenhower: The Inside Story,* Burns's influence during the several Eisenhower economic crises was considerable, as the act intended it to be.

During the Eisenhower administration a fear of inflation swept across the country and there was an attempt in Congress in 1958 to amend the Employment Act of 1946 to include the words "price stability" in the prescribed aims of the government. This, however, failed, mainly because "price stability" seemed to be implicit under the phrase "purchasing power." This rational concept was adopted by President Johnson in his Economic Report of 1965, where he said that he regarded "the goal of overall price stability as fully implied." It is significant that Congress has let the substance of the act alone—content with the almost constitutional simplicity of its phraseology, even if, as the Joint Economic Council has pointed out, "some form of comprehensive re-evaluation . . . and an appraisal of its influence on economic policy" might be useful.

It was during the one thousand Kennedy days that the Council of Economic Advisors, under Walter W. Heller, reached its greatest influence not only on the economic education of the young President but on that of the American people as a whole. When Senator Kennedy took over the Presidency he was a cautious and relatively conservative thinker in economic matters. It was (if I read Mr. Kennedy's self-appointed biographers and historian correctly) Walter Heller, as chairman of CEA, who was primarily responsible for leading him to the brink of the great 1964 tax cut, to the acceptance of deficit financing, to the imposition of wage and price guideposts, and to the irrascible but understandable position he took against the steel price raises. (In respect to the stand against steel, A. A. Berle has said: "When a President interests himself in the price of steel, or in the level of wages by a labor union, as President Kennedy did in 1962, he is *not* intruding himself without warrant into affairs set apart from

"My wife! My book of verse! My bread! My wine . . ."

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Presidential or governmental affairs. He is obeying a mandate and carrying out a policy of the Congress"—through the Employment Act.)

The close association between the council (which, of course, did not always have its advice taken by the White House) and President Kennedy helped break down what JFK, in a famous speech at Yale, called "the economic myths"—myths in which he himself had not too long before believed. President Kennedy, on the way, was a great admirer of CED and especially of the Commission on Money and Credit, a CED-originated private body which reported in 1961 on the private financial system.

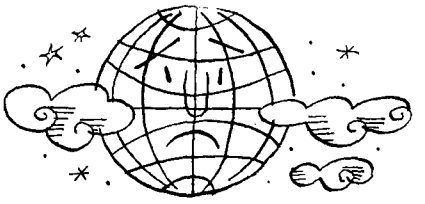
THE process set forth by law in the Employment Act has, since 1960, had a profound effect upon the nation. Most important has been the role of the council as a statistical and philosophic watchdog for the President over the past, present, and future state of economy. Each President has, of course, listened to the council with his own ears. Its value and importance have obviously been recognized by President Johnson, who has leaned heavily upon its advice, as income-tax payers as well as the aluminum and copper manufacturers, can testify. Less well known is the work of the Joint Economic Council.

This statutory body cannot propose laws. It is a teacher to the Congress. Primarily its function is to guide Congress generally, particularly through its annual review of, and report on, the Economic Report of the President.

Its twenty-year series of reports on this always controversial document have varied in substance and style. Some have been overly political, others have been objectively sharp and correct in their interpretations of the faults or virtues in our economic affairs.

Under the chairmanship of the acerbic Senator Ralph Flanders, the scholarly Senator Paul Douglas, and the indefatigable Wright Patman the Joint Economic Committee has contributed far more to the economic education of Congressmen and their constituents than is generally recognized. It has been a graduate school for the republic. Through the work of its own competent staff, abetted often by outsiders hired for the purpose, it has produced a ten-foot shelf of economic documents. Some have become classics. In 1959, for instance, its famous *Staff Report on Employment, Growth and Price Levels* set a high standard of competence. Its annual round-up of the leading economists of right and left has, through their testimony, contributed many papers of lasting value.

Next month the two decades of the Employment Act of 1946 will be celebrated. Past and present members of the council and the Joint Economic Committee, men who helped get the act through Congress in the first place, men who have contributed to our present economic condition and philosophy, veterans of the postwar inflations, recessions, deficits, and booms, will sit down together in Washington to review the act.



They will ask, "Has the Employment Act achieved its objectives?" But more important they will ask, "What can be done to improve it?"

There will be, as John F. Kennedy asked, dialogue. On perhaps only one thing will there be full agreement:

The Employment Act of 1946 placed upon the President, and (as the act strongly points out) upon private enterprise, the joint responsibility for the national economic welfare—but with an important proviso: if the latter fails, the former must act, and he must not wait upon disaster. We have gone a long way from the days of Herbert Hoover. And this mandate has made the going easier.

A classical proposition for logical businessmen:

It's simpler to get all your insurance from one underwriter. (Major premise)

Great American writes all lines of insurance. (Minor premise)

It's simpler to deal with Great American. (Undeniably valid conclusion)

We submit that the logic of the situation points straight to your local agent or broker. His name may not be Aristotle, but he'll have no trouble showing you why it's more economical and convenient to deal with Great American.

Great American Insurance Companies
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Great American Life Insurance Company
Life Insurance / 650 Park Avenue, East Orange, N. J.

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The Future of the American City

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The newly elected mayor of New York City contributes the guest editorial to this special issue on "Making American Cities More Livable."*

OUR CITIES exact too much from those who live in them. They are not only increasingly expensive places in which to live or work; more and more, the price of city living is being paid by a sacrifice of fundamental personal freedoms:

Freedom to use the sidewalks and parks at night without fear.

Freedom to rent an apartment or buy a house at a reasonable cost.

Freedom to send children to school with the knowledge the classrooms will be bright and clean, the teachers skilled, and the instruction challenging.

Freedom to find a job or join a union without being frustrated by racial or religious discrimination.

Freedom to move about the city with reasonable speed and convenience on a public transportation system.

Freedom to breathe the air and use the waterways with equanimity.

City residents must, of course, adjust to some impositions to gain the varied advantages of urban living. Crowds, noise, and rush, for example, are natural components of the city's pervasive excitement. But most of our major cities offer more liabilities than attractions. They have not succeeded in providing environments that meet ordinary standards of pleasure and comfort because they have not learned how to cope with the basic urban problems that vitiate our amenities and our liberties. The failure, however, is not uniform; every American city can learn from the individual successes of others.

Chicago, for example, reduced its crime rate for two consecutive years by tripling the number of patrol cars, speeding up communications, and eliminating redundant paperwork.

Pittsburgh marshaled its business community to overcome its once legendary air pollution problem. Los Angeles took extraordinary but practicable steps to ensure its water supply, Philadelphia has led in rehabilitating slum housing, St. Louis in waterfront redevelopment, and San Francisco in the planning of a unified, area transportation system.

The specific routes to these accomplishments cannot always be followed by other cities. But they deserve rigorous inspection and evaluation.

City officials need to direct their imaginations and resources to the resolution of their special problems. A city bordered by a badly polluted river might provide floating barges containing swimming pools. A city mired in rush-hour traffic jams can reverse one-way streets to speed inbound or outbound traffic flows. A city can add color and movement to its central core by providing refreshment stands where pedestrians can pause to pass the time of day.

The real barriers to the workable, enjoyable city, however, are frustration, despair, and cynicism. I believe they can be surmounted by creating a city government that is enthusiastically dedicated to people and not politics. That government can be created by staffing City Hall with the finest talent, the most dedicated professionals, and the keenest minds without obeisance to party affiliations. Cities should abandon the petty, self-defeating practice of trying to operate with an officialdom expediently drawn from relatives, precinct captains, special interest groups, campaign contributors, and party hacks. The invariably tragic result is to render it impossible to attract into city government the men and women of excellence the city vitally needs; they may sacrifice top salaries and normal hours to serve their city, but they will not relinquish their pride to an administration with a vision curtailed by the next election date.

It is not enough, however, to rest on the basically inner-directed concept of attracting the best administrators. City Hall must extend itself to the residents of the city, whose only personal contact with their government often takes the form of a policeman, a housing inspector, or an ambulance driver. The widespread estrangement—often a pronounced alienation—that characterizes the relationship between a city government and its citizens can be bridged by granting people a strong, direct voice in the affairs of their city. Mayors might explore the establishment of neighborhood offices throughout their cities to give residents a line into City Hall when they want answers or action on such perennial problems as better street lights, smoke abatement, vandalism, landlord-tenant disputes, and enforcement of dog leash laws. The immediate objective would be to obtain results on sensible requests and justifiable complaints.

In New York City, the long-range plan is to form citizen action boards in each office to take part in what many now view as the remote, dictatorial, and often haphazard process of planning. Thus each New Yorker can express himself on the design, location, and scheduling of city highways, hospitals, parks, housing, and schools. We hope the process will disperse interest, understanding, and perhaps an occasional smile of satisfaction among the residents of New York; if so, the offices will have done much to demolish the visitor's familiar malediction about New York City as a place to live.

These will be adventurous years in American cities, for in their span we shall do much to decide whether major cities will rise proudly at the center or disintegrate at the core of our intensely populated and still expanding urban complexes. The outcome will be crucially important, for the issue in the struggle to achieve livable cities is not only the nature of our increasingly urban society but the nature of our future civilization. —JOHN V. LINDSAY.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Indian Problem

THE ARTICLE on the American Indian by Biloine W. Young [*SR*, Dec. 11] is a welcome look at the realities of a miserable situation. My observations coincide with Mrs. Young's. I grew up near the Klamath Indian Reservation in Oregon and as an attorney I have had dealings with members of various Idaho tribes, including the Shoshone-Bannock, Nez Perce, Coeur d'Alene and Kootenay. As Mrs. Young states, all American Indians are suffering from aimless paternalism. Until reading her article I had hoped the protection might be justified among the Indians of the Southwest like the Navajos.

In our area Indian family life is a shambles. Alcoholism is higher than among the Navajos. The crime rate on the Nez Perce and Shoshone-Bannock reservations is shocking. The crimes are usually violent and without motive. After seventy-five years of federal aid, all Idaho Indians still on the reservation—except the chiefs—are desperately poor. Here the Indians rent their allotted land to white farmers on leases dictated and enforced by the Bureau of Indian Affairs. The rents are generally collected and disbursed by the Bureau, except for the occasional derelict who mooches an advance payment from the lessee to be charged against the rent. The benevolent government refuses to let the Indian exercize any of the legal incidents of ownership that every other citizen possesses. Sale is forbidden and as a consequence of inheritance, ownership is continually divided into smaller shares.

The Bureau handles all probates in Idaho. It normally takes two to three years for a determination to be made, even where there is no contest and the government agent has prepared the will. If an Indian should be so foolish as to appeal from an adverse probate decision, it may take up to ten years for a determination by the Bureau in Washington which serves as the appellate court. In the meantime the Bureau administers the land and collects the rent while neither heirs nor creditors of the deceased receive anything. Where the Indian's only income is from leased land, his creditors have no method of collecting just debts until he dies. At the same time he is unable to mortgage his property or borrow on other assets. Indians are the only class of citizen in the United States uniformly denied credit. It is no wonder that so few have any motivation to escape from perpetual insolvency.

The solution to the Indian problem lies in eliminating the archaic reservation system and permitting full and complete economic, social, and educational integration.

SCOTT W. REED,
Attorney at Law.

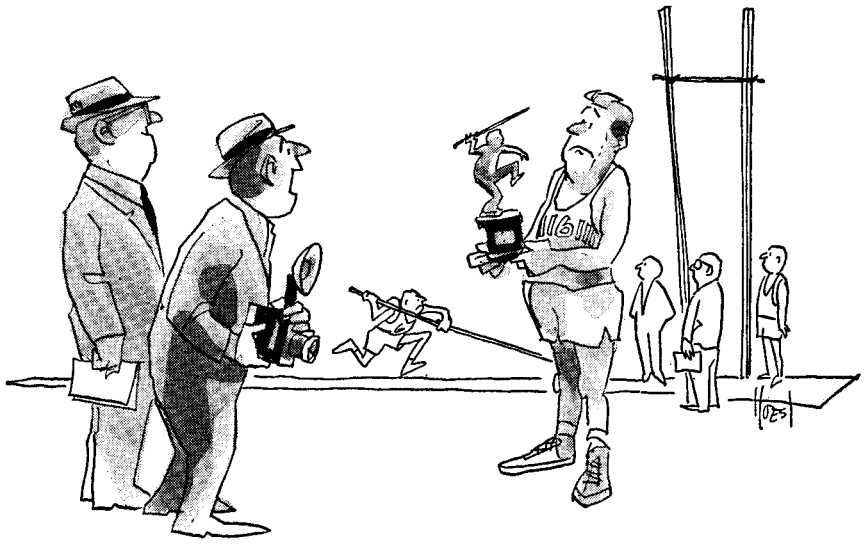
Coeur d'Alene, Idaho

Ace, the Crusader

THANK THE MUSES and *SR* for Goodman Ace and his column of December 11. As Mr. Ace so sagely says, "Crusading for correct grammar is a hopeless business." It is almost as hopeless as attempting to open the eyes of pristine purists to the nuances and connotations of which our language is grammatically capable. But I am sure it must tickle the ears and raise the hopes of most English-speaking people to hear about a blow being struck in the name of grammar, even if it is done in a diabolically secret and often unsuccessful manner. Between us, Mr. Ace, well done!

HARRY J. DALEY, O.S.A.,
Tolentine College.

Olympia Fields, Ill.



"Could you manage to look just a little more humble, not quite so proud, and tremendously grateful?"

The Bottle Battle

I SYMPATHIZE with Horace Sutton's frustrating experience with the new liquor regulations [*SR*, Dec. 11], and would like to point out that Bermuda, with the cooperation of the United States Government, has evolved a simplified system for returning Americans who wish to pay duty on four bottles of liquor over the new one-bottle limit.

During a recent long weekend on that sunny island, I decided to buy a full gallon. Bermuda shops have slightly reduced their liquor prices, and they plainly indicate the comparable, astronomical, New York prices and the exact duty each tourist will pay on four specified bottles.

I ordered three fifths of Beefeater and two of Haig & Haig, costing $12. In New York the same combination sells for $34.44. When I gave my order for direct in-bond delivery to the plane, I was handed a receipt and told to present it with my return ticket on checking in at the Bermuda airport. I was also given a declaration form on which the liquor was the first item listed and advised to complete it in advance. My total purchases totaled nearly $110, slightly over the new $100 limit.

For three years now our government has allowed American-bound tourists to go through U.S. customs in Bermuda, a delightful experience. I simply presented my completed declaration to a pleasant customs officer, who, without opening my bags, did some figuring, gave me a receipt and the information that I owed 75 cents in duties, and $7.88 in internal revenue tax, a total of only $8.63. This was the exact amount the liquor shop had told me I would pay, and it represented a saving of $13.51 on New York liquor prices.

ELEANOR ADAMS.

New York, N.Y.

HORACE SUTTON'S remarks on the import liquor situation point up the perpetual irony in our economic and political situation, that despite lip-service to competition, it all becomes a matter of whose ox is gored. The bourbon boys have been irritated to the point of petulance over their difficulties in exporting their product to various countries; the California liquor industry has a tight little controlled market, and the California wine makers are most annoyed because they find problems in getting their wines into France, Italy, and Germany. Yet, when the shoe is on the other foot, it pinches to the point where the customer is the one who is hurt.

Even the Customs Service gets into the act and demonstrates a degree of confusion unusual even for it. In Montreal International Airport it is possible to buy liquor in the duty-free shop, take it to the gate exit, and there pay duty on the spot to a U.S. customs official. Even the California barriers to importation are lowered, since no plane flies directly from Montreal to California so that the traveler's destination is more likely to be Chicago or New York, at least immediately. If the official in Montreal knows what the situation is and acts on it, why can't the man in Los Angeles? Or do they not work for the same department?

Mr. Sutton's stand on bourbon in his home is one worthy of emulation and might conceivably impress the bourbon lobby with the fact that you may lead a traveler by force to the bourbon bottle but you can't make him buy it.

JOHN S. EWING.

Los Altos Hills, Calif.

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SR'S BUSINESSMAN OF THE YEAR

JOSEPH C. WILSON

Finder And Seeker

THE reach of man's mind is being multiplied far more dramatically today by the communications revolution and the information explosion than the power of his muscles was by the industrial revolution of the nineteenth century. With more than 90 per cent of the scientists in the entire history of the world now alive, and with the great bulk of mankind's entire scientific literature having been published in the past ten years, the techniques and facilities for capturing, managing, retrieving, transmitting, and presenting information for society's use have become central to the management of the human community around the globe.

One man who sees this challenge with impressive clarity is Joseph Chamberlain Wilson, president of the Xerox Corporation. He is both an idealist who is the chief architect of one of the great corporate successes of American business and a hard-headed realist who believes profoundly that public service is essential to the health of private enterprise. Mr. Wilson, who was fifty-six years old last month, personifies *Saturday Review*'s conviction that in our complex socio-economic system the modern executive must embody a personal commitment to the good society as well as to a sound economy in order to make that system work. Out of this conviction, *SR* established its annual Businessman of the Year award. The 1966 citation goes to Mr. Wilson.

A family enterprise in Rochester, New York, the Xerox Corporation was a modest maker of photographic paper with annual sales of $33,000,000 before 1960. When Wilson joined the Haloid Company as it was then known, in 1945 after graduating from the Harvard Business School he was determined to explore new avenues of growth. He had no idea where they were or where they might lead, but his personal philosophy has always included the quest for new horizons as a prerequisite to personal and professional success. He recently phrased it this way: "To set high goals, to have almost unattainable aspirations, to imbue people with the belief that they can be achieved, is as important a fact as the balance sheet; perhaps more so. There is another quality—of the spirit—which is equally meaningful. Call it esprit—call it enthusiasm—call it pride in striving for excellence—call it willingness to change, to create, to innovate—or call it courage to risk. Call it many things but it adds up to character."

This philosophy soon found an opportunity for testing, when Wilson heard of a new process for electrostatic copying developed by an obscure inventor, Chester Carlson. Carlson had been unable to interest any major corporation in his idea, but Wilson saw the advantages of speed, simplicity, and the elimination of specially treated paper and chemicals. With limited financial resources and only a small research and marketing organization, Wilson was able to persuade Carlson and his associates to let Haloid undertake the development of his xerographic process. The reason, as Wilson said, was: "We were hungry to act. They knew we would risk everything to make xerography a success. Here again is a point indelibly planted in the history of this corporation. It is that the great opportunities are given to those who are willing to take advantage of the new, but are willing to accept great risk in doing so. . . . Xerox policy puts great stress on innovation, on creativity. It is the quality we most applaud; willingness to try new things is the motive above all others we nurture."

In 1945, however, it seemed to be all risk for a remote reward. It required tenacious courage over fourteen years, not to mention an investment of $20,000,000 before the famous office copier 914 finally conquered the market in 1960. Five years later, 1965 sales had increased nearly tenfold, to $385 million and for 1975 Mr. Wilson's forecast is $2 billion in sales.

NOW head of a remarkable, worldwide corporation with 15,000 employees, 70,000 stockholders, and an unparalleled record of growth and profits, Mr. Wilson, during an interview in his office in Rochester, made this point about the launching of the 914: "Every good thing happens as an act of faith, not as the result of a market study. The act of imagination is to create something people will want when it is ready, even though they say when you ask them about it beforehand that they don't want it. Market research said we were absolutely wrong in planning the 914, in making a big complicated machine when people clearly wanted small simple machines. We were advised to abandon the project as soon as possible. But our own intuition, our sensitivity told us to go ahead. You have to risk a strike-out in order to hit a homer."

The dramatic financial success of Xerox, however, has not been an end in

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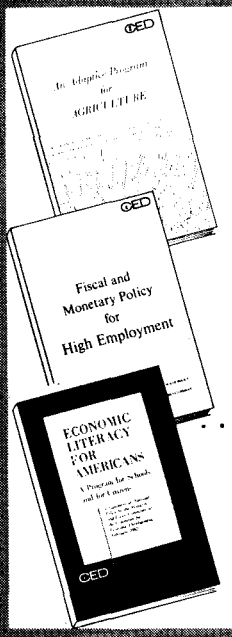
NEW IDEAS ...FOR YOU



Program for Agriculture

The move to freer markets in agriculture should be concerned, first, with pulling excess resources, including manpower, out of farming; second, with cushioning the adjustment from price supports to free markets.

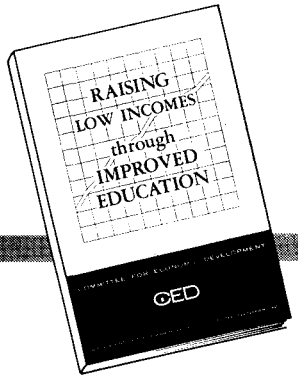
Fiscal and Monetary Policy

Achievement of national objectives requires use of a combination of devices. These include not only fiscal and monetary measures, but also measures that will better match labor supply to demand and will increase competition in establishing prices and wages.

Economic Literacy for Americans

Applying reasoned thinking to the use of resources is the essential subject of economics. The first step in economic understanding is to learn how to use objective, rational analysis in place of emotional judgments.

THE COMMITTEE FOR ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT (CED) is composed of 200 outstanding leaders in American business and education. This unusual combination of business and scholastic leadership blends practical experience with scholarly thought to find solutions for the country's major economic problems. CED is a nonprofit, nonpartisan, nonpolitical educational and research organization.



Raising Low Incomes

Because of its remarkable effect in improving the quality of people's decisions and lives, their capacities, and their economic well-being, our investment in better education makes a contribution hardly equalled by any other form of investment.

Metropolitan Transportation Policies

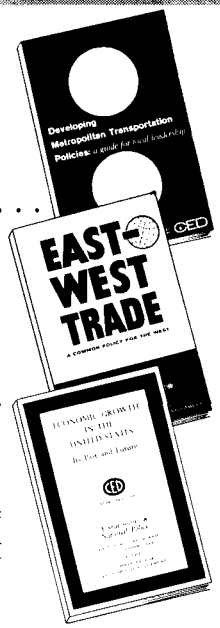
The key to metropolitan transportation problems is a comparison of total costs and total benefits — so-called "cost-benefit analysis"—as the means of choosing among alternative solutions.

East-West Trade

The expansion of East-West trade not only will benefit Western business but also will help Eastern countries move towards economic independence from the USSR, internal economic decentralization, and freer markets.

Economic Growth in the U.S.

Though our economic growth depends mainly on the countless decisions made by millions of private economic units, we must recognize that government now has a large responsibility for maintaining economic stability and other conditions necessary to growth.



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DISCOVER THE NEW IN NEW YORK STATE

itself to Mr. Wilson, but rather a means to open other horizons of public service. He recently expressed his aims this way: "When people ask me what Xerox really wants to do, I say we want to render values, usually new ones that men have not enjoyed before. We want to be part of an industry that gives men something worth getting. We want to add new dimensions to the ways they communicate, to make increasing knowledge more broadly useful. We want to profit from these efforts. And we want those associated with us to be proud of what they are doing . . . . To say we are in the communications business suggests, at least to us, an obligation to a world in which people can communicate. It suggests the need for freedom and peace, and it demands the end of ignorance."

When Xerox decided over a year ago to commit $4,000,000 to sponsor a noncommercial series of special television shows designed to spread knowledge about the work and contributions of the United Nations, it created the kind of controversy that many corporate executives abhor. More than 60,000 letters of protest from right-wing, anti-U.N. correspondents poured wrath on Xerox. But Wilson stood firm. A volume of favorable letters began to arrive, and a recent study by public opinion analyst Elmo Roper confirmed that the controversy had gained more valuable friends for Xerox than it had lost.

A relaxed, friendly man, Mr. Wilson said reflectively of this incident a few days ago, "We want people in this company who are not only able, but highly motivated about the public interest. We believe that people keenly concerned about the world around them, with a strong interest in social progress, make the best executives and are most likely to work for a company that shares such concerns. That is why most of my associates at all levels were proud we did the United Nations programs, and that we continue to . . . . "We are established in Rochester, but to have influence outside in the country—and the world—you have to live the way you believe, and we believe it is best for our business to be highly motivated by an interest in the good of the society around us."

This business philosophy of social progress was also reflected in Mr. Wilson's activity as a member of the Committee for Economic Development (CED), the organized instrument for research, study, and policy planning through which many of the most influential and enlightened business leaders in the country help shape the direction of our national economy.

It was typical of the man and the spirit of his company that he was anxious to pay generous tribute to Xerox's team of talented executives, and especially to his close friend and colleague, Sol M. Linowitz, chairman of the board. Mr.

"Miss Joan, when do we knock off for lunch?"

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Wilson emphasized that "more than anyone else, Sol Linowitz has had great influence in helping shape the direction and philosophy of Xerox. He is also our general counsel and I have never made a major decision in the past twenty years without talking with him about it."

Mr. Linowitz, with whom Mr. Wilson wished to share *SR*'s citation, is also a skilled and dedicated ambassador of public service for Xerox in the fields of international relations, education, foreign aid, the United Nations, and the broad development of facilities for bringing the serious performing arts directly to more and more of the American public. In all these fields he occupies important advisory posts for the federal as well as city and state governments. As much as Mr. Wilson, he personifies the public service philosophy of the Xerox Corporation.

Not only did the corporation donate $300,000 to charities during the past year, but it annually gives 1 per cent of its pre-tax profits to colleges and universities. Higher education is one of Mr. Wilson's most vital interests, and he is chairman of the board of trustees of his alma mater, the University of Rochester. On graduation (Phi Beta Kappa), he planned to go into teaching—until his father persuaded him to join Haloid.

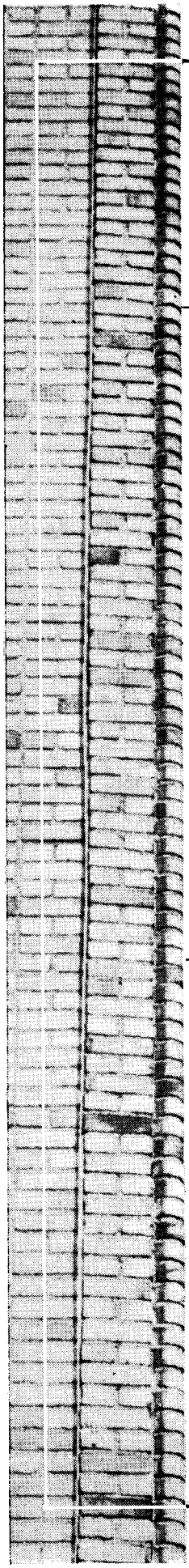
Of the $809,492 in educational grants made by Xerox last year, about $370,000 went to the University of Rochester. In 1961 he announced a plan to enable the university to apply a $1,000,000 contribution toward its objectives "over the next three to five years." He also established a scholarship fund for the children of Xerox employees and endowed a chair in international economics at the university.

In speaking of Mr. Wilson's services to the university, President W. Allen Wallis said, "He brings great management insight to the board of trustees. He focuses on broad-gauge matters, sticks to policy and does not intrude into operations. The breadth of his vision, the scope of his knowledge help us to define our aims and to achieve them."

Xerox has invested more than $86,000,000 in preparing for planned diversification over the next decade. New teaching systems to find new ways of teaching people, an educational publishing company to create specially programmed courses for students and thus increase the productivity of teachers and accelerate the learning progress of students are among these projected Xerox activities. Mr. Wilson sees the educational market as a major factor for Xerox in the 1970s.

Because of the swift technical development of communications, Mr. Wilson thinks the world is at the dawn of becoming a single cultural community. He

(*Continued on page* 89)



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MUSIC TO MY EARS

The Rostropovich Week—Marguerite by Caballé

NOBODY YET has contrived a Bourse to measure values on the "cultural exchange," but what the family Rostropovich did in a recent weekend might well redress the credit balance of the USSR against some overdrafts on good will by several commissars, a foreign minister or two, even a U.N. Ambassador. It has been years since any musician, domestic or foreign, provided so manifest a demonstration of sovereignty as Mstislav Rostropovich did in giving a widely acclaimed cello recital in Carnegie Hall on Friday night, and joining his wife, Galina Vishnevskaya, as piano accompanist for her recital in Philharmonic Hall on the following Sunday afternoon.

Different as the kind of accomplishments are, they are not altogether without precedent. Pablo Casals more than once served as pianist in song recitals by his first wife, Susan Metcalf, and the late Fritz Kreisler was also an able pianist. But to those to whom such feats are only the stuff of remote legends, there was an unquestionable fillip in the sight of Rostropovich at the piano, applying himself to a program of nearly two dozen items, with no more aid to the memory than a list of the songs at which he glanced from time to time.

The two events had, in common, more than the Rostropovich virtuosity. Each presented a hitherto unheard work of Benjamin Britten. In Carnegie Hall, it was a suite for cello; in Philharmonic Hall, it was a cycle of songs called *The Poet's Echo*, on poems of Pushkin, which had not previously been performed outside the Soviet Union. Each, of course, was written for these performers, in what might be interpreted as Britten's own kind of personal counteroffensive vis-à-vis the cold war. Each had the strain of searching individuality that comes readily to a master concerned with a task wholly of his own choosing—and Britten is, of course, such a master. It was a curious fact worth noting that, in Vishnevskaya's performance of the songs in her own native language, they came out sounding very much like the work of a Russian composer—assuming, of course, there was one with Britten's highly developed tonal sense.

In these, as well as in the more familiar matter of the program (a lengthy sequence of Tchaikovsky and the *Songs and Dances of Death* by Mussorgsky) Vishnevskaya sustained the high order of excellence previously commended in her appearances with the Moscow Symphony. The order of tone coloring she summoned in the Tchaikovsky "Lullaby" (the all but forgotten *voix blanche*) or "Serenade" (in which Rostropovich's "strumming" effects in the background were as close to pizzicati as a cellist could contrive on a piano) left room for nothing but admiration.

Montserrat Caballé's abilities (and disabilities) as an operatic performer came into sharper focus during Christmas Week when she made her Metropolitan debut as Marguerite in *Faust*. The réclame that has accrued to her through Carnegie Hall concert performances of Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia* and *Roberto Devereux* brought a larger number of standees than would likely have been the case otherwise: they also provided a degree of excitement that hardly would have been generated by the performance itself. This was far above "debut" average in the assurance, facility, and frequently fine detail of Caballé's vocalization, but also less than acceptable as a visualization of the character she was portraying (she had done it only once before, and that eight years ago). Garbed in a costume of her own which accorded with nothing in Jacques Dupont's decor, Caballé was revealed to be something more than pleasingly plump. She is, in fact, portly.

In a role that provided full freedom for her agility, and challenged her to feats of bravura beyond the average soprano, this would mean little. However, the music of Marguerite only infrequently permitted Caballé to demonstrate her extraordinary pianissimo (the best sample of it was her response to Faust's *Laisse-moi* in the Garden scene) when her sound is at its loveliest. Otherwise she excelled in solid, well-placed high notes, and a generally tidy turn of phrase. But she did not show much of temperament, either the sparkling kind that might go with an otherwise well-sung "Air de Bijou" or the deeper, subsurface sort appropriate to the church scene. At full voice Caballé was easily audible, but hers is, texturally, a soft kind of sound, which fades away at lower volume levels. For a house the size of the old Metropolitan (even more, probably, the new one) her future would seem to lie on the by-paths rather than the high road of the operatic literature.

While Caballé was occupying the attention of most of the audience, Sherrill Milnes (who was heard earlier this season in the City Center production of Prokofiev's *Flaming Angel*) strode vigorously through the role of Valentin in his debut, and provided a suitably dark, well-focused sound for the music of this now-and-then character. The best of it comes, of course, in *Avant de quitter ces lieux* almost at his entrance, and Milnes disposed of it in a fine soaring fashion that roused some vagrant thoughts of the bygone Lawrence Tibbett. It is no small task for a singer new to this stage to hold it alone, especially when surrounded by the crowds of the Kermesse. If Milnes did not exactly make it seem easy, he made it seem well within his capacity, which should grow. The Méphistophélès was the rapidly rising Justino Díaz, who has made some useful adjustments in makeup and action since his first venture a few weeks ago. But John Alexander's Faust is as prosaic as ever. Georges Prêtre earned thanks not only for his conducting, but also for his non-conducting, when he stopped, pointedly, in the prelude, in protest against the noisy entrance of late arrivers. A few more resolute gestures of the sort from others might curb this kind of noxious minority.

Much of the original zest and spirit of Offenbach's *La Perichole* was present when it returned in holiday spirit to the Metropolitan after an absence of several seasons. Some of this was due to the presence, in their original roles, of Cyril Ritchard, who brought the comedy to life in the first place, and Theodor Uppman, a practically perfect Paquillo. But no less of it could be attributed to the adroit casting of Teresa Stratas as Perichole for the first time, and the choice of Franz Allers to conduct it.

One could argue the relative merits of their contributions, but as Allers was present even when Stratas was not, the priority, on balance, should be his for the light-hearted as well as light-handed way in which he shaped the melodies and pointed the rhythms that underlie the work's enduring appeal.

As for the lady herself, Stratas is certainly the Metropolitan's most beguiling since Patrice Munsel. The new performer's quality is quite different, but not less appropriate, and when she has refined her way of playing it to throw away more of the comedy on which she put her emphasis rather heavily this time, she could be a complete delight. A special factor in her favor is access to the lower range of sound (for which the part was originally conceived) none of her Metropolitan predecessors possessed. With or without it, Stratas would be a lively adornment of any comedy part—a mode of performance that suits her even more than the Lisa in *Pique Dame* she was singing at the start of the season. Donald Gramm merits mention for a fling at Don Pedro that underscored the range of his abilities, too.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Faulkner on Faulkner

BECAUSE I believe that anything William Faulkner had written is bound to have some sort of interest, I welcomed *Essays, Speeches and Public Letters of William Faulkner,* edited by James B. Merriweather (Random House, $5). I was not, however, prepared to find in the volume a piece of writing that is as good as anything Faulkner did in the last two decades of his life. This is an essay called "Mississippi," which appeared in *Holiday* magazine in 1954. Written in the manner of the three nondramatic passages in *Requiem for a Nun,* it expressed Faulkner's deep love for his region and his intimate knowledge of it. Using the third person —"the boy," "the middle-aged man," and so forth—he shyly evokes his memories, and in the same diffident way alludes to persons and events that belong to his fictional Yoknapatawpha County. As in other late work, the style is explosive, apparently but not really incoherent, with both images and words tumbling over one another; and here it is effective. After telling about the funeral sermon he preached for Mammy Caroline Barr—and the sermon is in the book—"the middle-aged" sums up his feeling about his state: "Loving all of it even while he had to hate some of it because he knows now that you don't love because: you love despite; not for the virtues, but despite the faults."

There are other essays less impressive than "Mississippi" but interesting: a friendly note on Sherwood Anderson, an account of the Kentucky Derby, some impressions of Japan, comments on the race problem, and an anguished plea for privacy. There are also speeches, three book reviews, and a number of letters written for publication. In the early Thirties those of us who were becoming excited about Faulkner's novels heard many stories about his taciturnity, and some of his neighbors testify in *William Faulkner of Oxford* (*SR,* Oct. 2, 1965) that he was capable of long silences. Later he became more talkative, and the transcripts of the conferences he held in 1957 and 1958 at the University of Virginia (*Faulkner in the University*) show how good a talker he was. Moreover, after being awarded the Nobel Prize in 1950, he came to feel that he should speak out on matters of public concern. Although his letters to editors sometimes seemed a little pompous, as such letters are likely to do, I believe that he was essentially humble about the whole business; this was his duty, and he would do it, little as he wanted to.

What most concerned Faulkner as a public figure was, of course, the position of the Negro in the South. In the essay on Mississippi he says about the young Faulkner: "But most of all he hated the intolerance and injustice: the lynching of Negroes not for the crimes they committed but because their skins were black (they were becoming fewer and fewer and soon there would be no more of them but the evil would have been done and irrevocable because there never should have been any); the inequality: the poor schools they had when they had any, the hovels they had to live in unless they wanted to live outdoors: who could worship the white man's God but not in the white man's church; pay taxes in the white man's courthouse but couldn't vote in it or for it; working by the white man's clock but having to take his pay by the white man's counting. . . ."

Nothing could be more forthright than that, but Faulkner believed just as strongly that only the South could render justice to the Negro, that justice could not be imposed from outside. The Supreme Court decision on school segregation troubled him because he believed that federal intervention in such matters was wrong and would only postpone the solution of the problem. He did not say, as was reported, that there would be armed resistance and he would take part in it—he wrote to both *The Reporter* and *Time* denying this—but he wished the decision had not been made. In a statement for *Life* magazine in 1956 he wrote: "From the beginning of this present phase of the race problem in the South, I have been on record as opposing the forces in my native country which would keep the condition out of which this present evil and trouble has grown. Now I must go on record as opposing the forces outside the South which would use legal or police compulsion to eradicate that evil overnight." He would, he declared, say to the NAACP and such organizations: "Go slow now. Stop now for a time, a moment. You have the power now; you can afford to withhold for a moment the use of it as force." I cannot blame James Baldwin for quoting Thurgood Marshall: "They don't mean go slow; they mean don't go."

The truth is that Faulkner was not at home in the modern world; I can't hold that against him, for surely it is a bad world in many ways. But he had strange ideas about it. He believed, for instance, that the way to restore individualism, which he valued highly, was to abolish Social Security. He didn't understand that individualism had been undermined not by Social Security but by the tech-

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nological developments that had made Social Security necessary. We must grant, however, that he advanced his arguments, fallacious as they may have been, with complete sincerity and high dignity. In his later years, though he was not as great a writer as he had once been, he was a great gentleman.

In his early years he was a poet, and not a very good one. We now have in one volume (Random House, $4.75) *The Marble Faun*, first published in 1924, and *A Green Bough*, which originally appeared in 1933. Both are filled with romantic clichés out of Swinburne and some of his French contemporaries. Only an occasional phrase suggests the originality and power to be found in even the early prose.

The latest product of the Faulkner industry is *Religious Elements in Faulkner's Early Novels: A Selective Concordance*, by George K. Smart (University of Miami Press, $5.75). The books considered are *Soldier's Pay*, *Mosquitoes*, and *Sartoris*, and they have been considered diligently. All the book proves is that Faulkner used such words as angel, belief, bishop, bless, ghost, glory, sanctimonious, savior, virgin, virtue, and scores of others that are in the vocabulary of every literate person. Faulkner did occasionally make specific allusions to the Bible and to Christian traditions, but less frequently in these books than in some of the later ones. As he explained to the students at the University of Virginia, the Bible was in his background, and he used it when it served his purpose to do so. I'm afraid that Professor Smart tells us little about Faulkner's literary habits that wasn't evident to everyone.

—Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1170

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1170 will be found in the next issue.

RBA IZAGRAVR DCAGVLZA . . .

RK HK G IKKH GNRYKQ TM

VRAGCRB, GQH RK BGEA YR

OKLQH KLR TM GNNYHAQR.

NBGZCAV CGXT

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1169

People who have no weaknesses are terrible; there is no way of taking advantage of them.

—Anatole France.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

More Than 111 Days

Charles Miller's review of David Reed's book *111 Days in Stanleyville* [*SR*, Dec. 11] . . . contained some misconceptions too often made by those who think and write liberally or even compassionately, but seldom carry these abstract thought processes over into the realm of concrete action. No doubt his balanced presentation will please moderate thinking (that seems to be the vogue these days) whites and blacks, but it left me profoundly disturbed. . . .

The motto in the Congo was: immediate and massive retaliation against the black insurrectionists. The motto in the United States is: talk, talk, talk, but, heavens, no action against our white brothers who are maiming, castrating, and killing black people. . . . Could it be that because the number of victims seems small and the amount of time more than 111 days and the crisis so insignificant, by comparison, that we are able to dull our sensitivities and only mouth clichés like "endure, endure, you shall overcome someday."

The example of Mrs. Elspeth Huxley as some sort of white bridge for understanding between the races in Africa was a most tragic one. Mrs. Huxley is an exponent of the point of view that the British are "veddy, veddy" superior to Africans and "veddy, veddy" perfect in their handling of African affairs. Hers is a nauseating paternalism, a persistent hangover from the days when Mother England was the colonial mistress of the world.

John F. Hatchett.
New York, N.Y.

Enhanced by Index

May I continue with the responses to Bernard Grebanier's letter to the Book Review Editor [*SR*, Nov. 9] about the "general reader" and book indices? After my *Private Shaw and Public Shaw* was published, the film-created interest in Lawrence of Arabia that year (1963) resulted in my being asked to appear on a number of radio and television interview shows. On one such TV program in one of our largest cities the interviewer riffled through the pages—probably for the first time—and came to the index. "Oh," he said, "this book has an index. It must be a *very* scholarly book!"

I know of no way to calculate the lost sales resulting from the remark. (Perhaps no one was listening, anyway.) Nevertheless, as a reader and as a writer, I feel that most serious nonfiction books are the better for a thoughtfully prepared index.

Stanley Weintraub.
University Park, Pa.

Wrong Berth

My thanks to you and to Robert L. Stilwell for your kind treatment of my translation of Johan Daisne's *The Man Who Had His Hair Cut Short* [*SR*, Dec. 18]. I note, however, the perpetuation of the dust-jacket error that I am on the staff of the University of Kansas. I hasten to inform your readers that there are *two* first-rate educational institutions in Kansas; I'm at the other one.

S. J. Sackett,
Professor of English,
Fort Hays Kansas State College.
Hays, Kan.

Stuff of Great Leadership

Malcolm X's importance as a spokesman for Negro extremism cannot be denied, but assassination is not synonymous with martyrdom and certainly not with greatness. Emile Capouya's review of *The Autobiography of Malcolm X* [*SR*, Nov. 20] raises some questions about Malcolm's character in this regard. . . . It . . . seems unusual that as intelligent and high-minded a student as Malcolm, who desired to become a lawyer, should, upon encountering racial opposition, turn to vice and crime. This is not the stuff of which great leadership is made.

Sander M. Goldberg.
Malvern, N.Y.

Class-Framed

Mr. Charles Simmons berates Elizabeth Taylor's *A Dedicated Man and Other Stories* [*SR*, Nov. 20] . . . as "class-framed." Would he object to Jane Austen on the same grounds? Surely all of Henry James must go. Perhaps Miss Taylor should wait to write her stories until the class system in England has been demolished and one established which would merit Mr. Simmons's approval. "I live in a country that kills men the way Ralph Ellison describes," he declares piously. Clearly, a finer social order.

Catherine Thomas.
College, Alaska.

Facilities Taxed

Ref: H. G. Sanstrom's letter to the Book Review Editor and Editor's Note [*SR*, Nov. 20]:

Vespasienne (Gallicus vulgaris: Pissotière) was named after Titus Vespasianus, Roman Emperor (69-76 A.D.), who was first in establishing a tax on such public establishment.—*Grand Larousse Encyclopèdique.*

Claudine Gable,
Texas Christian University.
Fort Worth, Tex.

Faulty Physics

Please have Ben Lucien Burman [*SR*, Dec. 4] retire to the nearest blackboard and write 100 times: "A Light Year Is a Unit of Distance, Not Time."

Corby Cummings.
Chicago, Ill.

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French Menus and Master Thieves

On Good Friday of this past year French Police arrested Dr. Xavier Richier at Orly Airport as he was returning home from a North African vacation. The arrest of the unimpressive-looking, bespectacled doctor ended the career of the twentieth century's great art thief. According to the London *Sunday Times* of May 16, 1965: "The value of the loot so far confessed to exceeds £500,000. But the French police have stated publicly that total value of robberies they attribute to Richier is at least £2,800,000. . . ." Figuring one pound as equal to $2.80 and doing a bit of multiplication, you can see that Dr. Richier is not a man to be ignored, a statement which leads nicely, I think, to the fact that Holt, Rinehart & Winston will be bringing out a book next fall—untitled at the moment—all about the doings of the sticky-fingered physician and the gang he masterminded. And thereby hangs a tale.

Michael Sissons, British literary agent, was recently in New York, winding up the negotiations pertinent to the upcoming book. At a party given at the apartment where Mr. Sissons was staying—which shall remain unidentified—there were a number of American editors, publishers, and authors present. The next day, while cleaning up the debris, Mr. S. noticed that a large picture of a young woman was missing. He assumed that it had been put away by the owners to protect it, and thought nothing further of it until the following day when he found the empty picture frame under his bed. The canvas had been neatly razored out. A few days later, Mr. Sissons received a package by registered mail. It contained the painting and a note, printed in block capitals: "You see it can be done."

If at this point you are smelling a rat labeled publicity, I assure you so did I, until I came across the following information about Richier in the *Sunday Times* article referred to above:

> Richier would not steal things he did not fancy—or, at least, feel himself expert in. The gang confined themselves to French furniture of the "haute epoque" (1710-1800), ecclesiastical art of the period 1380-1680, faience from the sixteenth, seventeenth, and early eighteenth centuries. . . . During his five-year career, he showed no interest in paintings, although he could have looted numerous works.

And that is why I believe in the great cocktail party caper. As sure as my name isn't Hercule Poirot, my little gray cells tell me that anyone involved in publicizing the Richier book would have known that Richier never went in for canvas clipping. But, *mes enfants*, had the thief left the painting and taken the bed it was found under—but that is another story, and not much of a one at that, *n'est-ce pas*?

Still continuing *à la Française*, let us move to an elegant French restaurant where I am discovered at table amid popping corks and a herd of waiters anxious to obey my every whim—at least every whim they can decipher. (Those who really know, tell me my French is horrible and my taste buds, if they exist at all, are retreads.) So why am I, who have always considered ketchup a main dish, being treated with such deference? It is because I am with a lovely dark-eyed beauty and Mr.

Martin Dale, author of *How to Read a French Menu* (Appleton-Century, $2.95), who has invited me to dinner so that he can read a French menu to me—what else? As for the dark-eyed beauty, let us ignore her. She contributed nothing to the meal other than her beauty and an occasional statement about how much she adored "treep," which turned out to be tripe and came to the table looking like old foam rubber.

Martin Dale, on the other hand, turned out to be Theodore Martindale Purdy, editor-in-chief of Meredith Press, an affiliate of Appleton-Century, hence his modest decision to split his middle name into two and hide behind both halves. His book, which describes itself as "Practical Advice for Travelers and Gourmets Everywhere," is small and light enough for unobtrusive carrying and, aside from some valuable opening remarks, is largely given over to a dictionary of the French words that are likely to appear on a menu.

"It's nice to know what not to order," Mr. Dale told me as soon as he had ordered me a vermouth cassis, which he had selected for my apéritif course. It was exactly what I didn't want, but such is the lot of us gourmets. Mr. Dale continued: "For example, you might order *navarin d'agneau à la façon d'Anna Held*, and do you know what that turns out to be?"

I took a stab at it. "Treep?"

His smile was wintery. "Basically, it's an Irish stew."

The waiter put a slab of *pâté* in front of me. I nodded to Martin Dale. "*Pâté*. Goose liver." I said it firmly with a sort of Me Tarzan-You Jane positiveness.

He shook his white mane. "No. This is *Pâté Maison*. More times than not, it's mostly rabbit."

I dropped my fork as if it had been wired. "Is it okay to smoke? I know you're not supposed to because of stunting your taste buds. . . ."

"Of course, go ahead. Decay has hit the gourmet industry; it's not what it used to be. Look, I'm having a gin Martini—just to clear my palate, of course."

I began to relax. "Are you a gourmet?"

"Thanks to the book, I'm beginning to become one." He waved to a waiter and did a pantomime of opening a menu. I relaxed completely. He was talking my kind of French.

The menu arrived and Martin Dale skimmed it. "*La Noix de Riz de Veau Fermière*. There's a misspelling in there. *Riz* means rice and therefore *riz de veau* would be rice of veal. It should be *ris*; *ris de veau* is sweetbreads. That's listed in my book."

I checked the dish out word by word, and ended up with "the nut of rice of veal farm-style or braised with vegetables." I could see how useful the book would be. Even if I never figured out what the nut of rice of veal or even the nut of sweetbreads was—and I never did—I would still have enough going for me to know I didn't want any.

Martin Dale began our meal by ordering *quiche* all around. "It's a sort of custard pie with ham in it. But here you'll notice they have added the restaurant's name to the dish so it is a house speciality and we'll have to wait and see what they put in it. *Quiche* is French for *pizza*. And did you know that *pizza* originated in France?"

Mr. Dale went on to translate the entire menu, after which he and I decided on *le caneton aux figues* (duck with figs), and dark-eyes ordered *les tripes* (yup, tripe.)

Trumpets, please! Wine time! Mine host went into a huddle with half the staff and the wine list. The hissing and head-shaking reminded me of a gathering of pit adders. Ecstasy hit the restaurant as Mr. Dale announced, "Chateau Haut-Brion, 1959."

The waiter brought the bottle and

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presented it with a certain sadness. "It is very difficult to get now. There are only two bottles left here. And now only one."

He glanced at our table settings, and his eyes spit fire. *"Les ballons, les ballons!"* he snapped at a busboy.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

Mr. Dale made a soothing gesture. "They are changing the glasses. A great wine has a great bouquet. These balloon-shaped glasses will catch it."

Without thinking, I lit a cigarette. I cannot describe the waiter's look. I think if he had not already uncorked the wine, he would have denied us the bottle.

Eventually, the wine was approved and poured, and the waiter retired. "Why did you select this wine?" I asked.

Mr. Dale studied its color against the light. "It is the best Bordeaux, and besides, I have it listed in the book. Did you know that Douglas Dillon, former Secretary of the Treasury, owns the chateau this bottle comes from? Anyway, this wine is perfectly balanced for treep, you should pardon the expression, tripe."

I guess my friends are right about my taste buds. All I got out of my *ballon* was that same dry red taste I've always gotten from the ninety-eight-cent specials at the local liquor store. But, what the hell, Mr. Dale and the treep girl were doing deep-breathing exercises in their *ballons*, sipping and savoring away, so I joined them for a few choruses until the expert put his glass down. "It's a bit on the acid side and not too round. But, of course, you have to remember it's a Bordeaux."

I made a note to remember, and then permanently put away my pen. I know when I am outclassed. Round wine? Not for squares like me.

So I ate my duck and figs, and Mr. Dale said it was *"moitier-moitier"* and dark-eyes ate her treep, which was *"comme ci-comme ça* but full of vitamins." And there was a salad of raw mushrooms and watercress, which, Mr. Dale noted, "should have been served after, not with, the meat course." And there was *la poire Belle Hélène* (named in honor of Offenbach's opera about Helen of Troy), which turned out to be half a pear with raspberry ice cream. And finally *café*, which I knew all along was coffee but I let Martin Dale translate it anyway, and brandy in another *ballon*. I didn't inquire as to the brandy's shape.

A little later on, after fond goodnights to the treep fancier and deep goodnights to Martin Dale, I stole away. My last stop of the evening was at a little bistro I am partial to. I hoisted myself onto a stool, flipped a few pages of *How to Read a French Menu*, gave a Chevalier pout to my lower lip and leaned toward the bartender. "Alka-Seltzer *en ballon*. Round, please." —HASKEL FRANKEL.

A Loveless Start in Life

The Unrepentant Pilgrim, *by J. Percy Smith (Houghton Mifflin. 274 pp. $4.95), charts the growth of George Bernard Shaw from his unhappy childhood and years of professional trial and error to his ultimate achievement as a dramatist. Armina Marshall is a director of the Theatre Guild, one of whose founders was Miss Marshall's husband, the late Lawrence Langner.*

By ARMINA MARSHALL

ADMIRERS of George Bernard Shaw will be fascinated by J. Percy Smith's *The Unrepentant Pilgrim*, for it is a thorough and revealing documentation of the evolution of a genius, an important factor in which—luminously pictured by Professor Smith—was the playwright's lonely childhood in Ireland. "Rich only in dreams, frightful and loveless in realities" (to quote Shaw himself), it forced him to take refuge in music, which became an emotional and passionate part of his life, one that helped to focus his early activities in London, where at length he became a music critic. During that same loveless childhood Shaw spent much of his time haunting libraries, which likely inspired his interest in writing.

In Shaw's youthful attempts to find an occupation, his jobs were changed as often as the seasons. It was not until after fifteen years of trial and error—as a novelist, journalist, lecturer, and critic—that he finally found success and recognition as a playwright.

It is impossible for me not to compare this life of Shaw with my own personal observations of him during my husband, Lawrence Langner's, and my many visits with GBS over a period of twenty-five years. I am sure Professor Smith's description of Shaw's early physical laziness and disorganization is authentic, but I must add that this had changed by his seventy-first birthday, which Lawrence and I spent with the Shaws at Stresa on Lake Maggiore. At the hotel where we were staying GBS would bound up four flights of stairs to awaken us early in the morning to go across the lake for a swim. There he would order the boat out into the choppy waters a good city block from shore, then bid us all follow him as he dived into the lake, demonstrating a crawl stroke that could challenge any Olympics athlete. Afterwards, on a drive around the lake, he would leave the car four miles from town, explaining that he wanted to get some exercise walking back.

I am intrigued by Professor Smith's

"This may be your idea of a quiet evening at home, but it's not mine!"

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evidence of Shaw's infidelities, especially since over recent years several biographers have attempted to prove the contrary, even going so far as to suggest that GBS was totally impotent. Although at the age of seventy-one, when I first met him, he had undoubtedly given up his philandering, I am inclined to agree with the author that Shaw most likely enjoyed an amorous youth. One morning at Stresa, as we all lay on the beach sunning ourselves after our swim in the lake, GBS spent two hours criticizing current women's fashions. Slyly and amusingly, he pointed out that the flapper clothes were not nearly so beguiling as the Victorian styles. The numerous petticoats, the yards of covering from neck to toe, leaving nothing but an occasional blush to be seen, were far more exciting to a young lover, whose speculations as to what was beneath the frills could produce more erotic pleasure than any exposed part of the body. Whereupon, he didn't hesitate to let his imagination run riot, much to the amusement of all of us listening. Only an experienced philanderer could have spoken with such candor. Yes, I'm inclined to believe Professor Smith's proofs of Shaw's infidelities.

On the other hand, it is hard for me to credit his theory that Shaw was totally lacking in sentiment. That very summer at Stresa, Shaw was spending four hours a day posing for the sculptor Prince Troubetzkoy; he explained to Lawrence and me that he was really doing it because he felt sorry for Troubetzkoy, whose wife had just died, and he hoped it would help to take his mind off his grief. This is but one of many examples of Shaw's sentiment that I remember.

The chapter in *The Unrepentant Pilgrim* on the theater and Shakespeare is important, for it calls attention to Shaw's philosophy of the meaning of playwriting, the function of the theater, the qualities and the art of acting—creating a vision of what the theater can be: a temple of art. To all who are struggling constantly to cure the fabulous invalid this should give hope.

Professor Smith has encompassed the true stature of Shaw, and, in spite of the documentary style, has given GBS an extra dimension not usually found in other biographies of him. My one reservation with respect to this study is that it is too serious, too studious; though illuminating and knowledgeable, the book was not written with humor. True, it was not the intention of the author to be amusing; however, anyone writing a biography of Shaw must have a sense of humor, and this should surely creep into his writing. GBS would expect it, I know, and rail at Professor Smith for not having used it.

Far Lands and Fairy Tales

The Wild Swan: The Life and Times of Hans Christian Andersen, *by Monica Stirling (Harcourt, Brace & World. 384 pp. $6.95), tells of the Danish cobbler's son whose stories are part of the heritage of children the world over. Harry T. Moore teaches at Southern Illinois University and often writes on modern European literature.*

By HARRY T. MOORE

—*From the book.*

ANDERSEN's stories shed magic on most of us in childhood, and throughout our lives the tales linger in our consciousness. So when a book about Andersen comes along it touches our curiousity. What was the man who wrote those stories really like?

Of course he came out of poverty, the son of a cobbler and a washerwoman. When he was a small boy he saw various plays, and these drew him toward the theater. In 1819, at the age of fourteen, he left the tiny Danish island of his birth for Copenhagen, then as now a fairy-tale city of improbable spires and storks'-nest chimneys. There Andersen tried to break into the theater as an actor, a singer, even as a dancer, but met with little success. Nevertheless, the bony and awkward youth attracted friends, who arranged to provide him with an education. Despite a tyrannous schoolmaster he did well, and went on to Copenhagen University; but at twenty-four he gave up his studies to become an author.

Beginning as a novelist, poet, and travel writer, he was taken seriously in these genres by the Danish public if sometimes battered by the critics. But it wasn't until he started writing his fairy tales, when he was thirty, that Andersen laid the basis of his enduring world-wide fame. In these tales he found a way to reflect his own deepest experiences of life.

His newest—and in English his amplest—biographer, Monica Stirling, is herself a novelist, but, fortunately, she doesn't use the semifictional approach that so often makes books of this kind vexing to read. She writes a good, straightforward narrative. In dealing with Andersen's sex life—or lack of it—Miss Stirling asserts that there is no evidence to support the whispers that he was a deviate. Andersen fell in love with several women, including the famous singer Jenny Lind; but the unfortunate ugly duckling "had no capacity for arousing sexual passion in those he loved." He seems, in any event, to have been rather feeble sexually. As he grew old "he changed for the better physically," Miss Stirling says, and his face became "a map of spiritual beauty." By the time he had become the wild swan, however, he was used to loneliness.

The rags-to-comparative-riches chapters are the most compelling part of his story. After he became a professional writer his life contained little of the excitement of conflict, and even the Jenny Lind episodes are rather tame: she reduces him from potential lover to spiritual brother. But Miss Stirling keeps interest alive by dramatizing Andersen's travels. He was an incessant pilgrim, continually voyaging from one corner of Europe to another, though he especially favored Paris. The author provides many engaging anecdotes of his experiences with the political and literary-artistic royalty he encountered. In England Dickens entertained Andersen warmly, but later became somewhat cool toward him. Andersen knew Franz Liszt, but, after hearing him play his *Faust* music at Weimar, dodged his dinner invitation in order to avoid dealing out either insincere flattery or critical candor.

The book also contains stories of Heine, Balzac, Hugo, Mendelssohn, and others, as well as engrossing descriptions of all the places Andersen visited. Along with its purely biographical aspects the volume presents a lively picture of nineteenth-century European life, and is often an entertaining commentary upon it.

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A Brief Affair with Fortune

Journey to Obscurity: The Life of Octave Thanet, *by George McMichael (University of Nebraska Press. 259 pp. $5), is the story of a six-foot, 240-pound woman whose fiction in the Nineties was in at least one instance hailed by critics as superior to that of Edith Wharton. Iola Haverstick has long been a student of the literature of that era.*

By IOLA HAVERSTICK

WHEN her first novel, *Expiation*, appeared in May 1890, the Boston *Beacon* announced that she "had taken her place among the foremost of American writers of fiction." Similar encomiums accompanied her other publications. In 1897, her seventh book, a collection of short stories entitled *The Missionary Sheriff*, received high praise in the *Nation*, which, in the same issue, carried a disparaging review of Henry James's *The Spoils of Poynton*. Her finest moment came in 1905 when she published *The Man of the Hour*, a novel about the Pullman Strike of 1893. Not only did the Boston *Herald* call it "the American novel of the year" and the Washington, D.C., *Star* proclaim it "the book of the year," but it was also considered by most reviewers to be superior to Edith Wharton's *House of Mirth*, to which it was frequently compared.

William Dean Howells, whom she considered her "literary mentor," lauded her work in the 1880s, retracting in print an initial criticism he had made of one of her stories. Thomas Wentworth Higginson placed her "at the head of American writers of fiction," while a French critic compared her short stories to those of de Maupassant. Even Theodore Roosevelt joined the swelling chorus of approbation and invited her to "break bread" with him at the White House. At the peak of her popularity in the Nineties she was able to command from magazine editors five cents a word—as compared with the half-cent a word then paid to such of her contemporaries as Hamlin Garland.

Who was she? She was Alice French, an overweight amalgam of Midwestern individualism and New England Puritanism who wrote under the typically Victorian pseudonym of "Octave Thanet": the "Octave" she borrowed from the nickname of a school chum, the "Thanet" she claimed to have seen in huge white-chalk letters on a red boxcar in a railroad yard.

Fortunately, in *Journey to Obscurity* George McMichael, who is Dean of Faculty at California State College, is not concerned with restoring Alice to her previous literary pinnacle, but rather with exploring, in the manner of a documentary film, both her life and career, as well as the taste and culture of the shifting American society that promoted her to fame and then abruptly turned its back. And while Dean McMichael's fact-filled offering occasionally spills over into the seemingly irrelevant, the story of Alice and her times is none the less given heightened interest by his relentlessly objective manner of telling it.

The daughter of a wealthy leather merchant, who in due course became a lumber baron and prominent Midwest politician, Alice French was born in 1850 at Andover, Massachusetts—a town whose atmosphere, according to McMichael, was "self-conscious, Protestant, learned, and penitent." Although Alice's parents, unlike their long line of dissenting New England ancestors, had Anglican leanings, they were nevertheless steeped in Andover traditions and held many Andover values. These they took with them when they moved to Davenport, Iowa, where, in 1856, "reminders of frontier days were mixed with signs of migrant Eastern gentility." Reared in an essentially masculine world, Alice found amusement as a child in decapitating her paper dolls, then nailing their heads to the wall. She also grew and ate to the point where, at the age of forty-five, she was described by Emporia *Gazette* editor William Allen White as being six feet tall and weighing 240 pounds. White, who visited her at her Clover Bend, Arkansas, plantation, where she lived in feudal splendor when she was not in Davenport or traveling, also reported that she put on "gastronomic parades" and seemed to enjoy stuffing her guests "as a taxidermist loves his art."

Alice's stories and novels invariably lauded honesty, loyalty, courage, thrift, hard work, and, above all, material success. Similarly, her characters were either all virtue or all villainy, while her plots, as recounted by Mr. McMichael, appear to have been but one cut above present-day television serials. Nevertheless, Alice had considerable talent as a storyteller; she was, in fact, one of the leading practitioners of the short-lived, post-Civil War literary movement known as "local-color" fiction. Her great failing, however, was "her inability to rise above the lure of American success and to establish a firm and independent vision of her own." With the decline in the 1890s of America's interest in itself and, accordingly, in local-color fiction, Alice turned to such topics as the rise of the labor unions and the Negro, which she wrote about "with the open-mindedness of a lord of the manor reporting a peasant uprising." But the supremacy of the rugged-individual capitalist she had so long worshiped was rapidly being displaced by trusts, whose ultimate function was to limit competition. Thus her late work "offered problems that no longer existed and solutions that were no longer feasible."

And as Alice clung pathetically to her worn-out ideals, her life began to fall apart. Not only were her manuscripts rejected; her published books ceased to sell. These discouragements were compounded by ill health, resulting from overeating and other causes: cataracts caused her to lose one of her eyes while, in 1927, due to an infection, her right foot had to be amputated. Finally, and most ironically, she lost all of her capital—in part through her own extravagances, but mainly because she became the victim of the kind of economic storms she herself had once endorsed. Totally wiped out by the Great Depression, she spent the last years of her life until her death in 1934 in rented rooms, supported by a niece who had to search for the bills Alice French had hidden away to camouflage her poverty.

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The Mobile Status Symbol

Wheels for a Nation: How America Fell in Love with the Automobile and Lived Happily Ever After . . . Well, Almost, *by Frank Donovan (Crowell. 352 pp. $6.95),* ***The American Automobile: A Brief History,*** *by John B. Rae (University of Chicago Press. 265 pp. $5.95),* ***Unsafe at Any Speed: The Designed-In Dangers of the American Automobile,*** *by Ralph Nader (Grossman. 365 pp. $5.95,) and* ***The Cobra Story,*** *by Carroll Shelby (Trident Press. 272 pp. $4.95), chart the heartbeat of the nation's passion for a mobile status symbol. A long-time automobile buff, John Warner is a free-lance writer and critic.*

By JOHN WARNER

EVER since the days of the "horseless carriage" Americans seem to have been involved in a kind of love affair with motor cars, a strange association that few people outside this country have ever really understood. In his famous visit to the United States in 1959—the year in which tail fins reached their zenith—Nikita Khrushchev, noting the upswept rear fenders of a Plymouth, asked, "What do they do?" Well, of course, they didn't "do" anything—in a functional sort of way. On the other hand, the fin trend caught the public's fancy, and it did sell cars.

The delight consumers took in their grotesquely finny cars should have established for good the fact that the average American doesn't buy a new car because it is a better car. He buys it, as Frank Donovan so aptly states, "because it *looks* new," adding that "an automobile is a mobile status symbol, and a mobile status symbol comes as close as you can to defining the American dream."

Should more proof be necessary, one need only recall the Joad family of John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath.* At the point of starvation in dust-ridden Oklahoma, the Joads tossed their belongings into the family flivver and motored off to California. When the film version of Steinbeck's novel toured Europe, it was greeted with derisive hoots. How any family with an automobile could be called poverty-stricken was just not understood. And yet Steinbeck's portrayal was true, for, as many people have noted, only in America could one see a man park his car and get on the end of the bread line.

All this is not to intimate, of course, that relations between automobile manufacturers and consumers have never been strained. After all, what lovers don't occasionally spat? Moreover, the American consumer is notoriously fickle. Consider what he did, for example, to the man who really put this nation on the road. In 1925 Henry Ford was still insisting that the consumer buy the same black Model T he'd been producing since 1907—15,000,000 in all. But the consumer rebelled; he wanted more—more power, more choice of color, more comfort. Ford refused to permit a face-lifting, and the consumer simply left him for Chevrolet. Ford, after nineteen years of dependable—if unglamorous—service, never regained first place in the consumer's heart.

Frank Donovan's *Wheels for a Nation,* which relates the history of this national passion, is one of the wittiest and most enjoyable accounts written in recent years. One need only, for example, read it in conjunction with John Rae's *The American Automobile* to appreciate the enthusiasm Donovan generates for his subject.

BOTH books cover similar ground—from, say, the Duryeas, the Stanleys, and Henry Ford to the Big Three of today. But their styles are as different as a Tin Lizzie is from the startling Cobra. For Donovan, independent film producer and amateur historian, reflects much of the American's so typical adolescent enthusiasm for the motor car, while Rae, an economist and teacher, sees its history primarily in terms of its impact on the American economy. One gets the distinct impression that Rae would be just as happy expounding on the virtues of the cotton gin or the mechanical reaper.

Ralph Nader, on the other hand, is boiling mad at the manufacturers who have let the stylist supersede the engineer in the hierarchy of automotive executives. In *Unsafe at Any Speed* Attorney Nader, as advisor to the Senate subcommittee investigating automobile hazards, is deeply concerned that the rising number of deaths by automobiles (47,700 in 1964) is caused primarily by a deterioration in the quality of motor cars. His is a thought-provoking—and alarming—book, certainly one that deserves a close reading.

Nader's allegations that pizazz means more than quality are documented largely by an intensive examination of Chevrolet's Corvair, generally considered "one of the nastiest-handling cars ever built." Though its faulty rear suspension caused a rash of accidents ("by October 1965, more than one hundred suits alleging instability in the Corvair had been filed around the country"), General Motors took "four years of the model and 1,124,076 Corvairs before they decided to do something . . . to help control the car's handling hazards."

FURTHER to substantiate his case, Nader takes a hard look at the Mustang ("a hoked-up Falcon with inadequate brakes, poor handling, and marvelous promotion") and cites as well several less sensational shortcomings in automotive safety equipment: dangerous dashboards, tinted glass, lethal hood ornaments, among others. In short, Nader finds little about the industry to praise; rather, he regards it as a kind of arrogant beast motivated only by a desire for the greatest profits with the least effort.

Ironically, one can find the strongest support for Nader's thesis in Carroll Shelby's *The Cobra Story.* Shelby, unchallenged genius of American sports cars, is producing the most exciting automobile this country has ever seen. A former race driver himself (Le Mans victor in 1959), Shelby long held that American genius could produce a car not only better than the Ferrari or Jaguar but at a price that many American consumers could afford. And this he has done with his remarkable Cobra—a Ford-powered sports car whose graceful body is built here and mounted on a chassis constructed in England at the Bristol Aeroplane Company. The "street version" Cobra is priced at $5,995.

Implicit in Shelby's story of this car (actually a very minor part of the book, most of which is a breezy and juvenile accounting of his racing adventures) is his consummate desire to provide his customers the ultimate in safety and reliability.

Having seen what Shelby has done with the Cobra, one is entitled to ask why the Big Three won't provide as much in the way of safety and reliability on their production models. Perhaps the best clue lies in Shelby's forthright appraisal of American motor-car manufacturers: "To them, cars are just a job—something to be treated in the same way that you treat an icebox or a washing machine or a TV set. To their way of thinking, any man who *does* love automobiles . . . is a nut." Now, is that any way to treat a lover?

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Twelve Angry Young Men

The Uncommitted: Alienated Youth in American Society, *by Kenneth Keniston (Harcourt, Brace & World. 500 pp. $8.50), examines the interaction between individual and community that nurtures contemporary disillusionment. Robert J. Levin, who took his M.A. in sociology at Columbia University, is articles editor for Redbook magazine.*

By ROBERT J. LEVIN

KENNETH KENISTON, professor of psychiatry at the Yale Medical School, undertakes his difficult task with admirable caution. The task: to explore the reasons why many fortunate, talented, and privileged young Americans are alienated from their society and reject its basic values. The caution: a refusal by the author to try to determine cause and effect, and an effort to seek, instead, the interaction between the individual and the community that sustains the "new" alienation—not "imposed *on* men by an unjust economic system," but "chosen *by* men as their basic stance toward society."

Rather than present material neatly tailored to clothe a thesis, which might then be either accepted or rejected but in any case dispensed with, Professor Keniston has let his findings and his opinions pour out freely as he considers the subject of alienation from diverse standpoints: psychological, sociological, cultural, and historical.

As a result—and this is perhaps a measure of the man and the book—*The Uncommitted* contains within its 495 pages enough controversial ideas to serve as springboards for cross-disciplinary debates, graduate school seminars, and, no doubt, cocktail party discussions. Most college undergraduates, however, will ignore the book; their contempt for their society would logically cover any work square enough to try to explain them.

The Uncommitted consists of two parts and two different approaches. In the first, "Alienated Youth," Professor Keniston traces common themes in the conscious and unconscious emotional development of a dozen severely alienated Harvard students who cooperated in a three-year study. Then, in "Alienating Society," the author outlines those social, cultural, and historical trends which, in his opinion, nurture contemporary disillusionment. The attempt to fuse a detailed study of specific individuals with a generalized survey of an entire culture over a wide span of time, unfortunately, results in a work that never really comes into focus.

The confusion is reflected in the book's subtitle: "Alienated Youth in American Society." Keniston's study is not of alienated youth but of a small and very special group of young men, and he carefully states, "the specialness of this group means that we cannot generalize in any simple way from these youths to others. . ." But he then goes on to say that "while the study of extremes should not lead to generalizations about the *behavior* of others who are not extreme, it can be used to understand the *problems and stresses* of more typical lives. . . ." And while this approach constitutes a valid basis for objective inquiry, it is questionable whether it operates as it should in the case of *The Uncommitted.*

NOWHERE, for example, does the book consider the alienated female. This would seem to be more than simple oversight; at the heart of Keniston's analysis is a childhood in which a special mother-son alliance exists, and where the father has been displaced. "Central to alienation," the author claims "is the conception of adult maleness" that results from the son's hollow victory over the father.

If this is the underpinning of the new alienation, where does it leave the girl who also rejects her society's basic values?

While *The Uncommitted* is a scholarly work, what gives it an additional dimension and transforms it into the curious, fascinating, and provocative book it turns out to be is that the author, unlike his subjects, commits himself to a point of view. "The new alienation," he writes, "is intimately bound up with the technological society in which we live." And technology is the target at which he tilts his lance.

Few would argue with Professor Keniston's attack on the dehumanizing impact of technology; most would cheer him on. But, on the basis of his book, it is hard to know what solutions he would propose. When, for example, he decries the fact that "cognitive skills have replaced virtuous character as standards of human value," one wonders just what virtues the author has in mind.

In his final paragraphs the author expresses his longing for "a new vision of life," for the re-establishment of idealism, for "a society in which whole men and women can play with zest and spontaneity, can work with skill and dedication, can love with passion and care—a society that enjoys diversity and supports human fulfillment." To which most reasonable men would only say: Amen—but how do we get there?

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

WHODUNIT?

At one time or another the words in the left-hand columns have been the terms for occupations, some of which are obsolete. Ruth Adler of Wanamassa, N. J., challenges you to match the words with the callings listed in the numbered columns. Vocational guidance on page 87.

almoner ( )	1. arrowmaker	manciple ( )	12. hawker of books
chandler ( )	2. barrelmaker	perukier ( )	13. horseshoer
chapman ( )	3. candlemaker	pettifogger ( )	14. household attendant
colporteur ( )	4. cloth finisher	scrutineer ( )	15. junior barrister
cooper ( )	5. constable	stuffgownsman ( )	16. shoemaker
cordwainer ( )	6. coroner	tidewaiter ( )	17. shyster lawyer
crowner ( )	7. customs inspector	tipstaff ( )	18. steward
farrier ( )	8. dispenser of charity	webster ( )	19. streetsweeper
fletcher ( )	9. dockmaster	wharfinger ( )	20. trader
fuller ( )	10. examiner of votes	whitewing ( )	21. weaver
hatcheler ( )	11. flax comber	yeoman ( )	22. wigmaker

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City Slums and Segregated Suburbs

Dilemmas of Urban America, *by Robert C. Weaver (Harvard University Press. 138 pp. $3.50), focuses on the need to build decent housing for the millions of victims of color prejudice trapped in the subworld of the slums. C. W. Griffin, Jr., wrote "Frontier Freedoms and Urban Chaos."*

By C. W. GRIFFIN, JR.

IN THE 190 years since our country's founding the total population has multiplied fiftyfold, the urban population nearly 700. From a rural nation in which barely 5 per cent of the people were city dwellers, we have grown into a highly urbanized society, with 130 million Americans living in 200 metropolitan areas. Within the next fifteen years, as the total population soars toward 250 million, nearly 80 per cent will be residing in cities. Despite our rising standard of living, our chaotic urban growth threatens to depress the quality of American life.

In *Dilemmas of Urban America* Robert C. Weaver, administrator of the House and Home Financing Agency, proves himself a perceptive and candid public servant, a worthy prospective Secretary of the newly created Department of Housing and Urban Development. In defiance of established bureaucratic code, Mr. Weaver admits that his agency's urban renewal program profited through controversy. As a consequence, relocation programs for slum-dwellers evicted from cleared urban renewal sites are demonstrably improving. This ability to learn from experience —intelligence, in short—is a refreshing contrast to the positive-thinking businessmen of the Eisenhower Administration. Like Stewart Udall pressing his conservation crusade, Mr. Weaver understands the problems of urban America and, more important, he cares.

Though he surveys the whole urban scene, Mr. Weaver focuses on the need to build decent housing for millions of Negroes, Puerto Ricans, and other victims of prejudice trapped in our teeming big-city ghettos. Simply providing enough low- and even middle-income housing is a big problem. Entangled with race prejudice, the problem becomes staggering. The decision regarding the kind of housing to build on cleared slum sites often reduces itself to a choice between housing a large number of low-income Negroes in a segregated project or a smaller number of middle-income Negroes in an integrated project. Obviously, few practical resolutions of this dilemma can satisfy everyone.

If there is to be any hope of eradicating the subworld of the slums, the benefits of free enterprise must be extended to Negroes and Puerto Ricans. Race prejudice severely restricts the housing market open to colored peoples, delivering them to those vultures of capitalism, the slumlords. To Puerto Ricans and Negroes the respectable white reservations surrounding the big cities represent a vast collective conspiracy depriving them of the right to buy or rent whatever home they can afford. Championing this conspiracy to subvert the open market are the realtors, who wage a nationwide war against fair housing laws. Two years ago in California these pillars of prejudice led a successful drive to repeal that state's fair housing law and to ban future enactment of such legislation.

NONETHELESS, as Mr. Weaver reminds us, fair-housing laws enacted by eighteen state legislatures and thirty-four municipalities, supplemented by President Kennedy's 1962 anti-bias executive order, are slowly opening up the all-white neighborhoods. And a thousand fair-housing councils are cracking down on realtors and on home and apartment owners who attempt to circumvent these laws.

One quarrel I have with Mr. Weaver concerns his failure to be realistic about the circumscribed goals of suburban fair-housing councils, with their middle-class orientation. Though he incessantly warns against overoptimism about any federal program, Mr. Weaver charges that ". . . by neglecting lower-income minority families [fair-housing councils] limit their potential." Actually, such an extension of goals could ruin the fair-housing councils. They take an essential first step in educating the white majority for the inevitable integrated society of the future. It is difficult enough to induce whites to accept as neighbors Negroes of equal economic and cultural status. To attempt at this time to persuade middle-class whites to accept lower-class Negroes as neighbors and classmates for their children would be hopelessly utopian. It strikes at the heart of the American dream of climbing the social ladder and pushing one's children a rung or two higher.

Ultimately, as Mr. Weaver points out, merely to avert the chaos that threatens if metropolitan growth is not directed into saner patterns will require that low-income minorities be admitted to suburbia. To achieve this goal one prominent planner urges a tightening of federal requirements for certain aid programs to local governments. In any event, political and economic pressure seems the best means of opening the suburbs to low-income Negroes. For fair housing councils to tackle this larger, vastly more complex task would dissipate their energies and blunt their attack on more basic, immediate problems.

"It's all right for you to scoff at zoning laws! They didn't build a Parthenon practically in your front yard!"

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Romantic Vision of Destruction

The Last Man, *by Mary Shelley (University of Nebraska Press. 342 pp. $5), a reissue of the 1826 novel by the famed poet's wife, concerns an epidemic that wipes out all but one member of the human race. The latest book by Walter Guzzardi, Jr., a student of English literature, is "The Young Executives" (see page 87).*

By WALTER GUZZARDI, JR.

OUR KNOWLEDGE and our recollections of the secondary characters of the Romantic movement come too often from secondary sources. There is much merit, therefore, in the reissue by the University of Nebraska Press of *The Last Man*, by Mary Shelley. This curious but revealing novel brings Mrs. Shelley once more to our attention, and shows again that her position in Romanticism has been clouded, rather than clarified, by the fact that she is largely known as the author of *Frankenstein*, an entertainment that tells a good deal less about her, and about Shelley himself, than *The Last Man*.

The novel was first published in 1826, four years after Shelley drowned when the *Don Juan*, a twenty-four-foot skiff, went down in fog and high seas off Viareggio. Shelley was a notoriously bad sailor who could not swim, had been swept overboard on other occasions, and made a habit of sitting at the tiller with a book in his hand. When he went sailing in the *Don Juan* for the last time, relations between him and Mary were strained. Mary hated the Casa Magni, where the Shelleys were staying with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Williams. Shelley was disturbed not only because Mary was unhappy, but because she made her unhappiness so plain to everyone. "My only regret [about Casa Magni]," he wrote, in what may have been the last words he ever put on paper, "is that Mary has not the same predilection for this place as I have."

That Shelley should have died when a largely happy married life was going through a perturbed period (worsened perhaps by Shelley's obvious affection for Mrs. Edward Williams, whose husband went down with Shelley in the *Don Juan*) was an irony that left its mark on Mary Shelley. *The Last Man* is a long novel of Gothic complexity, and its main character, Adrian, Earl of Windsor, is obviously Shelley himself. But Adrian is painfully idealized to such an extent that the novel suffers: "the might of his smile would have tamed a hungry lion," we are told. As Hugh J. Luke, Jr., points out in an excellent introduction, this is abated somewhat by the presentation of various facets of Shelley's personality through other characters in the novel, and there the picture is more balanced.

The Last Man is the story of the decline and fall of the human race, which at the end of the book is wiped out—except for one man—by an epidemic. Such an apocalyptic vision requires a style beyond the author's reach, although it is difficult to name many writers who would be up to it. While the terms used to describe the epidemic shocked contemporary reviewers, the detail is less vivid than that in Daniel Defoe's *Journal of the Plague Year*, published 100 years earlier. Among the novel's secondary themes is a favorite of Mary Shelley and her husband: the impact of science on human life and institutions, and the way in which scientific advance seems to add to man's loneliness. Her writing is sometimes affected ("take the colors and odor from the rose, change the sweet nutriment of mother's milk to gall and poison; as easily might you wean Perdita from love"), and sometimes it is quite splendid ("Nights passed, during which fatal darkness the sun grew old before it rose.").

This edition is commendably harmonious with the special interest it will have for those who are continuously curious about the Romantic movement: it reproduces exactly the spelling and the language of the 1826 edition. In its first reissue since 1833, *The Last Man* must be welcomed. It is a pity, however, that the type face could not have been larger and more readable.

His Own Man at His Own Funeral

The Two Deaths of Quincas Wateryell, *by Jorge Amado, translated from the Portuguese by Barbara Shelby (Knopf. 97 pp. $3.95), shows how it is possible to flout bourgeois abominations even at one's own funeral. Emile Capouya's critiques of fiction appear regularly in SR.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

JORGE AMADO's story was charming to begin with, and it comes to us now in a very handsome dress. Miss Barbara Shelby's translation is spirited, the publisher has provided good print and good paper, and commissioned a fine jacket design—appropriately somber and gay—and interesting illustrations from Mr. Emil Antonucci. The binding is attractive—patterned paper over boards, apparently. Even the jacket copy is accurate and modest; that is not so simple a matter as might appear, as the better the book the harder to write of it with sense and taste. I am moved to say that this tale of a successful corpse would make an excellent gift, furnishing entertainment and instruction, and a cheerful suggestion that all is not over when all is over. Two small defects: The spine-ends of my copy were already worn, adding their own commentary on the vanity of human wishes. And the copywriter did say, "It is a tale that would have delighted Mark Twain." Well, my review would have delighted Homer, Shakespeare, and Cervantes, but they died too soon.

In the city of Bahia there was once a respectable minor functionary named Joaquim Soares da Cunha. His character was naturally modest and retiring, and it had been further improved by the guidance of a strong-minded wife and a daughter to match. Well, he had gone on for a good many years in this blameless way when his daughter brought home a suitor, also mild-mannered and correct. Was it the prospect of unborn generations re-enacting his own identical fate that moved Joaquim to rebel? In any case, he spoke one word only: "Vipers!" And he walked out of the house, heading for Skid Row.

At which point his life might properly be said to have begun. Far from degrading him, his new career of rum and riot led to the flowering of unexpected talents. It was discovered that he could be witty, he could be gay, he could be gallant to the ladies of the town. His baptismal name, Joaquim, was replaced by the friendlier form, Quincas. As for the Soares da Cunha that he had inherited from impeccably middle-class forebears, that was replaced by the odd name Wateryell—in memory of a famous outcry he had uttered once after mistakenly knocking back a tot of water

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Jorge Amado—"all is not over when all is over."

when he had been led to expect rum. Except for that one accident, he lived well, and when he died it was "decently, in his own bed," as Garcia Lorca's ballad has it, and with a pleasant smile on his face.

Now, here is where your average Bohemian goes wrong. Once dead, he gives up all control over his own affairs, and who knows what bourgeois abominations may take place between his last breath and the time he is planted? And sure as a gun, that precious daughter of Quincas descends on his defenseless clay, gets it regularly cleaned and dressed and undertaken, and is fixing to have him interred in the local Woodlawn. It is enough to make angels weep.

But, Julius Caesar, thou art mighty still! The wronged shade will not be tamely wronged. Quincas's spirit inspires four of his erstwhile companions to come to his wake. They relieve his daughter at her vigil, and pretty soon it's like old times. They offer Quincas a drink of rum; his smile broadens. They prop him up, and he nods benevolently. They tentatively broach the question of who is to take over his girl friend—and his head shakes almost threateningly. At last, realizing that Quincas is still his old self, they decide to take him to a chowder-and-rum party on board one of the fishing vessels in the harbor.

The moral is clear. Any corpse with a bit of get up and go can manage to be his own man if he sets about it the right way. In Quincas's own words, preserved as epigraph to the present account of his adventures, "Everybody look out for his own funeral; nothing's impossible."

Depth-Soundings of Love: Both in style and substance, the finely balanced sensibility that characterizes Shirley Hazzard's *New Yorker* stories pervades *The Evening of the Holiday* (Knopf, $3.95). Here, refracted as in a prism, is a moment in time—in the time of love, which is a rather different division of existence from that of calendar calculation. The setting is Italy, the season is summer, and the lovers are an Italian, Tancredi, separated from his wife, and a vacationing visitor, Sophie, half English, half Italian. They meet; they are mistrustfully drawn together; they love; they part. And the primary interest of this brief tale is the artistry with which the love affair is limned, from tentative attraction to prolonged celebration amidst the "dry gold" beauty of a countryside in full bloom; a holiday of the heart shadowed by the lovers' awareness of moving towards the evening of separation.

Miss Hazzard creates a cumulative mood that *is*, in effect, the drama, while the "events" serve to illumine character rather than propel narrative action. What action there is is fugitive, even gratuitous in a couple of instances, involving characters introduced as though for a specific purpose and then dropped from sight. But the mood builds surely and inexorably through such episodes as a drive into deep farm-country and a walk across a field of poppies; a visit to a monastic ruin; a scene or two at Tancredi's villa, where Sophie has gone to live.

Out of these and other ephemeral occurrences Miss Hazzard has fashioned a sophisticated, evocative story of romantic love in thrall to itself, barred from even an illusory sense of permanence. However, beneath the surface impediment to a lasting union (the ban against divorce in Italy) runs an undercurrent of incommunicable personal conflicts within the two principals themselves, burdened by "civilized" attitudes. Thus, Tancredi, the ardent, realistic Latin, muses at one point, "How absurd it is to propose . . . that our actions are altogether composed of influences . . . and circumstances; that we are irrevocably cut off from our own will. There comes a moment when one must utter a single sentence, and the immense effort involved in that utterance is unmistakably the expenditure of will." He doesn't make that expenditure. Sophie, her defensive, Anglo-bred detachment having capitulated to passion, does.

Within a circumscribed channel, Miss Hazzard has, in *The Evening of the Holiday*, taken depth-soundings of one of the conditions of love, and done it with such impeccable expressiveness that it seems ungrateful carping to question the term "novel" for what is in fact a long short story in concept and content. As a work of fiction, however, it is quite complete in itself.

—PATRICIA MACMANUS.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Columns One and Three should read: 8, 3, 20, 12, 2, 16, 6, 13, 1, 4, 11, 18, 22, 17, 10, 15, 7, 5, 21, 9, 19, 14.

Businessman's Bookshelf

By EDWARD C. BURSK, *editor, Harvard Business Review, and educational director, International Marketing Institute*

THE PURPOSEFUL PURSUIT OF PROFITS AND GROWTH IN BUSINESS. By Charles G. Mortimer. McGraw-Hill. 108 pp. $4.95. The chairman of General Foods' Executive Committee comments wisely, succinctly, and with good humor on strategies and tactics of profit-making.

THE YOUNG EXECUTIVES. By Walter Guzzardi, Jr. New American Library. 229 pp. $4.95. "They live to be effective," work hard, take a highly professional approach to their work, and are a decent lot, reports the author. But they also tend to be unimaginative and other-directed.

THE CREATIVE ORGANIZATION. Edited by Gary A. Steiner. University of Chicago Press. 267 pp. $5. Experts from a wide variety of fields scrutinize the basic nature of creativity, the drives of creative people, levels of creativity, and the curious paths of creative thought.

CORPORATE STRATEGY. By H. Igor Ansoff. McGraw-Hill. 241 pp. $7.50. Here is a set of guides and concepts for managers to use in analyzing strategic questions and developing sound, systematic courses of action.

THE AMERICAN GOSPEL OF SUCCESS. Edited by Moses Rischin. Quadrangle. 429 pp. $7.95. The roots and evolution of the "gospel" are traced from Cotton Mather through Franklin, Emerson, P. T. Barnum, Theodore Roosevelt, and many others, with excerpts from their writings.

HOW TO BE RICH. By J. Paul Getty. Playboy Press. 264 pp. $5. A famous billionaire writes about "the millionaire mentality," managerial booby traps, "homogenized men," risk-taking, and other intriguing ideas and impressions he has developed.

COMMON SENSE IN ADVERTISING. By Charles F. Adams. McGraw-Hill. 200 pp. $5.95. The executive vice president of a successful agency flays wasteful, irritating, ineffective ads and shows admen how they can improve their output.

EXECUTIVE JOBS UNLIMITED. By Carl R. Boll. Macmillan. 169 pp. $4.95. A leading employment adviser outlines in practical, realistic terms a series of methods that have enabled many executives

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to gain the high positions they hold today.

MANAGEMENT: CHALLENGE AND RESPONSE. Edited by Martin B. Carter, Walter Weintraub, and Charles A. Ray. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 275 pp. Paperback, $2.95. This selection of sixteen company case histories from *Fortune* focuses on business leaders, their managerial strategies, and their triumphs and failures.

ORGANIZATIONAL BEHAVIOR. By Philip B. Applewhite. Prentice-Hall. 168 pp. $7.95. Based on an exhaustive review of the literature concerning how individuals and groups behave in organizations, this volume aims not to advance new theories but to integrate ideas in the field into a meaningful whole.

HANDBOOK OF ORGANIZATIONS. Edited by James G. Marsh. Rand McNally. 1,247 pp. $20. This bountiful volume brings together the views of thirty-one scholars on leadership, decision making, structure, theory, and related questions.

THE RATIONAL MANAGER. By Charles H. Kepner and Benjamin B. Tregoe. McGraw-Hill. 275 pp. $5.95. How do managers solve problems? How could they solve them better? What steps should they follow in defining and analyzing problems?

PLANNING AND CONTROL SYSTEMS. By Robert N. Anthony. Harvard Business School Division of Research. 180 pp. $4. Rejecting many traditional views of management functions, this volume proposes thinking of the executive job in terms of three primary activities: strategic planning, management control, and operational control.

CORPORATE FINANCIAL REPORTING IN A COMPETITIVE ECONOMY. By Herman W. Bevis. Free Press. 212 pp. $6. The senior partner of Price Waterhouse & Co. discusses the nature and principles of high standards of accounting and reporting.

HOW TO LIVE WITH YOUR COMPUTER. By Paul T. Smith. American Management Association. 205 pp. $9. Emphasis is placed on integrating data-processing equipment with the systems and programs that executives are trying to direct.

ECONOMIC ADVICE AND PRESIDENTIAL LEADERSHIP. By Edward S. Flash, Jr. Columbia University Press. 382 pp. $8.95. Here is a close-up look at the Council of Economic Advisers—the economists who are its members, their dealings with politicians and administrators, and their relationships with the President.

THE BIG BOARD. By Robert Sobel. Free Press. 395 pp. $7.95. This history of the New York Stock Market deals with fateful moments, decisions, and personalities as well as with the operating mechanisms of the Exchange.

DISTRIBUTION IN A HIGH-LEVEL ECONOMY. By Reavis Cox. Prentice-Hall. 331 pp. $5.95. A top marketing authority examines the factual dimensions of the U.S. economy and also discusses questions of public policy, ethics, and efficiency.

DECISION-MAKING FOR DEFENSE. By Charles J. Hitch. University of California Press. 83 pp. $2.95. Defense Secretary McNamara's right-hand man (from 1961 to 1965) analyzes the management innovations introduced in the Pentagon after 1961.

THE SOVIET ECONOMY SINCE STALIN. By Harry Schwartz. Lippincott. 256 pp. $5. The *New York Times*'s top expert on Russian affairs writes with insight and factual mastery of the key economic issues influencing Kremlin policy.

THE ABUNDANT PEACE. By Robert C. Garretson. World. 255 pp. $5.95. The executive vice president of Carling Brewing Company argues knowledgeable and forcefully that the USA and USSR are heading toward a co-leadership of world prosperity.

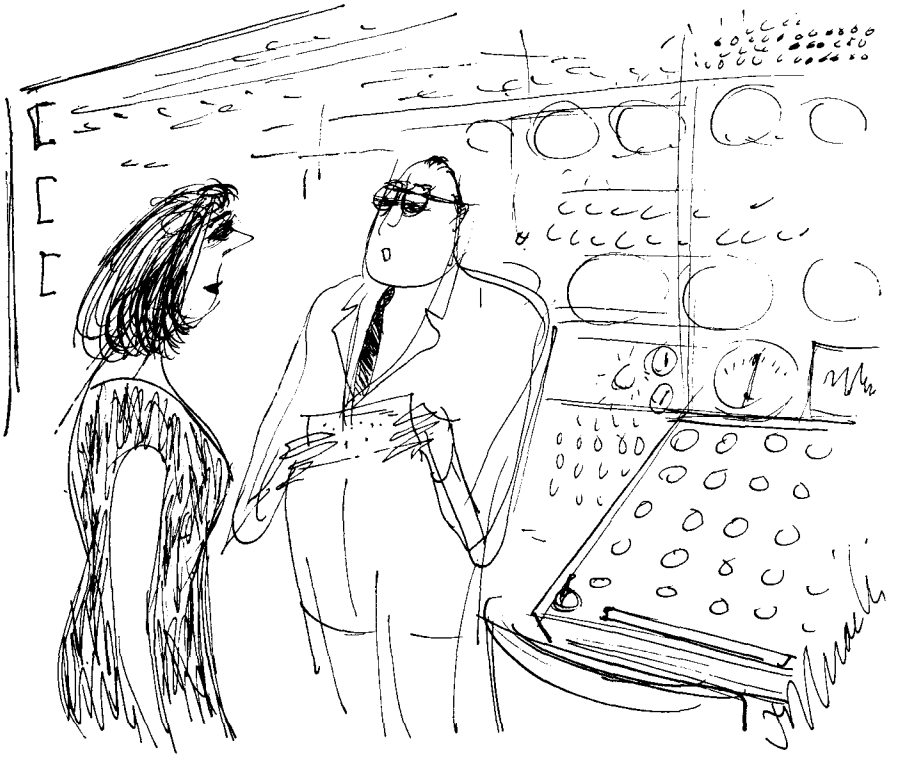
THE MANPOWER REVOLUTION. Edited by Garth L. Mangum. Doubleday. 510 pp. $6.50. The Senate's Employment and Manpower Subcommittee held eight months of hearings, listened to more than 150 expert witnesses, and collected 3,500 pages of testimony. Excerpted here are the highlights of that investigation.

HOFFA AND THE TEAMSTERS. By Ralph C. James and Estelle D. James. Van Nostrand. 430 pp. $6.95. Drawing on lengthy firsthand observation and access to confidential data, the authors discuss the controversial union boss's personality, power, policies, and struggles to keep on top.

THE CROSSROADS PAPERS. Edited by Hans Morgenthau. Norton. 279 pp. $5.50. These interesting essays deal with the future of our cities, "ailing unions," the capitalist-Communist struggle, and other aspects of the business environment.

THE CULTIVATION OF IMPERFECTION. By Sol M. Davidson. Frederick Fell. 107 pp. $3.50. If you want a healthy antidote to the power-of-positive-thinking school, this is it. "In the good executive," says Davidson, "all the qualities which distinguish him from the . . . poor executive are in essence negative qualities."

SCIENCE AND SOCIETY. Edited by Norman Kaplan. Rand McNally. 615 pp. $8.95. Science as a changing institution, research, public policy, and developing trends in science are the principal subjects of these forty papers.



"The computer can only tell you the characteristics of the man who would make you an ideal mate. You'll have to find him on your own."

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Businessman of the Year

Continued from page 75

says: "Communications includes important elements of education, and is close to being the essence of humanism; our ability to draw upon the information created by those who went before us is a uniquely human ability. It is in the area of communications that Xerox has its special interests and will make, I trust, special contributions. Communications technology is undergoing a revolution no less great than that experienced by energy."

To respond to the coming changes Mr. Wilson believes that people must receive "purchasing power that is increasingly independent of the hours spent doing things that have represented the great bulk of the world's work up to now. We must, quite simply, invent a new kind of money, a new way of distributing the material wealth of our society. How prepared are we to make the social inventions, the practical non-technical plans, for the changes in our institutions that these developments are forcing upon us?"

It is the tremendous spectrum of change that he sees coming that interests Mr. Wilson so keenly in education. He thinks of the university as the bridge to these new aspects of life, as a cluster of brains on which business, government, scientists and other individuals must depend for the cohesive intelligence needed to meet the problems confronting the world. The university will help preserve freedom, and Mr. Wilson says of freedom that it may be clumsy but it leads to greatness in any society or nation.

His faith in freedom was an integral part of his work for equal rights for Negroes and other minority groups in Rochester. Xerox today, in association with other leading Rochester institutions (especially Kodak, of which he is a great admirer), is working carefully to open up job opportunities, to give special training, to recruit talented prospects from these groups. The serious disturbances within Rochester's Negro community last year were a "surprise to most of us here for we felt the city had really done a conscientious, enlightened job in this area of our relations with each other. Our difficulties were probably a symptom of the racial tinderbox here and everywhere."

With his wide reading and frequent travel abroad, Mr. Wilson feels deeply involved with the world around him as well as with Xerox, but he recognizes that corporate success powers his ability to render the quality of public service that interests him in education, in racial justice and the reduction of poverty, and in international relations. Of this aspect of Xerox, he says, "To provide leadership within business for the social projects that interest us here we must be terribly successful. If our business were to falter it would harm our ideas. Xerox's task is to remain incredible, but be credible. We want to be an important major world enterprise. And we want to render services of real value to the world."

In a speech at the United Nations in connection with the controversial television programs Xerox sponsored, Mr. Wilson said, "It is a part of our philosophy that the highest interests of a corporation are involved in the health of the earth's society. How ridiculous it is to build a showroom in New York without simultaneously trying to help build a peaceful world. Our objectives, like yours, are to help men better communicate with each other, and therefore it is all important for Xerox to be favorably known throughout the world as an institution willing to risk in order to improve understanding, which will innovate boldly, but not recklessly, which will accept challenge of its short range position in order to buttress the long years ahead. It is our deeply considered judgment, cold and calculated, that this company will benefit by its association with the U.N. and with you. . . . These men of the U.N., of all the earth's people, are living soul-size lives. It is a joy and a value to join with them."

A highly efficient, resourceful, imaginative version of the businessman-citizen *SR* regards as essential to the expansion of our economic society and of the quality of life in America, Mr. Wilson is himself living a soul-size life at a time of national urgency when our character and our principles are being challenged as never before.

—William D. Patterson.

First of the Month

Continued from page 13

tested, or "Very Old Party," a phrase he liked, was a mass of contradictions. "Only a mediocre writer," he once said, "is always at his best." "In my twenties," he said, "the critics said I was brutal; in my thirties they said I was flippant; in my forties they said I was cynical; in my fifties they said I was competent; and now they say I am superficial."

One thing is certain. Each new teenage generation of writers fell in love, first with Maugham's writing, and then with Maugham's writing about writing—notably *The Summing Up*, and *A Writer's Notebook*, perhaps the two best books ever written about the writing craft. These teen-agers liked best such Maughamisms as "It is a funny thing about life—if you refuse to accept anything but the very best you very often get it." They cared, perhaps less, about such other Maughamisms as "It is a nuisance that knowledge can only be acquired by hard work." A cynic about people in general ("Most people have little imagination and do not suffer from circumstances that to the imaginative would be unbearable"), Maugham was especially so about women ("A woman can forgive a man for the harm he does her, but never for the sacrifices he makes on her account"). A man who tried to disown his own daughter, he was also the man who wrote, of American women, "They expect to find in their husbands a perfection that English women only hope to find in their butlers." "How motley," he once said, "are the qualities that go to make up a human being." Mr. Maugham himself, it seems, was no exception to his own summing up.

"Welcome to the team."

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Continued from page 52

effort to insure the protection of the bay and yet allow a balanced development of it to provide for improved recreation, as well as residential and appropriate industrial uses.

One of the most notable developments in our region has been that of our Bay Area Rapid Transit System (see following article). The council vigorously supported this proposal and played an important part in helping win the approval of the voters. This Rapid Transit system, we believe, is one of the most significant developments in metropolitan transportation taking place in the world today. —STANLEY MCCAFFREY.

San Francisco:

Traveling in High Style

AN UNDERTAKING as complex and expensive as the Bay Area Rapid Transit District demands a viewpoint that transcends local political boundaries, for the simple reason that materials and markets and employees transcend them.

As in most metropolitan areas, San Francisco's postwar boom in cars and people is most apparent during peak hours, when it creates a situation that is common to every metropolitan area in our country. Our bay is rimmed by hills, the narrow shore is intensively developed, and travel corridors are restricted. The result has been serious, costly congestion.

The first signpost pointing toward rapid transit was a Joint Army-Navy Board recommendation for an underwater transit tube across the bay in 1947; the first segment of the line will open in 1968. In between are more than two decades of effort.

In 1949, legislation was enacted allowing some seventy-six cities and the nine counties of the Bay Area to get together voluntarily to conduct a rapid transit study. But there was no study, because there was then no Association of Bay Area Governments or other regional forum. As a consequence, state legislation in 1951 resulted in the formation of a state study commission—the Bay Area Rapid Transit Commission—composed of representatives of all nine Bay Area counties and the State Director of Public Works.

The Rapid Transit Commission in 1953 retained a New York consultant, with instructions to answer four basic questions: Is an interurban rapid transit system needed for the Bay Area? If so, what areas should rapid transit serve and along what routes should it be constructed? What type of rapid transit facility would best meet the Bay Area's needs? Is the cost justified?

In 1956 a report by Parsons, Brinckerhoff, Hall and Macdonald of New York was issued, indicating that the answers to the four questions were that the prosperity of the region—both core and subcenters—depended on improved interurban transit; that the system should be an arterial rapid transit system connecting the large and small centers at their respective cores, and related to the existing highway system to permit optimum utilization of both means within the region; that the best system to meet design and fiscal requirements was a new two-rail, high-speed, electric system on its own, separate right-of-way; and that the question was not whether Bay Area citizens could afford rapid transit, but whether they could afford not to have it.

The first question and the last—"Is it needed?" and "Is it worth the cost?"—involve sizable personal judgments. What about the "iceberg cost," for example, the social price of the decaying core and wealthy suburb that results when a decentralized urban area relies on a single, decentralizing mode of transportation? Are core cities to be composed of a few wealthy and many poor, and have no middle-income group? What is the true price of using vast amounts of urban land for peak-period transportation only? And what is the price of strangulation, as in Boston not long ago? What is really gained by the shorter work-week and a longer commuting time (the average commuting distance is increasing at about two miles a year)?

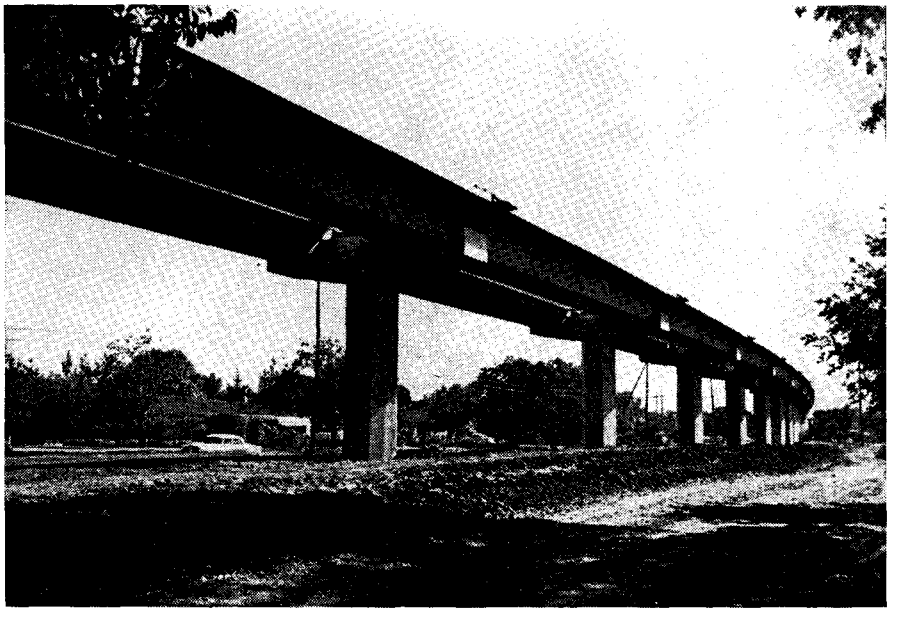
HOW much is added to a satisfying urban life by extending feasible commuting distances while making possible shorter travel times?

The Bay Area intends to evolve and grow, as a region, with the BART system as part nerve, part backbone complementing motor vehicle and specialized transportation. We are making a strong effort to direct our environment rather than have it control us, to direct traffic rather than react to it, to guide development without dictating it.

How did it all come about?

In 1957 the study commission recommended to the Legislature creation of the Rapid Transit District. It proposed a five-county system for the first stage, with later development into the four other counties that comprise the San Francisco Bay Area and in which heavy urban growth will come later. In spite of substantial opposition, legislation was passed creating a regional agency with full powers to decide and act. A plan was then developed for the three counties that comprise the core of the Bay Region, both geographically and economically. A seventy-five-mile system including subway, tunnel, ground-level, tube, and aerial facilities was proposed, presented to, and approved by the three boards of supervisors for submission to the voters.

The plan is financed by a $792 million general obligation bond issue, $133 million in California State Toll Bridge Authority revenue bonds to be repaid from automobile tolls, and an estimated $71 million (for equipment)



Overhead tracks on the new transit system—Getting there is half the fun.

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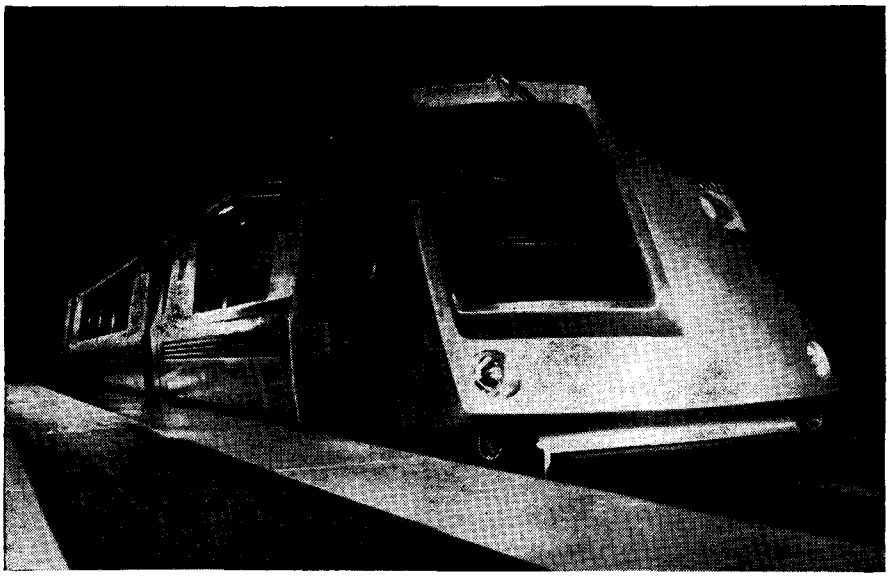
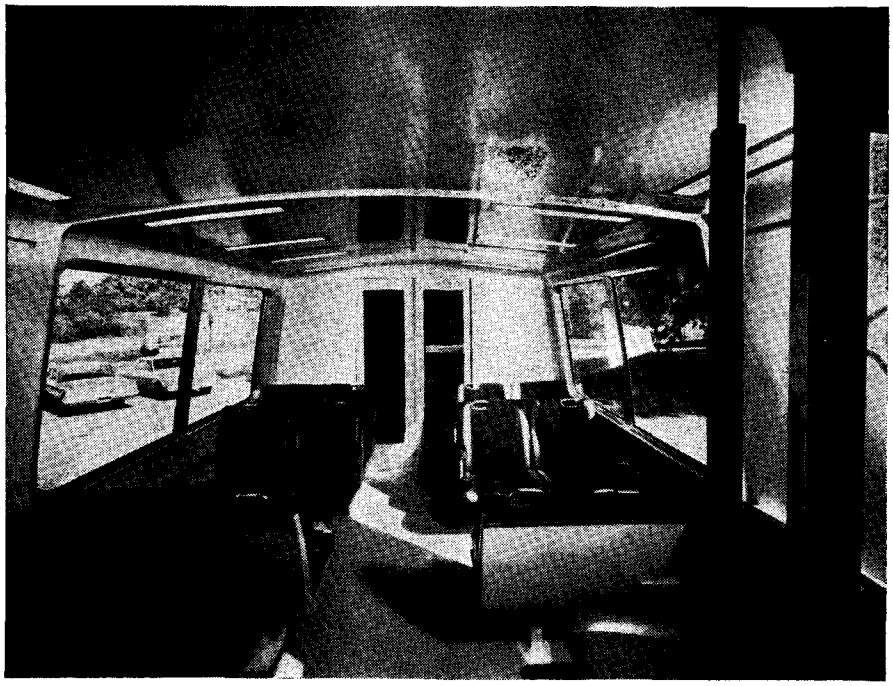


Riding in style—Whether a visitor is from New York, Paris, or Moscow, he's likely to cast an envious eye at the cars of the Bay Area's rapid transit system.

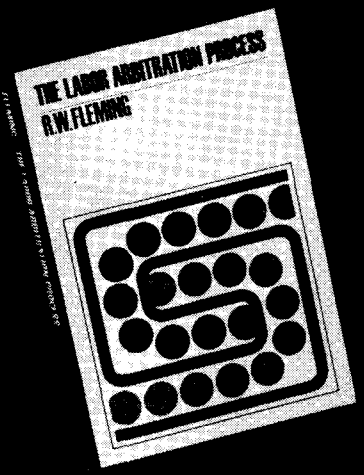


in district revenue bonds. Additional funding includes some $8,000,000 in federal funds.

The crucial factors in our election success must not be overlooked: 1) thorough study; 2) a regional agency with power to act; 3) reputable independent consultants; 4) partnership with communities through their professional staffs; 5) intensive information made available to community leaders; 6) complete honesty in information; 7) aggressive public information programs; 8) realization that rapid transit is only one part of the urban transportation picture; 9) understanding that equipment decisions had to be engineering—not political—decisions; 10) thick skins and tough minds.

The time schedule for our basic seventy-five-mile, thirty-seven-station system is segmented. Our eighty-mile-an-hour, computer-controlled trains begin East Bay operation in 1968 and trans-bay service in 1969; final completion of the basic system is scheduled for 1971. We recently finished a public exhibition of our model car. More than 150,000 people made personal inspections, and their enthusiastic response has been sufficient to bring smiles to the most jaded market researcher. Its glare-free comfort and styling have broad appeal. If our station designs are as successful as our car, we shall achieve the drawing power that is our aim: an esthetic contribution as well as efficient transportation.

—B. R. Stokes.



THE LABOR ARBITRATION PROCESS

by R. W. Fleming

Arbitrators, union and company officials, lawyers, and others will welcome this timely analysis of the history, practice, and future of labor arbitration, written by one of the country's best-known labor law professors and arbitrators. The author deals with specific criticisms and problems of grievance arbitration, and suggests how arbitration can be improved to meet the problems of the future. 233 pages. $5.00.

THE POLITICS OF WAGE-PRICE DECISIONS
A Four-Country Analysis

by Murray Edelman and R. W. Fleming

Here is a multi-faceted analysis of the way in which Italy, Germany, Great Britain, and The Netherlands have attempted to exert a restraining influence on price and wage levels since World War II. It includes a comparison with the U.S. that throws light upon current American wage-price decisions and policies. 331 pages. $6.75.

URBAN LAND USE PLANNING
Second Edition

by F. Stuart Chapin, Jr.

This well-known book combining a modern, dynamic theory and the techniques necessary for successful urban land use planning has been enlarged, revised, and brought up to date to reflect the latest significant developments and trends in the field. 40 illustrations. 498 pages. $7.95.

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Lessons in Bayoumanship

FILLING the car with gas and ourselves with a dozen oysters each, a friend and I set off out of New Orleans a few weeks ago to explore the land of the bayous. We rode southwest and then turned northwest after a while, and soon we had fetched up on the city limits of New Iberia, Louisiana, which is also known in certain circles as the Queen City of the Teche. We were taken in hand by Mrs. J. Winkle, the patroness of the Holiday Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge, who said that Teche is an Indian name that means snake and it seemed logical to apply it to a bayou that is rather serpentine. There are two main bayous in these parts, the Teche and La Fourche, and steamships came right up the bayous and deposited refugees, most of them Acadians who were run out of Canada by the English. Louisiana seemed a logical place of escape, for it was under the French government, and the bayous seemed a logical place to live since the Acadians were not partial to cities. Many of their descendants, who speak a patois of French, Spanish, and English, don't speak any unseasoned English at all.

Later, other refugees, arrived, Royalists of the French nobility fleeing the revolution and the guillotine—the Durands, Du Champs, Du Clets, and Oliviers. It is said, at least by Mrs. J. Winkle, that they all lived an aristocratic life dancing the minuet and importing the Paris opera to play in the town of St. Martinville. When a daughter of Charles Durand got married in 1850, the good seigneur had a covey of servants import spiders and spray the webs in the grande allée of oak and pine trees with gold dust. M. Durand, a robust sort, is supposed to have had twelve children before his first wife died. He put up a statue, not to her but to himself, and vowed never to love again. In a year he remarried and is said to have had twelve more, at which point the townspeople tore down his statue. Most of Durand's fine furnishings were lost in the storm of 1927, and then the house burned. The grande allée was badly mauled by hurricanes Hilda and Betsy, and then there was little left of M. Durand except the tall tales.

Mrs. Winkle's establishment hardly looks like a quaint inn in the bayous, for it is largely a spotless nest of formica with a schizoid menu that offers chicken or tuna fish salad sandwiches and all-beef hamburgers on one side and such delicacies of the area as shrimp *étouffée* à la Tèche and shrimp jambalaya on the other. The *étouffée* proved to be a sort of stew of shrimp cooked in its own juices. We tasted of the broiled stuffed flounder, and for clinical reasons only ordered the dirty rice, which is really clean rice soaked in a brew of chicken giblets cooked with parsley, green onions, and red pepper. Mrs. Winkle insisted, and would have been outraged had we demurred, that we try one stuffed shrimp which had been jammed with crab meat dressing, dipped in corn flour, and fried. It was, in a word, gorgeous.

There are neat and clean motel rooms in back of the Holiday Restaurant, not chintzy, ruffled four-poster rooms, but chrome-and-TV rooms, comfortable but not quaint. Only the Louisiana night separated the shrimp étouffée from the *pain perdu* or the hot cakes with open kettle cane syrup on the menu the next morning. *Pain perdu*, or lost bread, is a sort of French toast—bread dipped in egg, sugar, and vanilla and fried in hot fat.

With the waistline *perdu* as well, we set out to pick up Mrs. Joseph Simon Brown, a lady of comely face and soft voice who told us, as we rode through the canebrakes, of the story of Evangeline, who was really a girl called Emmeline La Biche, and of her lost lover, who was in fact Louis Arcenaux. Longfellow hearing the story, allegedly from Hawthorne at Harvard, fictionalized the names and wrote his long poem recited by school-children from Punxsutawney to Point Barrow. In real life they were both expelled from Nova Scotia, but Louis arrived in the bayous first and despairing of ever finding Emmeline, married someone else. She arrived three years later to find him already taken by another—ah woe!—and so she reported in to the friendly nuns with whom she worked until she died, before her time, of a broken ventricle.

One of the great events of New Iberia and nearby St. Martinsville was the filming of the story of Evangeline, which brought a large company from Hollywood headed by Dolores del Rio. Donald Reed was Gabriel and Alec B. Francis was the priest. Mrs. Joseph Simon Brown, then a lovely local maiden, played an extra in the film. She remembers the premiere of the picture with great clarity because she got her engagement ring from Mr. Brown that same June night in 1929, and she was hard put to know what to look at, her new ring or the picture of herself on the screen. A print of the film is owned now by Mary Pickford, and it was recently screened down in the bayous during a commemorative ceremony.

We urged the ladies, and they were pleased to comply, to take us down the pike to see St. Martinsville, which lies on the banks of the Teche and calls itself the Little Paris of America. Its first settlers had come directly from France, establishing a military station called the Poste des Attakapas, which they defended against the hostile Attakapas Indians. They maintained indigo plantations, fought Indians, and were eventually joined in 1765 by the first Acadians exiled from Nova Scotia. At the end of the century the settlement was joined by a third force of Frenchmen, the refugees of the Revolution of which Mrs. Winkle had told us over the *etouffées* the prior evening.

The barons and earls brought a new air of aristocracy and grand manner to the backwater bayous. They gave *fêtes champêtres*, imported a French opera company, and eventually hocked their jewels to pay the bills. After the Louisiana Territory was sold to the United States and Louisiana was admitted to the Union as a state, Poste des Attakapas became St. Martinsville. Its citizens fished, trapped, grew cane, and smuggled with the British along a secret bayou route that led to the gulf. If the fare was somewhat different than Paris, the adoration of the good life was not lost. They didn't coo over the potage St. Germain, they worried about the gumbo. The condition of the autumn grape had been important in France, but here it was the spring arrival of the crawfish. The delicate taste of the *pâté-de-foie-gras* Strasbourg was part of the good life in the old country; the proper taste of a crab boiling in a pot was important here.

Nor has St. Martinsville really changed. The Dodge and Plymouth dealer advertises that here one speaks French. The telephone company hangs a sign that says "La Compagnie de Téléphone-Télégraphe Bell du Sud." Fournet runs a drugstore and Oubré a bakery. Olivier deals in lumber, Hébert sells jewels, and

(*Continued on page* 95)

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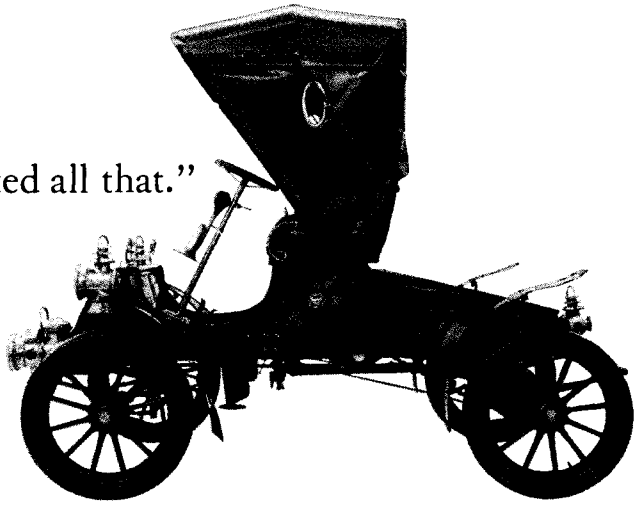

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Continued from page 92

Wilmer Bienvenu has the Rexall Store. The original town is laid out around the square where the Reverend Jean François, a Capuchin priest, established the first church in 1765. Sunday sermons are still delivered in French. Its masterpiece inside is the replica of Lourdes done in mud and plaster to resemble the grotto where so many of the ill and afflicted have realized miraculous cures. It was done by Paul Martinez, an octoroon who was inspired by a Lourdes postcard sent from France. The church has two celebrated gifts, one indoors, one out, both of which evoke curiosity. The indoor treasure is the baptismal font, donated by Louis XVI (who lost his head before his gift arrived in St. Martinsville). In the churchyard a dour model of Evangeline, a statue donated by Dolores del Rio and the rest of the movie company as a gift to the town when the filming of the tale of the sad lovers was finished has been placed above the grave of Emmeline Labiche. Says a booklet on the town, in a disarming aside, "The people of St. Martinsville and Lake Catahoula thoroughly enjoyed the visit of the movie company with its attendant glamour and exciting activities. They still speak of the friendliness and beauty of Miss del Rio and her fondness for fig preserves."

Down at the end of the street, on the shores of the bayou—or *by-ya*, as they pronounce it here—spreads the huge umbrella of the Evangeline Oak. It was in its shade that Louis Arcenaux waited for Emmeline to arrive, and here that he had to tell her that he had married another. None of the hurricanes have bothered the Evangeline Oak, even though a recent storm felled a huge tree that grew alongside.

The Old Castillo Hotel, where the French opera troupe stayed, stands just across from the Bayou Teche and the Evangeline Oak, a sturdy brick building that houses the Convent of Mercy School. It has been owned by the Sisters of Mercy since 1896, but the old halls echoed with the music of the grand balls staged by the Royalists trying to recreate the glories of Paris in the bayous of Louisiana.

St. Martinsville's Courthouse is celebrated for its simple and traditional austerity. It was built by slave labor, but the records in its vaults go all the way back to the founding of Poste des Attakapas in 1760. One of the presiding judges was Edward Simon, who at Harvard told the tale of Emmeline and Louis to Nathaniel Hawthorne, who told it to Longfellow. Three generations of Simons have since presided from the bench in the same court.

The original estate of a noble family named d'Hauterive, which emigrated from France in 1763, is now the Longfellow Evangeline State Park. The main house has become the Acadian House Museum, standing among the oak trees dripping with moss. The Acadian Craft House nearby is a reproduction of the simple quarters built by the refugees from Nova Scotia. The outside stairs lead to the *garconniére*, the quarters traditionally set aside for the young men in all Acadian families. The Park Lodge serves a potluck dish every day (black-eyed peas, rice, and steak the day I looked in), but its menu also gives notice of such examples of local delicacy as chicken jumbalaya, gumbo, stuffed crab, and fried catfish, all served on a brick terrace set at the edge of a running creek.

Many of the recipes of the bayou country are said to have been descended from those evolved by the great chefs of France, who came to America with the refugee royalists whom they served. *Oreilles de cochon*, hogs ears, were a favorite—dough dropped in frying oil and twisted, then later dipped in boiled syrup. *Oreilles de cochon* and *croquignoles*, a tea cake, were always on the breakfast tray, especially when the favorite sons returned home. Breakfasts ordinarily featured (and still do) *couche couche et caillé* or *cush cush* and *café brulé*. In either case, it involves cornmeal mixed with baking powder and cooked in a covered iron pot. Café brulé is

boiled milk mixed with caramel syrup.

Almost all Cajun or Acadian cooking begins with a *roux*, flour mixed into heated shortening and browned, then seasoned with onions. A local cookbook here is called *First You Make a Roux*. The *roux* is the beginning of such famous dishes as *courtbouillon* and gumbo. Gumbos can be made with chicken or seafood, but in the Cajun version no tomatoes are used. The manufacture of gumbo begins with the *roux* and ends with a heavy sprinkling of gumbo filé, a powdered sassafrass. *Courtbouillon*, called by the cookbook *Recettes de Petit Paris* the most complicated of all French recipes, involves boiling a large fish in gallons of water that has been seasoned with a *roux* to which garlic, tomatoes, bay leaves, and thyme have been added. A local guidebook that incorporates a few traditional recipes bothers with no such scary preambles about *courtbouillon*. It merely advises the reader that ice-cold lemonade or beer should be served at regular intervals to the cook.

—Horace Sutton.

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Unsubmissive Performance

JOHN OSBORNE'S new play, *Inadmissible Evidence* (see SR, Dec. 18), has a unique form that fascinates and challenges both the audience and the actor who plays the part of Bill Maitland. For one thing, the prologue begins with the end of the story. And twenty-eight-year-old Nicol Williamson, whose nightly task it is to start at a point normally arrived at only through a long progression of emotionally escalating experiences, prefers to regard it as "the overture." Indeed, he turns its long monologue into a masterfully executed aria catching the essence of modern man's desperation and confusion with intricately designed emotional surges and retreats. For instance, in one breath he must positively maintain that he has spent his life "in the service of the law" and in the next reverse the motor and negatively add, "If you can call being a solicitor 'in the service of the law.'"

Should "the overture" be placed at the beginning like this? In opera, the themes established in the overture emerge again during the performance that follows. Here we never again see the protagonist at such an extreme of irrationality and uncontrol. Certainly it might be more effective and easier for the actor if it had been put at the end where it chronologically and emotionally belongs. And yet, as the play flashes back to the more rational series of episodes that lead up to the overture's hallucinated hell, we begin to realize how much we needed having witnessed in advance the protagonist's nightmare. For it is the real antagonist of the drama.

As Mr. Williamson puts it, "This isn't a play about a man *going* down the drain. It's about a man *slipping* down the drain and desperately fighting against doing so." From this assessment the actor has built the performance which London critics voted the best of the year (ahead of Sir Laurence Olivier's highly acclaimed Othello) and which is here rivaled only by Christopher Plummer's Pizarro in *The Royal Hunt of the Sun*.

After the overture, the play becomes a deliberately relentless process of putting the protagonist through a series of confrontations that are there solely for the purpose of revealing himself to himself. Thus, many who have seen the play here in a version a half-hour shorter than the London one feel that it is still too long. Mr. Williamson shrewdly explains, "It is not the length that bothers them, it's the relentlessness."

The actor feels the relentlessness, too, and wishes that he were performing the play in repertory where he would only have to do it a couple of times a week. At the same time, he finds that he is more exhausted facing the start of each performance than he is at the end when, strangely enough, he emerges exhilarated. Because the form of the play is to use the other characters as a means of revealing what is inadmissible to the main character, Mr. Williamson has welcomed the various cast changes which, since the play first opened in London sixteen months ago, have given him the unplanned opportunity to be stimulated by from three to five actors in each of the other roles. While some were better than others, he says, each made him discover something fresh in himself.

This form of self-discovery through confrontation and projection allows infinite complexity, as attested to by the fact that the play was originally planned to include two additional scenes, one between Maitland and his father, and the other between Maitland and his first wife. And one gets the feeling that in Nicol Williamson, the playwright found one of the few actors alive with the capacity and willingness to go as deep into Bill Maitland's alienation as Mr. Osborne cared to probe.

This alienation is also demonstrated by another device, the casting of the same actress as three different women who come to discuss their divorce with Maitland. Thus we see that the protagonist is breaking down into that condition wherein he begins to see everybody as the same. And in the interview with the client who fights to avoid admitting to himself that he is homosexual, we see Maitland lose contact completely as he recognizes that he and his client are similar in their compulsion to avoid the issue.

How much similarity is there between Osborne, Maitland and Williamson? The actor feels that while he is younger than the other two, and glad of it, he and Maitland are less sophisticated than Osborne. However, he believes that all three share the same kind of edgy humor, detest the possessive "egg complex" of most women, and are happier outside the new generation's "with-it brigade." Furthermore, he finds they all tend to be potently sharp, biting and cruel about what they have to say. He quickly adds that this does not mean they do not violently detest violence, particularly in its most insidious forms. "The giveaway to my nature," concludes the Scottish-born actor, "is that my favorite composers are Handel, Bach, and Mozart."

—Henry Hewes.

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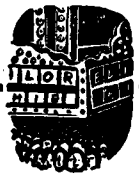

Swinging on Some Stars

FOR A YEAR in which racial tentions so frequently flared into ugly headlines, the American screen has been curiously lacking in pertinent commentary. Indeed, one of the odder aspects of the recent *Bedford Incident* was the fact that Sidney Poitier, playing an aggressive reporter aboard a Navy destroyer, was never once ticked off in terms of race. Everyone on shipboard seemed miraculously, unbelievably color-blind. No such unlikelihood mars *A Patch of Blue*, which also stars Poitier. The only one unaware that he is a Negro is the eighteen-year-old girl who falls in love with him—and she has been blinded in childhood by her shrewish, prostitute mother.

A central situation that might easily have turned mawkish and melodramatic is transformed into something touching and true by writer-director Guy Green and a uniformly expert cast headed by Elizabeth Hartman, Shelley Winters, Wallace Ford, and, of course, Poitier. The squalor of the tenement in which the girl drudges away her days, stringing beads when she is not cleaning up after her mother and drunken grandfather, is unblenchingly described—often in the girl's own words as she matter-of-factly tells her befriender of her horrifying life. What gives this film its special magic, however, is the slow unfolding of the girl's personality and intelligence in response to the first warmth she has ever known. For once, it is not the Negro who is deprived; he is the giver—first food, then books, music, the beginnings of a formal education, but most of all, sympathy and understanding. Blindness, the film seems to say, can be a blessing if it helps one to cross the color line and respond to selflessness with love.

Nor does *A Patch of Blue* imply that racial intolerance is wholly one-sided. In a singularly well-written scene, Poitier's brother, a doctor, makes clear his disapproval of the growing relationship with a white girl. And seldom has white bigotry been more searchingly exposed in a film than in the lines with which Shelley Winters, as the mother, lashes out at the girl when she learns she has been seen with a Negro. Fortunately, the picture proffers no pat solution to a problem that has no easy answers. Although, probably for the first time on the American screen, a white girl kisses a Negro, the film ends on an equivocal note. The girl goes off to a school, and as she leaves, one is uncertain whether she will ever meet again, or even remember, the man who gave her so much. The film so churns the emotions, however, that it would take a harder heart than mine to keep them apart.

The ubiquitous Mr. Poitier turns up again in a hapless, distended teleplay titled *The Slender Thread*. Once more he is bent on saving the life of a white girl, this time more literally than figuratively—he plays a kind of "suicides anonymous" volunteer in Seattle's Crisis Clinic, battling to maintain a telephone connection with a young woman who has swallowed an overdose of pills until the police can locate her. The substance of an idea is undoubtedly there, based on an actual incident reported a few years ago in *Life*. But a wide chasm divides true-life incident from living drama, and neither Stirling Silliphant's talk-clogged script nor director Sydney

Pollack's restless camera ever penetrates the surface of the characters involved. We see what they are doing, we hear what they are saying, but neither is sufficient to make us share Poitier's urgency to keep the would-be suicide alive.

Anne Bancroft's talents, squandered in *The Slender Thread*, are barely even tapped in *Seven Women*, a Chinese-based Western in which Mongolian bandits replace the redskins and the occupants of an isolated American mission—seven women and one man—stand in for the embattled pioneers. Despite a cast that includes, in addition to Miss Bancroft, Margaret Leighton, Flora Robson, Mildred Dunnock, Betty Field, and Eddie Albert, there is not a single performance that is not hopelessly overemphatic and utterly implausible—as overemphatic and implausible, indeed, as the makeup worn by this ultra-religious band throughout the film. *Seven Women* was directed by veteran John Ford, and I suspect that his admirers among the *auteur* critics will be hard put to it to explain away this work of The Master.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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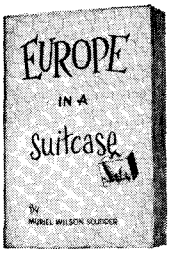

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Philadelphia

Continued from page 48

with beautiful restored eighteenth-century homes partly on the site of the old food markets.

One of the significant provisions of the 1952 city charter and other statutes is the large number of advisory and planning boards appointed by the Mayor. Members of these boards need not be residents of the city, and to their credit Mayors Clark, Dilworth, and Tate have placed on these boards leading businessmen and civic leaders and have shown a willingness to be guided by their advice. This has resulted in the availability to Philadelphia of a great pool of intelligent citizens.

To solve their almost incredible problems, cities need brains and ability; indeed, a city's progress depends directly on the extent to which it can enlist them.

It is necessary to convince the people of the nation that our ancient cities are national assets and that they need and are entitled to receive financial assistance to be given by *all* the people of America, just as our farm population needed and was given such assistance in the 1930s.

Massive federal aid is needed for our cities. The taxpayers living or working within city boundaries cannot possibly by themselves pay for the burden of educating and assimilating the poor and illiterate people who have come into these cities from rural communities.

It is necessary to convince the people who live in the suburbs surrounding these great cities that their future as dwellers in the suburbs is directly involved in the solution of the problems of the city next door and that many of these problems can only be solved on a regional basis.

This regional approach must be made in public transportation, air pollution control, crime control, supply and purification of water, health and hospital planning, port development, and fire protection, and by simplifying, improving, and consolidating the number of units of local government.

—Morris Duane.

Philadelphia:

A Look at Techniques

FOUR PHILADELPHIA projects suggest the scope of the challenge and the opportunity. Because they might well prove adaptable to other communities, they are, I think, worth a closer look.

The Food Distribution Center: Philadelphia's $100 million Food Distribution Center is the world's first industrial park designed solely for the processing, packaging, distribution, and wholesaling of food products. To develop this facility, Philadelphia invested $15,000,000 for land acquisition and improvements. Private investments total $85,000,000. When the private debt is retired, the center will become the property of the City of Philadelphia.

As recently as a decade ago, the site of the Food Center was a smoking, unhealthy dump bordered by squatter shacks. The City of Philadelphia collected a few thousand dollars a year in real estate taxes on the property. The property tax revenue will reach close to $2,000,000 a year when construction is completed. Also significant is the Food Center's direct employment potential of about 12,000 jobs (plus the additional jobs created by the multiplier effect).

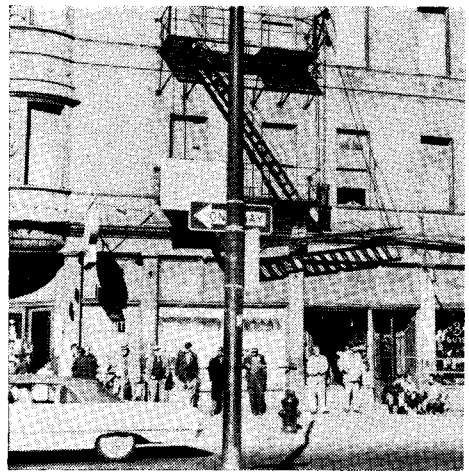
While the initial planning and promotion of the Food Center was done by the Greater Philadelphia Movement, at an early date a nonprofit group, with civic leaders and local public officials serving as directors, was incorporated to manage it. Creation of a nonprofit corporation in which city officials and civic leader work together to solve a community problem is a technique that has now been widely used by other groups in Philadelphia.

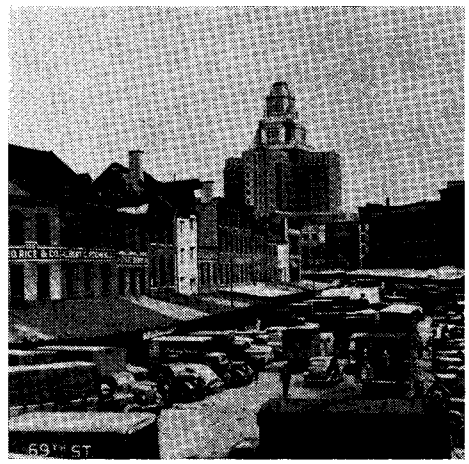
Skid Row: As long ago as 1956, GPM decided that when the buildings on Skid Row were demolished, something should be done about the men who live there. As a result of a survey completed for us by the Center of Alcohol Studies, then affiliated with Yale University, GPM initiated a strategy for action. Our plan was to operate an experimental diagnostic and relocation center for several years to examine, advise, and refer the men to community institutions that could help them.

The Center has been operating since mid-1963, and some preliminary findings are revealing. There is, as expected, a high rate of alcoholism and a high rate of tuberculosis—in some cases a single individual having both diseases. In fact, 25 per cent of the first group were hospitalized for "varying acute medical conditions."

The problems of Skid Row have been studied in several large American cities. These investigations, however, have all been "book studies" that made no effort, beyond that of fact-finding interviews, to deal with the actual men and their real problems. The Philadelphia project is action-oriented.

Some may wonder: "Can the men be persuaded to leave the Row?" Our findings to date are that it is reasonably easy to persuade the men, especially the older ones, to leave Skid Row when other facilities are available. We hope they will





Making way for the new look—From top, views show Philadelphia's Skid Row; the old food market, now replaced by the new $100 million Food Distribution Center; and an old building coming down in preparation for urban renewal.

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stay off the Row, too. For a small sample of men, a one-year follow-up showed that two-thirds of them had. Further studies are under way.

PUBLIC EDUCATION: In 1962 the Greater Philadelphia Movement completed a two-year review of public education in Philadelphia. We discovered that we had a school board selection process that discouraged citizen interest in public education. A large group of local judges appointed the fifteen-member Board of Education. The judges discouraged nominees from any other sources than the county chairmen of the Republican and Democratic parties. Members of the board, once appointed, were appointed over and over again. In fact, appointment to the school board had become a form of honor for those people retiring from active civic service.

A powerful business manager of the school system had successfully shunted the superintendent of schools aside so that the superintendent was hardly more than a figurehead. The legislature of the Commonwealth, instead of our local city council, set local school taxes. There was no cooperation with city operations. By 1961 we were becoming aware, in the civic community, of the terrible challenges to effective public education that existed in Philadelphia and other cities.

After GPM's two 1962 reports we expected that it would take about a decade to see real results. But in 1963 Commonwealth's General Assembly not only transferred the school taxing power from itself to Philadelphia's City Council, but also authorized the establishment of a commission to propose to the voters a new plan to govern the school system. The new plan, approved by Philadelphia voters last May, simplified the method of school board selection, put the superintendent back in the driver's seat, and encouraged, for a wide range of noninstructional activities, close cooperation between the school district and the City of Philadelphia. It followed closely the GPM proposals of three years earlier.

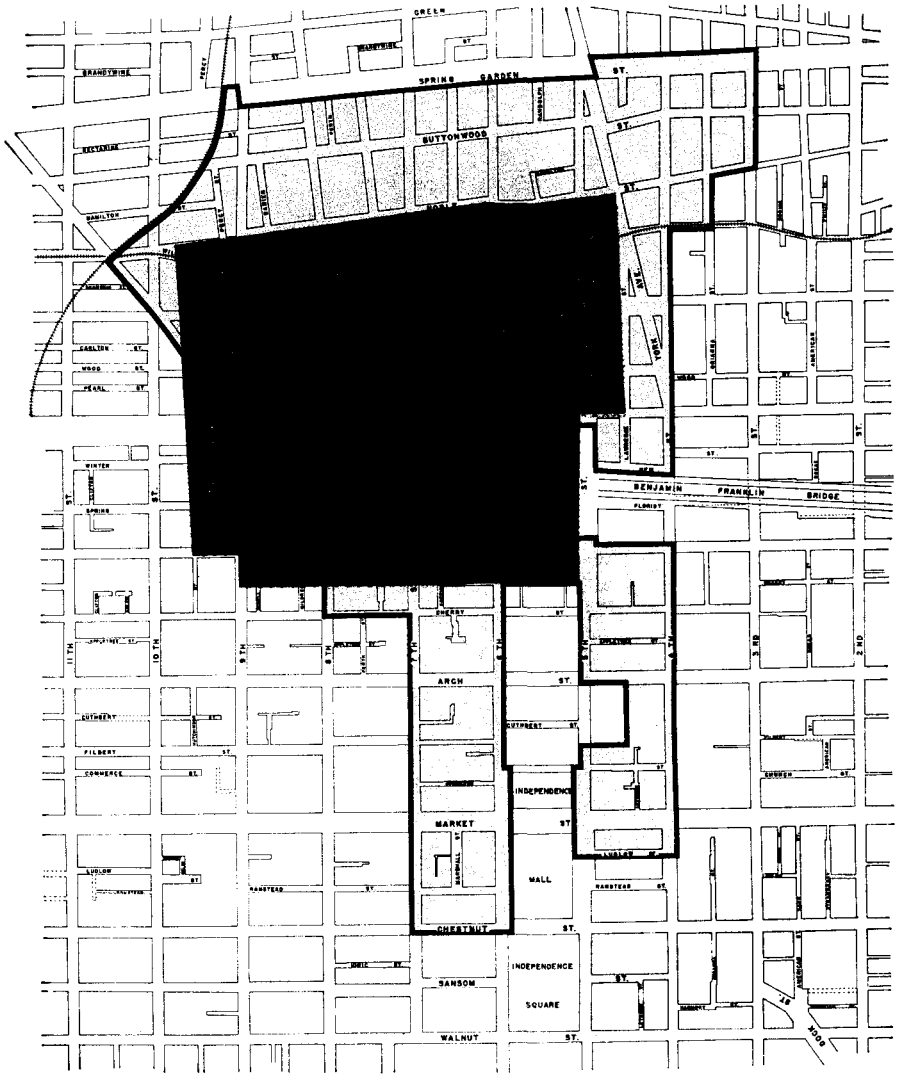
LEADERSHIP TRAINING: One of our elder statesman in Philadelphia sees his principal contribution to community affairs as that of "energizing young men to action." Some years ago he proposed to the Greater Philadelphia Movement that a project be established to train young men in civic affairs and inspire them to a lifetime of community service. When begun in 1959, the goal of our Community Leadership Training Program was to assist business and industry to prepare a limited number of promising executives to assume important volunteer responsibility with various nonprofit business, civic, and citizen organizations in the city.

The real work of operating this program is in the hands of the Fels Institute of Local and State Government of the University of Pennsylvania, and the program itself is financed by the Fels Fund. When it began charging $200 per student several years ago it expected to encounter sales resistance. This expectation was wrong. There continues to be a waiting list for the program.

Each fall the program begins with a weekend of study away from home, where the men are introduced to the general economic, social, and governmental structure of the metropolitan area and are divided into groups to make proposals for dealing with some assigned community problem.

Throughout the nine months following the weekend of background study, the men meet one night a month for lectures and discussions on subjects such as city and regional planning, water resources management, racial tensions, and the administration of justice. The next to the last session is always on a subject such as "what should be the role of the political parties in achieving metropolitan progress?" At the final session, each of six teams of students presents findings on its independent study of a community problem. One imaginative group last year, studying the problems of Negro employment, set up an informal employment bureau for college-trained Negroes and then recorded the experience. The result: Qualified Negroes were placed in professional jobs.

—WILLIAM H. WILCOX.



independence mall-franklin urban renewal area

Urban Renewal Area Boundary

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THE REDEVELOPMENT AUTHORITY OF THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA

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Which is right for you?

If your hearing is normal, the telephone handset on the left is for you. It's what you use now.

But if hearing is a problem, the one on the right may be a help.

It's a transistorized handset for the hard of hearing that has been developed by engineers at Bell Telephone Laboratories.

The small, thumb-operated knob lets the hearer adjust the volume of the caller's voice as on a radio, making it as loud as desired. The handset fits inconspicuously on any phone base, in any color. It's one of a number of telephone aids for the handicapped.

For the speechless, there is an electronic artificial larynx, also developed at Bell Laboratories. This provides a steady tone in the throat cavity which can be modulated into words by shaping mouth and lips.

Several thousand bedfast children around the country keep in touch with classroom work from home or hospital via two-way Bell System amplified telephone circuits.

For the blind, there are switchboards that operate by touch. Other devices for other impairments are being worked on.

Some of this equipment looks like the regular thing—some doesn't.

But the point of it all is to give the handicapped *service that's as close to the regular* as we can make it.

If you'd like more information about any of these helpful special services, just call a Bell System Business Office, or ask a telephone man.

Bell System
American Telephone & Telegraph and Associated Companies

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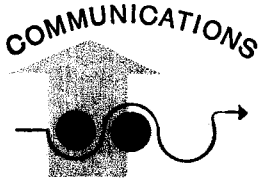
COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



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The One-World Concept of Mass Communication

DAVID SARNOFF, chairman of the board of the Radio Corporation of America, has been a communicator for half a century and seldom says anything for public consumption not pretty carefully thought through and even more precisely worded. Regardless of which assistant in which department has delivered material for his speech or portions of it, General Sarnoff's judgment based on unprecedented experience in electronic communication is what finally matters. We know he will not say anything to us that is not solidly provable and we can be pretty certain that, before a special audience, he will speak of the future of communications with an authority probably unsurpassed in today's world. Therefore, when General Sarnoff said the other night at the annual dinner of the Advertising Council that he foresees a one-world concept of mass communication we must listen carefully and follow his thought into whatever future it leads us.

As he received the 1965 Public Service Award of the Advertising Council, General Sarnoff suggested unification of all present communications media—television, radio, newspapers, magazines, and books—into a single integrated electronic medium that would serve a global audience with instantaneous sight and sound. He said that technical advances in recent years, even in recent months, have removed the distinctions among the various traditional communications media. We are now able, he says, to "transmit across vast distances all types of information—print and picture, the spoken word, telegraphic messages, televised images, and even the esoteric language of computers." We are then on the threshold of radical change in the ways we communicate everywhere on the planet.

Radical change was, after all, the hallmark of the Industrial Revolution —and we managed to adapt successfully. We can, says Sarnoff, expect the coming revolution in communications to be equally dramatic and adaptable. On planning boards and in engineering centers and research laboratories, advances in electronic communication are now so far along that they should reach practical form by the 1970s, weaving a world-wide pattern of total communication that joins homes, communities, and nations.

What form will these new electronic communication tools take? One, says the chairman of RCA, will be laser pipes providing superhighways for communication among major population centers. Through these narrow light beams any individual will be able to have his "private line" for sight-and-sound communication across any distance, as he now has his private telephone line—lasers with a total capacity millions of times greater than the most advanced communications systems today. We shall have available microwave channels carrying radio, television, telephone, facsimile newspaper, magazine, and book printing, telegraph message, and computer data directly into office or home, giving the individual new access to the entire earth, if the politics of the world by that time allow such access. Then there will be continental and global networks of computer centers available to scholars, professional people, and businessmen, a sort of instant world library where all known and recorded data on any conceivable

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subject from social statistics to medical knowledge, from ancient history to market trends, will be instantaneously available. We should not forget our old friend the satellite, which, in synchronous orbit, will, says Sarnoff, "broadcast directly to individual television sets and FM radio receivers in the home, anywhere on earth," beaming its programs simultaneously over vast areas with a number of sound channels from which the viewer can select his own language. The next great step in communications is, then, the move toward unity in the use of light and air waves, telegraphy, radio broadcasting and radio telephony, television in all of the colors, even the computer with its sophisticated data processing and data storage.

ONE result, of course, will be the emergence of a universal language probably spoken and understood by all men in addition to their native tongue, and it is almost certain that this new language will derive largely from English, the most widely used of the more than 4,000 languages now spoken around the world. Six hundred million people on this planet now speak or understand English, more than one-fifth of the total population of the world. Three hundred million use English as their primary tongue. But what wonders us, as they say it in Pennsylvania Dutch country, is *what* these hundreds of millions (and the rest of the world) will communicate to one another over all the fancy communications media RCA perceives. Will the West one day use its advanced gadgetry to send to the less-lettered portions of the globe the contrived and dreadful situation comedies now flooding NBC (and CBS and ABC)? How many dismal Westerns per night will flow by esoteric laser beam from Radio City to one of the emerging nations thirsting for American culture? Will the worldwide person-to-person communications the chairman of RCA foresees lessen the threat of human suicide and stir up at last a genuine interest in a fully functioning assembly of nations? Or will a Big Brother run all our communications at a level of the lowest common denominator?

Will the fact of common mass publication lower further still the quality of both print and electronic fiction and nonfiction? Will we all one day be forced to get our entertainment and our information from a single low common denominator where there isn't room for a *Saturday Review* or a WQXR or, for that matter, the dissenting voice? These are the important questions to a free democratic society, lovely as is the concept of one-world mass communication and fantastic as General Sarnoff's technical blueprint of the 1970s may seem to us now. —R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

The Irreplaceables

FRANK B. GILBRETH'S article "Who Says Newspapers Are Going Broke?" [*SR*, Dec. 11] makes interesting and delightful reading. I share his hope about reporters, ad salesmen, and assistant publishers [EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Gilbreth is an assistant publisher] not being replaced by computers. Quite frankly, I never (almost never, at least) thought I would see the day when someone or anyone on publishers' row would admit—in print, yet—to not needing a tin cup. In all seriousness, however, it was refreshing to read the words of a "management man" who, for a change, wasn't spawned in the advertising or business office. He's got the human touch, which is more vital than ever in today's newspaper office. Again, thanks for a few moments of pleasure.

RAY MARTIN,
Editor, Editorial Page,
Savannah *Evening Press.*

Savannah, Ga.

THE ARTICLE BY Frank B. Gilbreth made excellent reading. It is authentic, obviously. As a follow-up may I call his attention, and that of *SR* readers, to a recent University of Wisconsin survey. It was compiled by Professor Jon G. Udell, director of the university's Bureau of Business Research and Service and sponsored by the American Newspaper Publishers Association. Professor Udell also serves as economic consultant to the Inland Press Association. In his report, "The Growth of the American Daily Newspaper," the Wisconsin researcher states: 1) The daily newspaper business is big business, bigger than most of the manufacturing industries in our nation's economy, and is going to get bigger; 2) newspapers represent 1.53 per cent of all industrial activity in the USA, not far behind the automobile industry's 1.82 per cent; 3) circulation will climb from 60,250,000 in 1964 to almost 82,000,000 by 1980; 4) newspaper advertising reached $4.1 billion last year, more than three and a half times that of 1946, and will rise substantially in the next decade; 5) consumers continue to rely far more heavily on newspaper advertising than on advertising in any other medium; 6) there were 1,749 daily papers in the country in 1945, and the same number in 1964. Copies of Udell's economic analysis are available without cost by writing the bureau, School of Commerce, University of Wisconsin, Madison 53706.

JACK BURKE.

Madison, Wis.

I HAVE JUST READ Frank B. Gilbreth's very interesting article. I am convinced that the computer will not replace assistant publishers, but publishers I am a little worried about because most of them can't write nearly as well as assistant publishers.

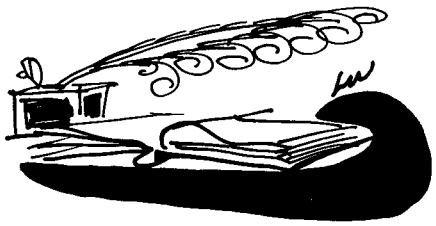
WILLIAM BLOCK,
Publisher,
Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette.*

Pittsburgh, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following information came in last week from Frank B. Gilbreth in Charleston, South Carolina, to be passed along to our readers: "There was an omission in the editor's note that I hope very much you can set straight in a subsequent issue. I'm listed as the author of Cheaper by the Dozen. Actually I am the co-author, with my sister, Ernestine Gilbreth Carey. Since she is a professional writer, this omission isn't fair to her."*

When Transistors Saved the Night

SATURDAY REVIEW is to be commended for its lucid and comprehensive account of radio's—and specifically the transistor radio's—role during the big blackout of November 9. Transistors continue to sell at a record rate, as more and more families recognize their great importance in crisis situations. As you reported [*SR*, Dec. 11], the Radio Advertising Bureau has instituted a campaign to put a transistor in



every home, and many broadcasters across the U.S. are using their facilities in this public-service effort.

One anecdote related to me perhaps sums up the unique service broadcasters performed that night. An ophthalmologist I know was in a ward with a number of semi-blind patients who were preparing to undergo surgery to save what little sight they had. When the blackout hit, the sudden darkness convinced them they had gone blind. Their panic and despair was relieved only when my friend got out his transistor radio and they learned, through the relaxed, cheerful voices on the air, that the blackout they thought was a private tragedy, was merely a major public inconvenience.

We would appreciate permission to reprint R.L.T.'s article and distribute it to our RAB member radio stations all over the world.

MILES DAVID,
President,
Radio Advertising Bureau, Inc.

New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Permission gladly granted.*

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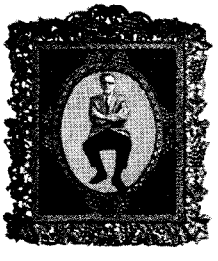
Son of Koltanowski?



YES, as a sequel we're giving the Chess Master and World's Blindfold Champion away in this year's Paul Masson Chess Tournament, as well. For the following reason:

1) He was a roaring success. Actually, he played the *first three* winners in a Grand Prize Grand Tour that took him to Seekonk, Massachusetts, Houston, Texas, and New York; playing all comers and dispensing champagne in a chessmasterly manner.

This year Koltanowski's bounty will consist of Paul Masson California Sherry (Fine, Cocktail, Rare Dry, Pale Dry, Rare Cream, and Golden Cream), Port (Tawny, Rare Tawny, and Rich Ruby), and Vermouth (Sweet and Double Dry): slow, thoughtful drinks, ideally suited to chess play.

All entries will receive a pocket-size "International Laws of Chess" with an introduction by Koltanowski. Second through 100th prizes are of the deluxe edition, and autographed by the Master himself.

So go to it. White to play and mate in two moves.

Dear Paul Masson Chess Expert, Dept. S-5, Saratoga, Calif.,

Here is my solution for Mr. Koltanowski:_____ I'll be delighted to receive the International Laws of Chess. Also, I hope mine is among the first correct answers checked after April 1, 1966. I understand that unless my answer is postmarked before then it will be ineligible for a prize.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

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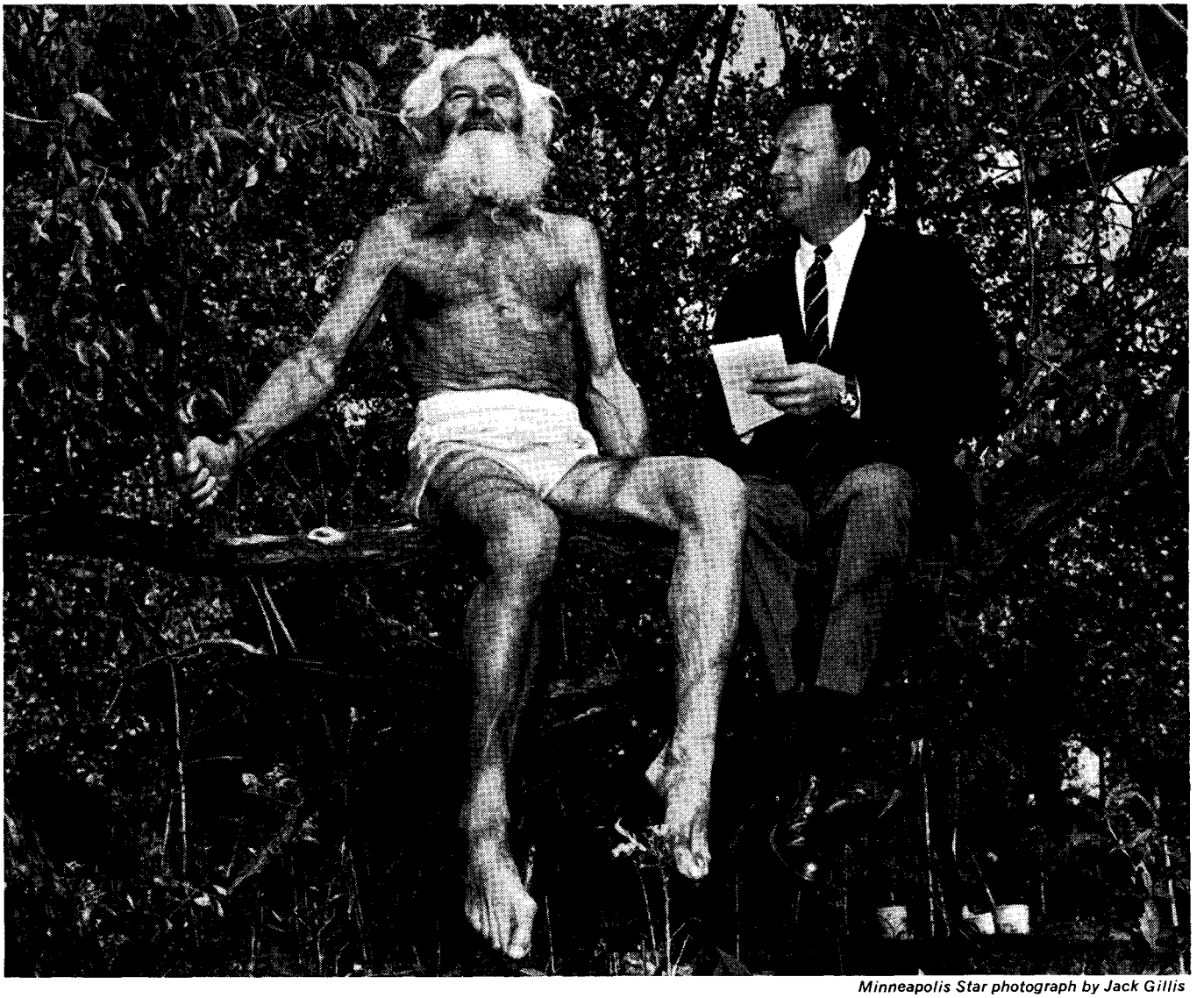


Minneapolis Star photograph by Jack Gillis

WHAT MAKES A NEWSPAPER GREAT?

Ralph Thornton has discovered you need more than a sharp pencil and deft writing ability to produce a twice-weekly column on the Minneapolis-St. Paul suburbs.

You need the old-fashioned ability to shinny up a tree in your best casual business clothes, school tie and all.

Up a tree in the village of Savage is where Thornton recently went to bring Minneapolis Star readers the story of "Professor" L. V. Voss, who claims to be 86 and is a self-styled vegetarian, scholar, champion swimmer, jujitsu expert, equestrian or what-have-you.

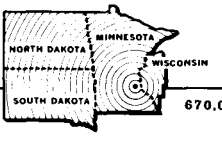
Minneapolis Star reporters who cover suburbia, however, do more than entertain. They inform. They report on everything from new construction to the preservation of Indian burial grounds, from civic theaters to sewer assessments, from youth center activities to shopping-center sales volume, from volunteer fire departments to back-yard barbecues, from high school football games to political races.

To cover the Twin Cities suburbs—and since 1950 these suburbs have consistently ranked at or near the top in rate of population increase among the suburban areas of the nation's first 15 markets — the Minneapolis Star has assigned a special seven-man team, and additional reporters and photographers are available as needed from the regular staff.

You're likely to find a Minneapolis Star reporter at any significant suburban council meeting, park and planning commission meeting, school board session, and at all major civic and sports events.

Anticipating the need for new coverage patterns to meet the growth of the area they serve, and the changing tastes of the fine people who read them, is just one more reason that the Minneapolis Star and the Minneapolis Tribune are the most influential medium in our nation's 15th market.

MINNEAPOLIS STAR EVENING



Minneapolis Tribune MORNING SUNDAY

JOHN COWLES, *President*

670,000 SUNDAY • 510,000 COMBINED DAILY

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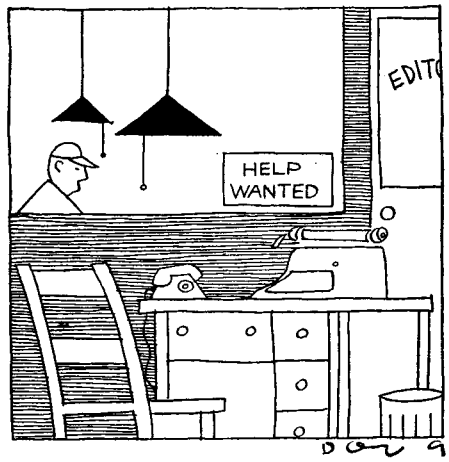
Where Are Tomorrow's Journalists?



By ALFRED BALK

ONE OF the more perplexing paradoxes in the communications field is its inability to communicate a fundamental fact about itself—a serious and growing talent shortage. In all major journalistic media—newspapers, magazines, radio-TV, book publishing—the refrain is the same: where is the new young talent?

High-level glamour positions in large journalistic enterprises, as always, are filled promptly from a talent pool within the field. But middle- and lower- level jobs in smaller organizations (the bulk of the field and traditionally where most beginners break in) often go begging, at least for surprisingly long periods.

Indeed, Paul S. Swensson, executive director of the *Wall Street Journal's* nonprofit journalism research and recruitment foundation, the Newspaper Fund, Inc., made what he regards as a highly conservative estimate of the talent shortage not long ago, and the result was sobering. Writing in a special Career Opportunities issue of *Quill*, magazine of Sigma Delta Chi, the national professional journalistic society, he estimated that a minimum of 5,000 new journalists a year is required merely to fill existing opportunities, excluding advertising and public relations. "A nationwide survey, if one were made, might possibly double that figure," he added.

Vacancies in newsrooms of the nation's 1,750 daily newspapers alone, according to the Association for Education in Journalism, number at least 3,500 annually, an average of two per newspaper. In contrast, only about 3,300 undergraduate and graduate students received diplomas from journalism schools last June. An unknown number of liberal arts graduates also entered the field, but this total is thought to be relatively small.

"Job placement directors are deluged with requests for names of new journalism graduates or journalists one or two years out of school," says Swensson. "The situation has been this way for more than a decade. The visible supply of talented young people falls far short of estimates of the profession's needs."

As national chairman of Sigma Delta Chi's Journalism Careers Committee for the past two years, I can verify Swensson's gloomy estimate. Along with the historic, omnipresent need for greater quality of talent, it is clear that American journalism for the rest of this decade —and probably much longer—will be faced with the most serious quantitative deficiency of recruits in history.

Why is this so? One reason certainly is money. In simpler times, before higher education became a virtual prerequisite for competent journalists, publishers and early-day broadcasters fell into a habit of paying take-it-or-leave-it wages. Today, burdened with a cost squeeze partly due to raw-materials expense and partly to archaic practices perpetuated by militant tradesmen, many have been too slow to change.

Nineteenth-century personnel policies have also contributed. In newspaper city rooms in particular, old-line editors and desk men too often have indulged picayunish and unprofessional habits that clash directly and disastrously with young, college-educated recruits' values, prompting even many hardy idealists to flee to related vocations.

Unhappily, in view of the press's presumed mission in society, a real or fancied lack of intellectual challenge has been a further deterrent. Bright, young, liberally educated individuals in whom the media should be most interested and to whom journalism should be most appealing tend to look at the intellectual and political posture of mass media they know best—usually those of small and medium-size towns—and conclude (too hastily, alas) that if this is journalism it is not for them.

THEN there are damaging deficiences in our educational system. First, certainly, is that at least since arrival of the age of urbanization and accelerated technological change *no* field requiring any appreciable amount of advanced education has been amply supplied with talent (including law, engineering, business, and medicine), and journalism has suffered proportionately. This cumulative loss of critically needed human resources surely is one of the most tragic and fateful national costs of economic, radical, and geographical discrimination in education.

Along with this, guidance counseling, where it exists in more than name in public schools, has been based largely on misinformation or lack of information concerning journalism. Some months ago when I was invited to speak at a Career Night at the high school in my own relatively affluent and sophisticated Chicago suburb of Evanston, for instance, I was surprised to discover that there were separate simultaneous panels on "Writing and Journalism" and "Newspaper Work."

Scores of high schools have no student newspaper—weekly, monthly, or annual; high school journalism teachers, of whom there also is a chronic shortage, habitually are commandeered from English or other departments that offer little specialized background in journalism; and in higher education, the masochistic academic debate over the merits of journalism schools versus liberal arts rages on, apparently incapable of settlement (or, sadly, even truce), while the inevitability—and probable desirability—of a dual system continues to elude both factions and prospective journalists drift elsewhere.

Finally, although engineering, medicine, and even the military mount aggressive and organized recruitment drives, the media and journalism associations have been slow to respond. Indeed, in general, journalism has been its own worst enemy, allowing the cynic, the griper, the unambitious, unsuccessful, uninformed middle-quality misfit who can be found in any field to speak for the craft, while its many satisfied, successful, intellectually alive and reasonably well-compensated practitioners tend to be subordinated or ignored.

Where journalism career materials have been produced, most tend to be long, wordy, vague, dull, unimaginatively illustrated, and outdated—appallingly unrepresentative of the best writing, art, and design in the craft. Most slides and films on journalism have been historical vignettes on such subjects as freedom of the press, or localized or regional public relations vehicles for individual publications: useful and important, but limited in their impact on recruitment.

What can be done? The situation is so complex that, obviously, no panacea exists. But the premise on which both the constitutional guarantee of freedom of the press and the deepest rewards of journalism are based seems a logical place to start. That is that information—prompt, accurate, comprehensive—is the

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key to all enlightened and corrective action, including motivating students to look beyond myths and quantitatively insignificant problems and seriously consider journalism as a career.

Certainly the field never has had more appealing facts to disseminate. For many institutional shortcomings prominent earlier now are extremely localized or rapidly being corrected. Furthermore, by the inexorable law of the marketplace, the supply deficiency which is the buyer's bane is the seller's delight. Hence, those with journalistic talent to sell never have had greater career opportunities than today, and the upward trend seems destined to continue.

Salaries are up. In its 1964 salary survey, the Newspaper Fund found that, of nineteen college and university journalism schools sampled, eight reported B.A. and B.S. graduates receiving starting salaries of $6,200 annually or more for newspaper work. Only two reported top starting salaries under $5,200 a year.

In radio-TV news, top starting salaries reported ranged from $7,000 to $8,320 a year. Network newsrooms in New York all reported guaranteed minimum starting salaries of $8,000 or more, ranging upward to a guaranteed $10,660 and above with two years or more experience.

Among news magazines, *Newsweek* reported starting writers ranked as assistant editors at $6,942 annually and raising them to $10,998 after three years. Other news magazines and general magazines pay accordingly, or higher. In business publishing, Associated Business Publications reports median salaries for writer-editors as $6,500 to $15,000, and for editors-in-chief, $10,000 to $20,000.

As most editors and news directors know, such announced figures represent only minimum earnings for trained young journalists. Columnists may earn $20,000 to $80,000 or more; radio-TV newsmen who double as reporter-broadcasters, $15,000 to $25,000 at large local stations, and $50,000 or more in network assignments; and middle-level editors on medium-size and large newspapers and magazines, $15,000 to $30,000 and upward, with top editors receiving much more.

At wire services, too, despite often modest starting salaries, pay is much higher than generally realized. United Press International, for instance, reports guaranteed minimums for newsmen and photographers in twelve large cities as $9,087 after seven years' experience, and an Associated Press executive reported informally not long ago that one-fourth of his organization's news employees earn at least $15,000 annually.

"There also are unprecedented opportunities for editing and publishing newspapers and magazines in the metropolitan neighborhood, suburban, and specialty field," notes Swensson. "If you are motivated, if you are trained, and if you want to make money, it is there to be made in journalism, just as in other fields."

Further, contrary to popular impression, the number of publications and broadcasting enterprises in the United States is not declining, but growing. Despite publicized closing of some daily newspapers, the concurrent founding of new metropolitan suburban, and small-town dailies has held the total stable for at least a decade, and circulation has increased. Other media, too, are booming: there now are more than 9,000 weekly newspapers, for instance; in excess of 5,000 radio and 700 TV stations; and 8,000 general-circulation and 12,000 trade magazines and house organs.

THE proportion of nonfiction to fiction in mass magazines and trade-book publishing lists, meanwhile, is rising, and new reporting specialties of broad appeal are coming of age: cultural affairs, medical and science writing, metropolitan problems, and the like. The talent shortage plus the demand for sound, modern, liberal education, moreover, has meant that young people move more quickly than ever into positions of journalistic prestige and power, including newspaper and magazine editorships and many "backstage" writing, editing, and (in radio-TV) producing assignments of which laymen are unaware.

Then there is the indispensable role of the press in a democracy. Never before has the imperative of the First Amendment, a free press's principal *raison d'être* and, in the last analysis, its sole one, been more vital to national—and human—survival than in this complex, fast-changing, perilous era.

"No, I'm not now and have never been a Communist or Fascist. Who's calling?"

Already a start has been made in assembling and disseminating these facts. The American Newspaper Publishers Association, Magazine Publishers Association, Radio-Television News Directors, and others have active career-information committees; several prominent radio-TV stations and newspapers and chains are producing growing lists of informational materials, both print and film; and the Newspaper Fund has pioneered as a well-financed, professionally directed effort (albeit one centered mainly on newspaper careers).

Sigma Delta Chi, largest journalism association and the only one encompassing all levels in all media, also has made strides. Members adopted journalism recruitment—"New Talent for a New Age"—as their 1965 national theme, and both SDX's Journalism Careers Committee and the recently established nonprofit Sigma Delta Chi Foundation have begun a long-term campaign on two levels. One is production of brief, meaty, inexpensive career pamphlets and a short movie (now being filmed) with CBS's Walter Cronkite as narrator; the other, a grassroots effort by SDX chapters built around speakers' bureaus, journalism workshops and tours, scholarships and awards, and similar local service activity.

Schools' and students' receptiveness to such activities has been amply demonstrated. One eight-page, cartoon-illustrated question-and-answer pamphlet, *The Big Story*, for example, quickly exceeded 50,000 in circulation, all on a financially self-liquidating basis of some 10 cents a copy; 13,000 reprints of the *Quill* magazine careers issue (November 1964) were sold in little more than a month; and requests for career-day speakers and pamphlets stream into chapters with active careers committees. Participants in other journalism recruitment activity report a comparable reception.

Given this response, one cannot help wondering what might result from an aggressive all-media campaign, encompassing special columns, features, advertisements, public service interview and panel broadcasts, and other obvious communications ideas, spurred and coordinated by a fulltime professional nucleus supported by all media through the Sigma Delta Chi Foundation or a similar joint vehicle.

Surely, in time, it would change the face of American journalism. For thousands of young Americans are seeking precisely the challenge and satisfaction that journalism offers, and they will act—if communicators will only communicate more skilfully something of the panoply of opportunities that exist.

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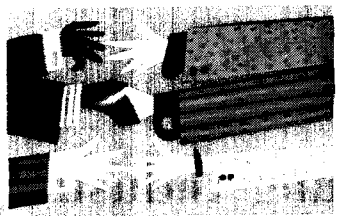
Public Relations



Moving Day

THE CLOSING of an uneconomical plant by a corporation is always a highly sensitive operation. The community, the workers, the reputation of the company are all involved. The manner of the closing, the care given to employees, the cushioning of the shock to a small town—all make it imperative for well-run corporations to move gently, with full regard for all the people affected.

Good management is always cautious before such decisions are made and it often takes years between the decision and the closing of a plant. This is one of the most "walk-on-eggs" jobs a corporate public relations director has. What, then, is it like to have to close four plants at once and consolidate them into one modern plant in a new location?

This was the problem General Foods Corporation faced. The handling of it is an exceptional example of a well-thought-out program performed with a sense of balance and civic responsibility.

After intensive studies, General Foods, on March 7, 1962, decided to close four outmoded plants run by the Jell-O division and open one big new one at a location that had not yet been chosen. Two of the plants were in urban areas: the Walter Baker plant in Dorchester, Massachusetts, a suburb of Boston, with 825 employees, and the Franklin Baker plant in Hoboken, New Jersey, near New York City, with 511 employees. The other two were in small towns with less than 10,000 population: the Minute plant in Orange, Massachusetts, with ninety-six employees, and the Jello-O plant in LeRoy, New York, with 350 employees—both important to the local economy. The Dorchester and Hoboken plants were unionized. It was not until May 8, 1965, that the operation was completed with the dedication of the new plant at Dover, Delaware.

The corporate policy was of long standing and clear: employees must be as fully informed as possible; the press must be given full cooperation in reporting the bad as well as the good. On this basis the task force working under the Jell-O division operations manager planned the move step by step.

Within three hours after the board of directors had made its decision, letters were distributed at all four plants to all employees. The letters were not sent to the employees' homes for fear that some might get the news before others or a leak to the press might result in radio and newspapers telling the story instead of the company. The letters were simple: the plants would be closed and a new one would be opened at a location not yet decided on but within 250 miles of New York City.

Employees were told that if they had any questions they would be answered by their foremen, departmental supervisor, plant personnel manager, or, if necessary, by the plant manager. Personnel people in all four plants had been briefed and could answer all questions to which answers were available. All employees were offered jobs at the new plant, a pre-move travel allowance for visits to the new plant with their families, professional help in getting housing at the new location, and full payment for moving household goods, plus associated expenses up to $1,000. In addition, they could choose to work in other GF plants, or retire, if eligible, or take their termination allowances, which ran to several thousand dollars in some cases.

NATURALLY, the first announcement caused an immediate reaction in all four communities, particularly the two smaller ones. People were shocked and bewildered and the newspapers reflected their feelings. To counteract this reaction, the operations manager of Jell-O held meetings with town officials to explain in depth the reasons for the company's decision and also to present the company's offer to pay the cost of community surveys by one of the country's leading industrial research firms as the first step to help the two small communities get new industry. These actions helped cushion the first shock of the announcement.

Another immediate reaction was that GF was beseiged by towns and cities that wanted the new plant. Governors, mayors, city councils, chambers of commerce, and real estate people began offering multiple reasons why GF should locate its new plant in their area. One community organized a letter-writing compaign that resulted in 3,000 letters, each with a boxtop from a GF product. Still another community sent a skywriting plane to trace in the sky, over the corporate headquarters, "We Want Jell-O."

Relocation desks were set up in all the old plants after the personnel department had completed a benefit form for each employee. With these aids the employee could then judge what was the best step for him to take.

And every step of the way all news was sent directly to the employees, and copies of every announcement went to the press. When Dover was finally chosen as the location of the new plant, brochures giving information about Dover, its advantages, its schools, its churches, available housing, and living conditions were sent to all employees. In fact, an "On the Move Kit" was prepared so that employees could keep a record of all steps taken and offers made. Everything was done to eliminate guesswork.

In all, fifty-two bulletins and letters were sent to the employees before the move was completed, including a final letter to those who did not move to Dover. And, at the same time, in the new community, information was sent to civic leaders, other leading local citizens, the press, and radio so that they would know the kind of new neighbors they would have, the kind of company GF was, what the plant would manufacture, the benefits it would bring—even the type of architecture of the new plant. And GF began at once to undertake its community obligations by supporting organizations and activities that were community-wide and that filled a generally recognized need.

The overall result was that the arrangements were made for every one of the almost 1,800 employees in the four obsolete plants. All were transferred to Dover or other GF units, were terminated with allowances, or retired. The unions in Dorchester and Hoboken did not strongly oppose the move, for labor-management relations had been excellent over the years.

The record of the GF plant closings shows that instead of bitter workers, unhappy communities, and distressed civic officials, everybody can feel that the company is fair and considerate.

Effort, thoughtfulness, a sense of responsibility, planning, with an overriding desire to do the decent thing paid off for General Foods. It does for other corporations that also understand that public acceptance is essential for profitable operation.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.

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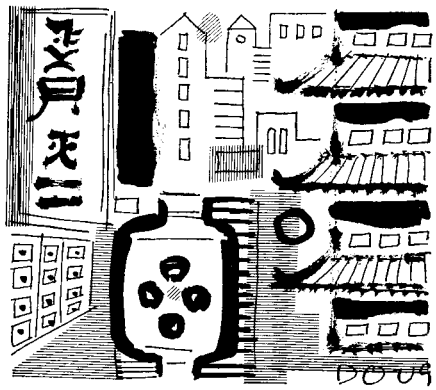
The Mao Tse-tung Industry

By FREDERICK NOSSAL



THE MAN in the baggy black pajama suit slipped away from the bright pier into the relative darkness of Connaught Road. He had made another journey eastward from Macao through the yellow-brown waters of the Pearl River delta to Hong Kong. Now he could deliver his precious contraband from China.

The goods he had managed to get from China were neither military secrets nor opium. They were Communist newspapers and magazines, many of which fetch a high price in Hong Kong. Some reach the British colony via the Portuguese territory of Macao. Others are brought across the narrow steel railway bridge at Lowu, the main border crossing between Hong Kong and China. Junks plying secretly along the coast of Kwangtung Province also find that the newspaper smuggling trade can be an interesting sideline.

The man in black delivered his parcel of papers to a contact in the teeming district of Wanchai, and from there the bundle was passed on to a diplomat who had the papers translated. The entire process is one tiny fragment of a world-wide business that must be called simply the Mao Tse-tung industry.

Mao Tse-tung has been an active politician for more than four decades. His name has been famous in all the great capitals for well over a quarter-century. He has written numerous volumes—on subjects ranging from guerrilla warfare and political philosophy to the need for decentralizing cities. His views on everything from swimming to the importance of marrying late (as one means of birth control) are spread far and wide by Peking's propagandists. Mao, who was seventy-two on December 26, is the most respected Communist theoretician alive today.

Yet because so little is known of his personal life, because he has never traveled anywhere outside China except to the Soviet Union, Mao is the most enigmatic leader of the present day, and the study of his doings, his writings, his beliefs and his teachings provides full-time employment for tens of thousands of people.

Admittedly, many thousands of these are employed in China, where his books are required reading. The Chinese Communists have deified Mao, and his doctrines have become China's Bible. Each year, millions of editions are pumped out by publishing houses around the country, and beautifully bound translations are available in many languages at rock-bottom prices.

But most intensive studies of Mao and the nation he heads have been undertaken by the United States. U.S. diplomats in Hong Kong usually pay the best prices for the smuggled Chinese newspapers, and U.S. universities pay the highest salaries to Sinologists and Chinese language experts. Chinese intellectuals who find that life in China is too stifling and manage either to slip into Hong Kong or to get permission to leave by Peking often make a comfortable living trying to explain Chinese Communist philosophies to the State Department and other government agencies.

THE Pentagon and the Central Intelligence Agency are among the biggest contributors to the Mao Tse-tung industry. The most valuable, and by far the costliest, translation service is that of the U.S. Consulate General in Hong Kong. A large staff of Americans and Chinese is kept busy turning out verbatim translations of what appears in Communist newspapers and magazines across the border that generally has no particular bias. The U.S. staff in Hong Kong (where the Consulate General is a larger operation than most U.S. embassies) sends out literally tons of material each year.

The translations go to other government departments, to universities and newspapers, to foreign correspondents and economists. The Canton *Evening News*, the *People's Daily* of Peking, newspapers from Chungking and Shanghai, from Szechuan and Yunnan provinces are closely studied and translated. Chinese trade union and science journals, literary monthlies, women's magazines, student and sports papers are searched for material that might prove useful.

Another highly renumerative aspect of the Mao Tse-tung industry is the North American lecture circuit. Almost anyone who has set foot into that forbidden land across the little bridge at Lowu is besieged by universities, organizers of seminars and symposia, by breakfast clubs and governments. This is a good thing, of course, because it is an acknowledgement of the world's tragic lack of knowledge and understanding about modern China.

It means also that the traveler who for some weeks is whisked through this vast land by polite officials intent on showing off only the best of their country often is pressured into writing a book. The best books about the new China, however, are written by those who have lived in the country for a number of years (either before or after the revolution) and who have made a study of the changes Mao Tse-tung and his party have wrought.

Among the most successful of the writer-lecturers is Edgar Snow, a former U.S. correspondent who wrote a truly prophetic book about Mao Tse-tung, *Red Star Over China*, a dozen years before the Communists seized power. Another is Felix Greene, author of *Awakened China* and *Curtain of Ignorance*, whose attitude toward the Chinese Communists is so friendly that they have allowed him into the country a number of times. Mr. Greene travels on a British passport but lives and makes his money in the United States.

FEES charged by China experts range from about $50 up per lecture, with some of the more popular speakers fetching $500 and more for a single appearance. In a week, the most successful of the lecturers can earn several thousand dollars without much trouble.

For anyone involved in the Mao-Tse-tung Industry, the greatest difficulty is trying to cope with the flood of paper that comes in from three continents. The United States, the Nationalists of Formosa, the Chinese Communists themselves, the Soviet Union, and the nations of Western and Eastern Europe all have differing views on just what is happening in China.

Chinese propaganda is difficult to

The author of this article is a foreign affairs writer for the *Globe and Mail* of Toronto, specializing in Far Eastern affairs. He opened his newspaper's Peking bureau in 1959, and in 1963 his book *Dateline Peking* was published by Harcourt, Brace & World.

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read, largely because it is so repetitive. Yet it is important to study what comes out of Peking and to develop what one U.S. reporter calls interlinealism—the capacity of being able to read between the lines, for only then do you learn what Peking is trying to say. The mountain of material is such that today students of Chinese affairs must specialize in certain fields—such as rural electrification, agriculture, urban development, political trends, foreign affairs—if they really want to be up to date.

The official Chinese Communist line is easy to obtain, and today every one of Mao Tse-tung's public statements is beamed to the rest of the world by Radio Peking in a score of languages. What is more difficult to check are actual conditions in the countryside and in some of China's more remote cities. And that is where foreign investment in the Mao Tse-tung industry becomes useful.

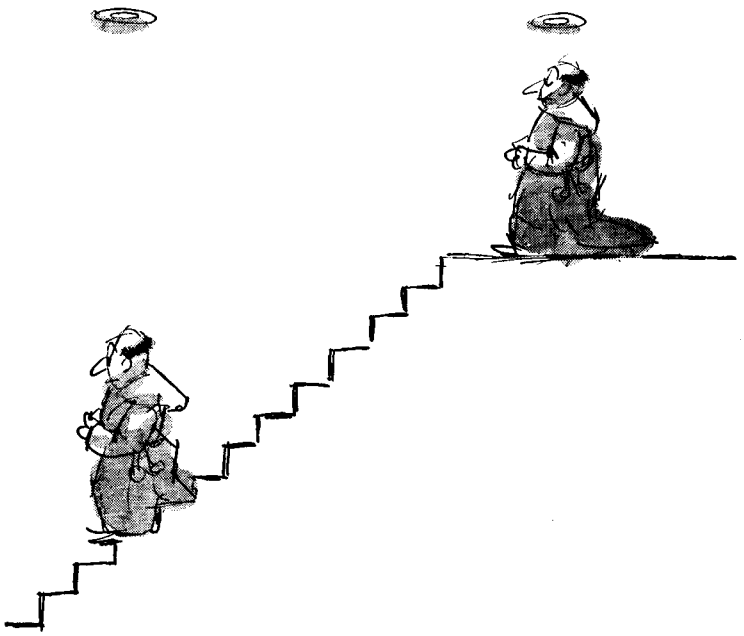
For example, during the drastic food shortages from 1960 to 1962, the Chinese Communist authorities did people in the countryside a great service by publishing details of edible herbs and leaves. Even recipes were included in these accounts. Peking banned export of many newspapers at that time, realizing that Hong Kong's translation services were able to learn the extent of the food shortages from stories and letters in the local press. But the newspapers were smuggled out anyway, and the translation services were able to keep track of developments.

THE translations of Mao Tse-tung's writings, including his poetry, and of more and more Chinese newspapers and journals, have opened up an entirely new society to the West. It is a weird world, where extreme violence and intense humanism live side by side. On one newspaper page the reader finds that Chinese children are being taught to handle rifles so that they can throw back the imperialist invaders. On the facing page is an article about how Peking housewives help one another in neighborhood committees.

The countless people, both inside China and abroad, who in a sense are employees of the Mao Tse-tung industry spend much of their time wondering whether the material they are handling is true or false. Many Chinese Communist statistics certainly are exaggerated. Much of the anti-Chinese propaganda issued by Washington and Moscow obviously is as false as are Mao Tse-tung's wild notions about U.S. capitalism and Soviet revisionism.

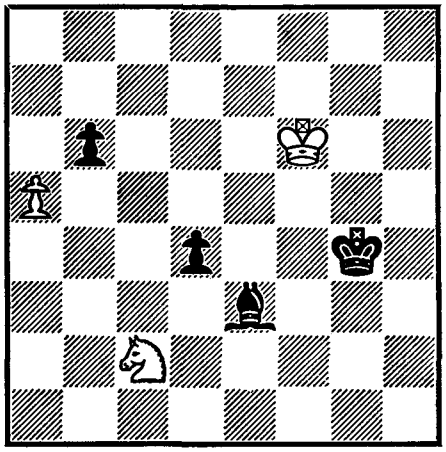
THE merry-go-round of words that Mao set in motion after he helped to found the Hsin Min Hsueh Hui (New People's Study Society) almost half a century ago in time led him to Marx and Lenin. Some of the seventy to eighty members who were in the small study society in Changsha in Hunan Province in 1917 subsequently joined the Chinese Communist Party formed in Shanghai four years later.

In the decades that followed, many of Mao's words turned into bullets. "A single spark can start a prairie fire," he assured his followers—and they conquered China. Because the Chinese revolution has changed the face of Asia, the Mao Tse-tung industry is still in its infancy. By the end of the century, thousands of new books will be added to the many already written as men around the world attempt to explain just what motivated Mao Tse-tung and why 700,000,000 Chinese bow to his doctrines.



Chess Corner No. 98

HERE'S a miniature end-game setting by the brilliant Bohemian M. Havel that is simple and ingenious. The winning idea is based on the recurrent position of the Black Bishop on Q6.



1 P-R6 . . . .

1 PxP will not do because of . . . B-B5. Black's only possible salvation lies in his Queen Pawn. Hence he first plays to gain time.

1	B-N4ch
2 K-N6	P-Q6

Now Black also threatens to queen a Pawn, for the Knight cannot prevent its advance. The next move, however, invites a sensational sockdolager.

3 N-K3ch	BxN

The Bishop is cajoled onto a square that completes a net for the winning sequence.

4 P-R7	P-Q7
5 P-R8/Q	P-Q8/Q

Because Black's Bishop now blocks the flight square of the Black King, White has a forcing, decisive maneuver.

6 Q-N2ch	K-B5

If 6 . . . K-R5 7 Q-R2ch, K-N5 8 Q-R5ch, etc.

7 Q-N5ch	K-K5

If 7 . . . K-B6 8 Q-R5ch, etc.

8 Q-B5ch	K-Q5
9 Q-Q7ch	K moves
10 QxQ	Resigns

—AL HOROWITZ.

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WHAT'S HAPPENING TO SUNDAY NEWSPAPERS?

By JOHN TEBBEL

IN COMMON with every other aspect of the print media, that old reliable commodity the Sunday newspaper is undergoing a change so far-reaching that its full implications are almost wholly unrealized by readers and imperfectly understood by many media men.

While superficial critics have been forecasting the demise of Sunday editions, the papers themselves have been coming on stronger than ever, paradoxically because of the seven lean years they have just gone through and the diminishing of their number. This trend toward consolidation, as monopoly is more politely known these days, is reflected graphically in current figures. Only one city, New York, has four Sunday papers; two (Chicago and Boston) have three; nineteen are blessed with two. The other 499 have only one, and this trend is certain to increase.

Aside from the controversial question of whether monopoly of itself is a bad thing for newspapers, consolidation has made them, as one veteran publisher has put it, "the chief remaining predictable method of communication with the *entire* community." Consequently, while there are a good many things wrong with Sunday newspapers, one thing that is indubitably right about them is their increasing effectiveness as an advertising medium, after a nearly disastrous skirmish with television. The Sunday paper is in a remarkably healthy condition from an advertising point of view.

This idea may be slowly permeating the collective consciousness of New York media buyers, whose thoughts on the Sunday paper have been conditioned by their love affair with television, and by their lack of understanding that the atypical newspaper situation in Manhattan is light-years away from what is happening west of the Hudson. The current disenchantment of a few leading national advertisers with television, particularly its advancing costs, reflected in their increased budgets for Sunday-paper advertising, may well be a straw in the wind that will lead to a more equitable distribution of the advertising dollar.

No doubt it is difficult for a young advertising executive whose business life is centered in New York to see the Sunday paper in historical perspective, and to grasp what life is like "out there." It is not easy to shake off the image of the Sunday edition that Pulitzer and Hearst stamped so indelibly on the public mind. The sensationalism of the late *American Weekly*, the Hearst Sunday magazine, through most of its career still lingers fragrantly, and the memory of the old "brown section," the Sunday rotogravure with its stiff society pictures and warmed-over news photos, is not easy to eradicate even in the presence of the new kind of Sunday magazine that has emerged in the past few years. Nor does the junk-pile editorial character of a good many contemporary Sunday papers contribute to a true impression of what this medium has become.

Most difficult of all to realize, perhaps, unless one has seen it or lives with it, is the local prestige of the Sunday magazine editor on the paper that produces its own. He is often a celebrity in his town. As in the nineteenth-century days of personal journalism, he is able to place his own imprint strongly on his product. His magazine can be a platform for crusading, a political weapon, a promoter of local business and institutions, a reflection of a town's past and present —all this and a prime advertising medium, both local and national.

The most obvious fact about Sunday newspapers today is their heavy advertising. That resounding thump on the doormat as the huge bundles are deposited beside the milk bottles is the sound of money. These editions represent an unparalleled shopping service and an unexampled penetration of market—because there is one thing about the Sunday paper situation that has not changed: It still arrives at a time when the competition from other media is virtually nonexistent, and every week it reinforces a family reading habit that is generations old.

MUCH less obvious is the change in Sunday editions represented by the magazine. This supplement is exactly what that word implies. It is not in competition with the other parts of the paper, but constitutes an island of information, entertainment, and color in the vast sea of newsprint. What is happening to these rotogravure magazines is the most significant aspect of the changing Sunday newspaper.

The field is shared by the three remaining nationally syndicated magazines, *This Week*, *Parade*, and *Family Weekly*; and Metropolitan Sunday Newspapers, Inc., a cooperative sales organization owned by about fifty news-

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papers, which sells national advertising in Sunday magazines or comic sections on a network or spot basis, and provides through its Editorial Feature Service a package of national and international text-photo stories that members may use at their own discretion in conjunction with locally developed stories. Metro's sales effort is like that of most other print media except that it does not actually produce a magazine.

All the syndicated magazines are printed by high-speed gravure process, with a standard 850-line advertising page. The others, whether independent or serviced by Metro, are printed by gravure, letterpress, or offset, with gravure predominating, sometimes in a 1,100-line-size tabloid as well as the standard 850.

Among the syndicated products, the recently departed *American Weekly* was the forerunner of all the others. A product of young Willie Hearst's active brain in the last decade of the nineteenth century when he was locked in nearly mortal combat with Joseph Pulitzer and his *World*, this first attempt at a Sunday magazine was highly successful in its sex-and-sensation days but ultimately died of respectability, complicated by competition.

With the founding of *This Week* magazine in 1935, the magazine idea in Sunday paper publishing came of age. It introduced high-speed gravure printing in full color to the field, and it was the first syndicated magazine to be produced for a group of independent papers. In time (1942) it became the first to adopt the 850-line page.

The outstanding success of *This Week* naturally resulted in competition. *Parade*, a product of the Marshall Field organization, appeared in 1941, beginning as a picture magazine and later becoming more standardized with picture-and-text combinations. *Parade* was originally meant to circulate primarily in secondary markets, but increasingly since John Hay Whitney acquired it in 1958 for his Whitney Communications Corporation, it has also served major metropolitan areas.

A fourth entry in the Sunday magazine field came in 1954 with the founding of *Family Weekly* by William H. Marriott, who subsequently sold it to Leonard Davidow, proprietor of a monthly newspaper magazine, *Suburbia Today*. Designed to reach the middle-sized and small cities, *Family Weekly*, using essentially the same editorial pattern as the others, soon had a distribution of 160 papers, leading the field in numbers.

It is no secret that these syndicated magazines and the independents as well have been in varying degrees of trouble since 1958, mostly as a result of television's intense competition for national advertising. But the observers who were writing obituaries for the Sunday magazine a few years ago are now having second thoughts. The big advertisers are beginning to return, the surveys show a high degree of popularity—Sunday magazines rank second only to the news section—and advertising effectiveness is being proved in places where it counts most — coupon ads and box-top returns.

The syndicated magazines are not out of the woods yet, but they have good reason to hope for better days ahead. They can, for example, reach down into the broad category of papers that cannot afford to produce their own Sunday magazine, and thus acquire a whole new market. Last year the three syndicated weeklies began a joint promotion campaign that promises to pay off, and they countered the research studies of regular magazines purporting to show an impressive pass-along readership with studies of their own, demonstrating a greater in-home readership and superior retention value. Continued coordinated selling and research, and the organization of manufacturing and marketing facilities to give the advertiser more flexibility in reaching more specialized audiences—these are the bright and best hopes of the Big Three.

Paradoxically, the syndicated magazines have shown the way, in a sense, to their rivals, the locally produced magazines. For years the professionally edited syndicate products made the home-grown variety look like the somewhat shabby, amateurish efforts they were. The editing of the independents was usually entrusted to an old employee marking time before retirement, or to a Sunday staff man with no magazine experience. Today magazine-trained men are at the helm of the better weeklies, and the editor's job is now one of the best on the paper. The resulting improvement in quality has made some Sunday magazines outstanding.

Far in the lead is the New York *Herald Tribune*'s *New York Magazine*, whose editor, Clay Felker, is turning out a brilliant, sophisticated product that has broken entirely new ground. Edited for a New York audience, it has nevertheless influenced Sunday publications elsewhere, as the *Herald Tribune*'s Sunday edition itself has pointed the way toward a new kind of Sunday newspaper. Both magazine and paper may be too far ahead of their time, however. Felker's imaginative creation is an intellectual success, but it has been far from a hit at the advertising box-office—although the *Herald Tribune*'s management has recently been more optimistic that it will survive hard financial times and emerge as a real competitor for the fat little gold mine that is the *New York Times Magazine*.

But the preoccupation of Madison Avenue space buyers with television and with the New York scene has perhaps blinded them to the new status of the locally produced Sunday magazine out in the provinces. The Detroit *Free Press*, to cite only one example among several, is producing in its *Detroit Magazine* a well-edited and handsomely designed section that ranks with the best. In Chicago, the *Tribune*'s Sunday magazine often runs a substantial 112 pages or more, and exhibits not only the splendid color work for which the paper has always been well known, but heavy advertising balanced by sharply edited editorial content.

Both these magazines are among the forty-two papers serviced by Metropolitan Sunday Newspapers, all of which bear the characteristic boxed "Sunday" logotype of the organization. Business at Metro is good these days; even the once faltering comic section increased 100 per cent over last year. Metro executives say that flexibility in marketing has been the keynote of the upsurge, after several years of discouraging figures. In the

competition with regular national magazines for advertising, Metro offers a regional and local penetration which matches, and sometimes more than matches, the rapidly developing trend among conventional periodicals toward split runs aimed both at regions and at particular metropolitan areas. The individual runs of the independents are capable of greater flexibility than the printing facilities most national magazines can provide. The new mode of space buying which computerization introduced has been the primary factor in shaping the present market.

All in all, Sunday newspapers, and especially Sunday magazines, have emerged in the past few years as a unique medium. The magazine is well ahead of the other sections of the paper in adapting itself to changing times, and promises to become a particularly valuable outlet for the national advertiser who wants to get right down to the local outlet, and for the local advertiser who wants to see his product separated from the gray rivers of type running through the other sections. Editorially, the application of concepts and techniques once peculiar to national periodicals in time may make the local Sunday magazine a product that will rival its big brothers in popularity.

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"Because You Have Always Told Half-Truths..."

By NICHOLAS SAMSTAG

Sing a song of probity:
A pocketful of wry.
Four and twenty blackguards
Baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened,
The finks began to sing.
Wasn't that a dainty dish . . . ?

A RECENT ISSUE of the *New York Times* carried the following interesting testimony on the advertising world:

A former executive of an advertising agency testified reluctantly in court yesterday that a highly successful promotion campaign for a reducing pill had been dishonest.

The witness, Richard King, television producer for the Regimen tablet account at Kastor, Hilton, Chesley, Clifford & Atherton, admitted in Brooklyn Federal Court that he knew models used in commercials were on severe diets. Yet the scripts he provided for them attributed the weight loss to the pills alone "without dieting."

It has been said that "an advertising man is born in a fog and dies on the first clear day." There is a lot of truth in that aphorism, but if it's so foggy on Madison Avenue, how did it get that way? I have a theory.

Back in the days when most advertising was spoken and most people didn't know how to read, the public crier announced the availability of many goods and services. He survives today in the radio-television announcer—but with an important difference. Whereas the public crier merely offered goods and services; the radio-TV announcer cozens, wheedles, persuades, charms. He *sells.*

I suppose, in the best of all possible worlds, goods and services might still be merely offered. But came the industrial revolution and, with it the Manchester mills, the steam printing press, and the world's first cheap source of newsprint for the mass distribution of words. Things have never been the same since.

Power was what industry was waiting for, and when its new machinery began to bring more and more cheap consumer goods into the market, industry gradually found that it needed advertisement producers to sell the products of the machines almost as much as it needed mechanics to keep the machines running.

In the long slide of time from the public crier to the radio-TV announcer, a new kind of man has developed—part journalist, part peddler, part lawyer: the Special Pleader.

In the movie *Lawrence of Arabia,* somebody says to the hero (a great Special Pleader if I ever heard one), "Because you have always told half-truths, you have forgotten where the truth is." Every member of the advertising establishment spends most of his working hours concocting half-truths and then trying to distribute them as widely and persuasively as possible. This is his job. He is not paid to tell the whole truth or even to know it. Usually he isn't told it. When he comes across facts that weaken or fail to strengthen his case, he automatically ignores them, buries or eliminates them, not only from his thinking but from his consciousness as well. By working hard at this assignment (and it isn't an easy one), he gradually succeeds at it. And so he forgets where the truth is, masters his half-truths, and his income begins to climb.

Now, let it be clearly understood that I see nothing wrong about this from the point of view of advertising. Nor are these remarks intended to be a plea for integrity in advertising, if, by integrity, we mean telling the whole truth. For advertising, by definition, is a special pleader. Nobody in his right mind really believes an advertisement or a promotion piece; not really, not the way you believe your father or a good friend. Nobody with any sense expects to find the whole truth in an advertisement any more than he expects a man applying for a job to describe his shortcomings and more serious faults. Who is willing to denigrate his own product or service except a fool? There's bound to be something wrong (or imperfect) with almost anything. In short, the half-truth is the essence of advertising.

But what impact has this fact upon the advertising man? The need to deal only with the truths that further his purpose cannot help carrying over into his life outside his work. As he proceeds along the path of his career, he is likely to become less and less real, more and more lopsided. When the schoolteacher goes home, she tends to treat the members of her family as if they were children. The man who is paid to listen to complaints all day long for the Bon Ton Department Store continues to be a receiving apparatus for his friends' grievances after hours. The professional advertising man tends to examine his company, superiors, colleagues, friends, community, nation, civilization, in the same way. He seeks only the things he wants to find, only what he can use in his continuing campaign to make himself a contented, effective company and family man.

And so he tends more and more to see the boss as a Genius or a Sweet Guy or a Dedicated Corporate Servant, a Privi-

"Oh, you're a philosopher! You must know Hugh Hefner!"

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lege to Work For (the old so-and-so!). His siblings are all Nice Fellows, he insists, as he ducks and squirms to evade the daggers aimed at his back. The little woman (that nagger!) is a Great Gal; his suburb is the Finest Little Community that ever skimped on a school appropriation or segregated a minority group. And he believes all this, just as he believes, if he represents a national business magazine (like *Newsweek* or *Time* or *U. S. News*), that none but highly incomed executives read his magazine; that it has the highest editorial standards in the field; and that there is absolutely no difference in the attention given an ad on page 3 of the book and the ad on page 64. Position? What has position to do with it?

And what, you may ask, is the harm in all this deception? Each man, to earn a living, must give a part of himself, must trade something to society for his board and keep. The ditch digger contributes his physical strength; the doctor, his medical knowledge; the pastor, his spiritual energy. And so the advertising man must give—what? His technical knowledge of marketing patterns? . . . of research? . . . of copy and art? Yes, but unlike the laborer, the doctor, or the pastor, the conditions of his profession require the value put upon his special knowledge to be second to something else. What he is *really* paid for is a quality that we might term eclectic amnesia, the ability to select (like a radar beam scanning a field) the weaknesses in his product and then to bury them in his forgettery, so that he can concentrate on what's left for his advertising and promotion campaigns. The better he does this, the more he prospers; if he cannot do it, he is fired. He alone of those I have mentioned must, in a sense, blind himself to earn his livelihood.

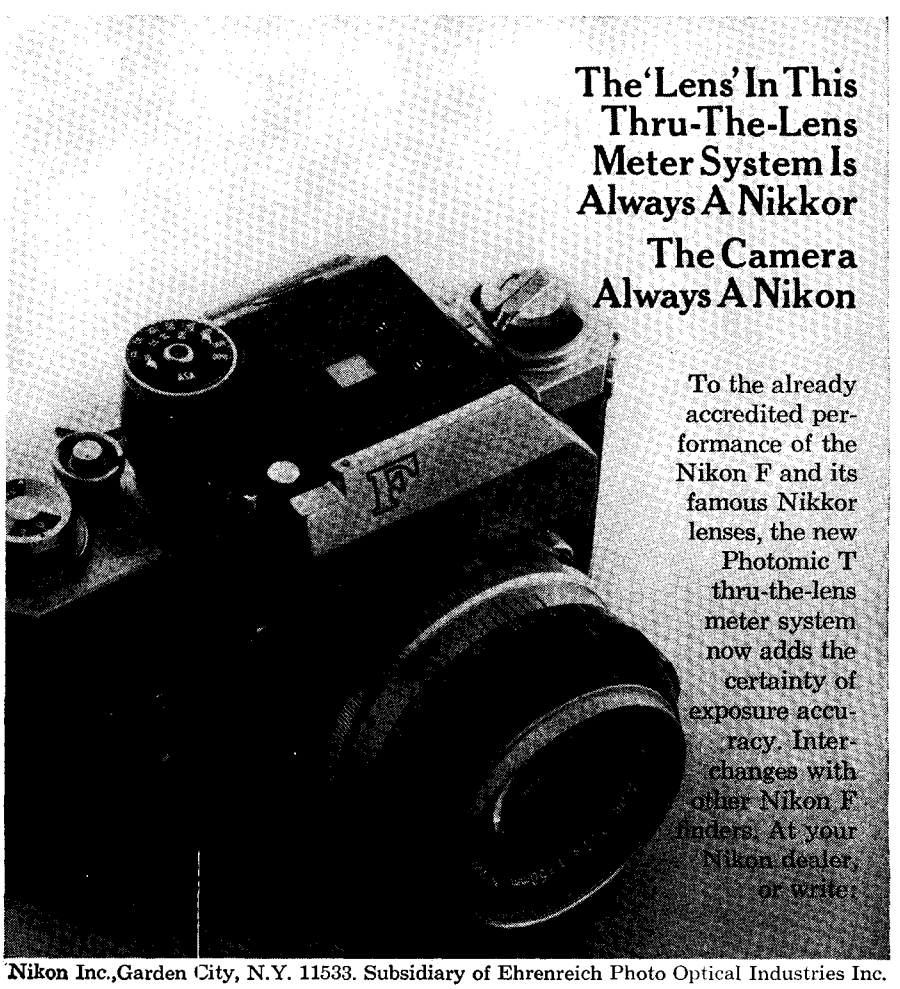
THE ditch digger, doctor, and divine can also blind themselves to certain truths in their professions and, in many cases, advance their incomes and prestige by skimping or passing over certain truths distasteful to others—including their superiors. But they have a choice; they do not necessarily *have* to. They can just do run-of-the-mill jobs of digging, healing, and comforting, and get by. But the advertising-promotion man must deceive his market just to hold his job. He can never tell the whole truth; it is better if he cannot even see it.

Anyone is entitled to say at this juncture, "There are others who must deal in half-truths to make their living. What about the salesman, the politician?" Henry Wotton once described an ambassador as "an honest man who goes abroad to lie for his country." Yes, the salesman and politican are in much the same class as is the advertising-promotion man—and, for that matter, the ambassador, who in truth is also a politician. But notice that the ambassador is called an *honest* man who is sent abroad to *lie*. He may be nothing of the sort, but that's the way the world looks at his job. Nobody ever called the advertising-promotion man or the politician an "honest" man, and this difference may well be because the true liar must never forget where the truth is. He doesn't dare to, for he must constantly avoid it. But those of us who have to deal with the half-truth can never be honest in the ambassadorial sense. To convince our audiences, we must seduce them—and to make a good job of *that*, we must first seduce ourselves.

THIS necessity to choose part of a truth and then treat it as if it were a whole truth is in the very essence of an advertising job. It runs through everything—from the creation of ads to the relationships among ad men. Consider for a moment the contradictory views that can bedevil a company advertising director who is trying his best to work with the agency serving his company. Here are five pairs of directly opposed recommendations, each of which is continuously being urged upon him as the *only* way in which to handle himself. Some of these alternates are strongly indicated by his own management—others have the revolutionary rasp of the old pro in the job advising the neophyte. In reviewing them, it might be well to keep in mind an utterance of that great man, Henry Haskins: "Both sides of a question do not belong to the poor question at all, but to the opposing views that bedevil it."

Give the agency all the credit. It is excellent strategy to credit your agency with all the good ideas and all the execution that turns out well. This endears you to your agency—and you wouldn't want to antagonize a group of men that has sold your boss a bill of goods, would you? Besides, if you keep insisting that you and your people don't do anything except "liaison" between the agency and your management, pretty soon your boss will stop believing you. "It isn't possible he doesn't do *anything*," he'll say to himself one day. "He must do *something*." And from there it's only a step to his saying, "I'll bet he does *so* do everything—and he's giving the agency all the credit just to save me the trouble of looking for another agency. What a man! I must double his bonus."

Don't give the agency any credit at all. Be a perfectionist. Raise hell, hell, hell. Keep sending copy back; ask for ever-new media schedules; turn down all agency research as "superficial," "inadequately based," "destructively conceived." Send your boss evidence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demonstrating agency inadequacies: bad copy, overcharges, details on traffic snafus. Your goal should be a new agency every year. Lose no opportunity to show how indispensable you are. Isn't it true that "Nobody from *outside* can speak for our company"—that "to understand our problems you've got to live with them twenty-four hours a day?" Make this clear to your boss and to the agency. Everything must bear the stamp of your style or it just won't sound like good old Bell Corporation.

Cultivate your agency's top officials. Ask them to dinner. Have cocktails with the agency prexy and even the board chairman, if he'll let you. *You* pay the bills—or at least pay half the time. Insist on it. "This was *my* idea, J.C. I learn an awful lot every time I see you. It's worth it, dammit." Are you socially connected? Most top agency people are social climbers. That agency senior vice president, for instance—the one who practically lives with your top management. Get your Aunt Agatha to invite him and his wife to dinner; he'll be grateful. And he'll mention it back at the shop. Remember, your agency's upper echelon is one of the best pipelines you've got to the top officials of your own company.

Cultivate only your agency product group. To get the best out of your agency, align yourself with the people who do the work on your account: the marketers, planners, writers, artists. Create a workers' front in contrast to the fair-haired boys who do the contact on your level and above. Work with your jacket off and your tie loosened; see that you're over at the agency a lot, in the art department, down on your knees looking at layouts. Be seen often at the bar and pizza joint patronized by the agency's working stiffs. Have your traffic man out to the house for beer and *bocci* Sunday afternoon, but turn down all invitations from your account man.

Keep your management posted all the way. Every time you talk with anyone in your agency, send a memo to your boss at once, reporting what was said, done, or decided. Better than that, memo your boss *before* you talk to the agency; memo him the day after about how it went; and memo him again at the first reaction from the agency. Remember that no two people ever see an accident the same way—and you'd better tell your story first. Did I hear someone say that two men of good will meeting with the same objective is not an accident? You haven't been paying attention, mister.

Let your agency keep your management posted. The Conference Report is the ultimate weapon in the agency's arsenal as it wages its never-ending war to prove to its clients that "Without Us, Nothing." There's no point in fighting it. It works like this: Assume that the subject of your meeting is a newspaper ad. You have written the copy and decided that it should run in the *New York Times*, the *Chicago Tribune*, and the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. The Conference Report from the agency to your superiors will describe the meeting as follows: "We met with the advertising director to discuss a newspaper ad. The agency submitted a list of twelve papers in four cities from which a schedule of three papers in three cities was finalized. A piece of copy was discussed and approved. The ads will appear August 14." Relax in the presence of the agency Conference Report. Step aside and let nature take its course. This amounts to surrendering unconditionally—often a very wise move, especially if you'd rather work for your agency than for your present employer.

Be patient with an inept product group. You can build an esprit de corps more precious than rubies among the people working on your account at the agency—if you will but control your natural impatience and testiness. Be grateful when not too experienced writers, layout men, traffic men, merchandisers are assigned to you. They are raw material to be trained and fitted to the needs of your account like the branches of an espaliered pear tree—and you're the gardener that can do it, especially with your green thumb. An agency group developed patiently by a wise and understanding ad director can burnish his reputation and create relationships that will bring increasing dividends with the years.

Don't let the agency stick you with a bunch of tyros. Insist on the pros. When it comes to getting the right agency team together, the client who squeaks the loudest is the first to get the grease. Any agency, if you sit still for it, will attach its dogs to your leash; the halt and the lame, the about-to-be-fired; the wide-eyed, somewhat talented, smashingly inexperienced beginners. Don't stand for it. Kick and scream. Threaten to go over the head of your account supervisor to the agency prexy. You're entitled to people who can start producing the minute they get on your account. And if your agency is going to assign a bunch of know-nothings to your account, you'll start looking for a new agency.

Always work through your agency contact man. An advertising agency is a sensitive, organic entity that is kept focused on any practical problem only with the greatest difficulty. It squirms like a river of eels between two sandbanks—one called Creativity and one Organization. Both banks must be continuously shored up or the whole slippery marinade oozes out of the channel and becomes a marsh. Your contact man has been put at his place in the organization chart to keep the river in its course and make it useful to you. He

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is the one man at the agency best qualified to find the right person there to do any piece of work or thinking for you.

Don't let the agency contact department isolate you from your group. The idea that an idea can be carried like a box of Kleenex from one brain to another by a third brain and arrive unsoiled, unrumpled, and undiminished is meretricious. And many a promising client-agency relationship has been smeared into meaninglessness by the agency's insistence that this idiotic procedure be honored. Insist on face-to-face sessions with the agency specialists assigned to your problems; get in there with them and make sure they know what's in your mind. Probably you will get into trouble with the agency by cutting across their lines; so set up your defenses by sending your boss a memo-in-detail before you take this tack. Tell him what you're up to and why, so that he's all set when the agency asks him to lunch, with you in mind for the main course.

IT IS obvious that these paired philosophies will be only blunted thorns in the side of the ad director who has full authority over his agency. His name, however, is anything but legion. In all other cases, the ad director and the agency are rivals competing for the same prize, the confidence of the boss advertiser. In such a spot a man can choose either to engage his agency in ferocious combat or surrender to it, but he cannot elect to play a neutral role. For he who flies the banner of tattletale gray on this battlefield loses either his self-respect or his job.

Or half his self-respect and half his job. For sad to say, we find that although many ad directors are forever asking themselves, "Is it better to live on my knees or die on my feet?" they keep postponing their answers for years, existing ignobly in a sort of shambling crouch. It is a spectacle from which we must avert our eyes; it makes radiant neither the image of advertising nor of mankind. For there is only one real answer to the ancient knees or feet dilemma: you have to stand up—to the agency. And if you lose, if you cannot win and hold your boss's confidence, quit. Go find another boss.

The point should, by now, be sharp as a serpent's tooth: No two of the paired statements can possibly be true at the same time. And yet there are as many supporters in advertising for one argument as for another. In fact, the Special Pleaders on both sides take up their cudgels to defend their positions so resolutely that neither hears the other in the resulting hullabaloo.

I must here repeat that I know of no way for the advertising or promotion man to do his work other than to bury a large part of the truth. To do so was part of the contract he signed when he took the job. And, as he grows older, he becomes more expert at his burial operations—until he has quite an investment in what he has learned about interring half the truth and presenting the other half most effectively. But that is so only of his trade. There is still all the rest of his life to consider.

Every healthy worker knows that in his non-working hours it is best to reverse the conditions of his labor. The ditch digger ought to lazy around on his days off and drink beer. The brain worker should garden or play with his stamp collection. And the man who is paid to live and think and tell half-truths all his working life would do well to spend some of his spare time seeking out some whole truths and looking at them hard.

The healthy antidote to working hours spent in repeating, say, "My product is a perfect, shining thing" may well be leisure time passed in examing many things not merely whole but with the emphasis on the negative.

Take private enterprise. It is, as most of us concede, the best way of life man has ever managed to evolve on this planet—but (as we almost never add) it stinks. Why *won't* we say it? Private enterprise is immensely superior to the managed systems of Communism, Fascism, and other authoritarianisms. But on any scale of real excellence it scores hardly a passing grade. If 100 is perfection, perhaps Communism gets a 5. And Fascism another 5. But does private enterprise, the American Way, or whatever you want to call it, rate more than 25? All right, make it 50. It has not solved the problems of poverty or racial equality or security in illness or in age; it has sadly reduced the spiritual element in its society while overemphasizing the material; and it can't control its own technology (which threatens to blow it off the earth) or its rate of increase (which threatens to crowd it off).

Get the picture of what I mean about fault-finding? It's marvelous therapy. Take your church, if you have one. Probably it has a long way to go, too, from its present situation. Whatever it is and despite its many good works, doesn't it fail to fight the good fight for unpopular issues? Doesn't it persist in narrow bigotry toward other sects, avoid facing up to the real problems in its parishioners' lives? I'll bet it does.

Your social life—let's look at *that*. Isn't it largely an extension of your office life—filled with hypocrisies in whose midst you try grandly to convince yourself that you're having a great time with a great gang doing the most exciting things? Hasn't your taste in art (if you ever had one) stopped developing; isn't your wife getting fat and sloppy; aren't the children too fresh, and where is their sense of excellence in anything? Take a long, negative look at the other side of the moon.

But when you do, beware. It will not make you a better company or agency advertising man. Just as your life work has been affecting your nonwork life, once you begin seeing things in the round you're going to start losing your ability to see them only in the flat. So don't start this procedure too young—unless you want to change your job. Most men can't afford what I am suggesting until they're forty-five or fifty.

One of my favorite authors writes, "All is chaos, but a man can derive no satisfaction from chaos—and so a thoughtful man imposes on chaos an order of his own choosing and lives as if it were true." Yes, some of us finally reach a point where we want to choose our own order. We get tired of settling for one imposed on us by our self-supposed need to support a family better than it has any right to expect, or by our own compulsion to elbow our way up some pyramid to prove that we are so a man. In that event there are many courses to choose from.

AND these choices have been made in many ways. I know a man who literally lives for East Orange, New Jersey. He has found truth in trying to reform his community—honestly and without cant. Another found the editorial half-truths of a national periodical too much for him (it's an editorial problem, too) and became an author. A sales director friend of mine gave it all up to become a Methodist minister, and one of my former research directors is happily teaching sociology at Columbia.

There are other choices, of course. One is to hang on, accepting the half-truths and being gradually shoved aside or ignored until annuity time arrives. Another is to stay on and, if you are in a very powerful position, try to fight the system. But that takes a very tough hombre, for the advertising establishment is a business service and its faults are those of business—only, perhaps, more so. Educating any but the very superior businessman to the wiser use of advertising is like trying to turn a nearsighted person, interested only in today's profits, into a farsighted person, interested in building for the long pull. Any oculist will tell you how difficult *that* is.

Meanwhile, as he waits for (and perhaps works toward) the attainment of that miracle, the advertising man is hoist by his own canard. Perhaps he likes it up there—but, if he does, he ought to be ashamed.

This article is a preview of Mr. Samstag's book *Bamboozled—or How Business Is Bamboozled by the Ad-Boys*, which will be published next month by Heineman.

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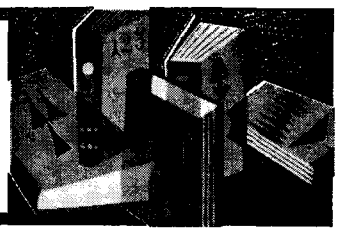
Books in Communications



What to Watch Out For

A FRIEND who thinks of himself as a watcher of trends, an authority, and a close observer asked me the other day, "Whither are books about communications tending? What are the trends to watch?" Or words to that effect. Glad he asked that question. It gives me an excuse to glance at the whole field of such books—from television to the press, from advertising to public relations—and make a few predictions about what the new year will bring. (After some five years as proprietor of this column, I've discovered that it's not terribly difficult, in a field where tradition often seems to be king, to make some pretty accurate forecasts.) Very well, then:

1. A Madison Avenue advertising man will write a book arguing that ads must, above all else, be truthful. The potential customer, our ad man will say, can spot a half-truth or distortion a whole supermarket aisle away, and the slightest suspicion that you're not telling the truth will undermine the whole ad. Of course, he will point out, sometimes it becomes necessary, for reasons of space and economy, to soft-pedal the bad points of the product you're advertising in order to emphasize the good points. But this selective emphasis should in no way be confused with distorting the truth.

2. A Madison Avenue advertising man will write a book arguing that it doesn't matter what you say in an ad; the important thing is to sell the product. He will, of course, make it clear that he doesn't counsel any outright distortions of the truth. The important thing about advertising, he will reveal, can be summed up in two key words: Selective Emphasis.

3. A university press will publish a book whose title is likely to be *The Influence of the Press on Public Opinion*. After 400-odd pages the author will conclude that the press has an influence on public opinion, but that the precise nature of that influence is thus far unclear and that more research is therefore needed.

4. A university press will publish a survey of the magazine industry in the United States. There will be a reference to the *Saturday Review of Literature* or, alternatively, to the *Saturday Evening Review*. The author will be described as an authority on magazines.

5. A Washington newspaperman will write a book about the life of a Washington newspaperman. He will reveal that covering President Johnson is like covering no other President.

6. A public relations man will do the ultimate public relations job of them all, by writing a book about himself. In it he will describe how he overcame adversity to arrive at his present eminence. Sample passage; " 'Your plan cannot possibly work,' the president of this multimillion-dollar corporation told me. 'It has been tried before and it has never worked.' Nevertheless, with all the confidence of my eighteen years, I determined to see if I could not make my plan work."

7. A book will be written criticizing the United States Information Agency for not providing an accurate picture of the United States and for being unimaginative and bureaucratic.

8. A Soviet journalist will visit the United States and write a book about his trip, with major emphasis on crime and slums. If he sees anything he is tempted to like, he will know it was put there especially to fool Soviet journalists and he will therefore feel safe in discounting it.

9. A former television executive, now earning an honest living in public relations, will write a book called *The Truth About Television*. Television, he will reveal, looks all glittery from in front of the screen, but behind the scenes—ugh!

10. Finally, from out of nowhere, will come a scattering of books that are honest and imaginative and memorable. There will not be many of them—there never are—but they are worth watching for, and they are one of the things that make writing this column a fresh adventure every month. —JAMES F. FIXX.

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(Continued on page 118)

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(Continued from page 117)

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DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. City of Galicia, near the Ukraine, scene of much fighting in both World Wars.	20 156 113 136 106 143 173 50
B. Vehement attack.	104 145 150 40 159 192 6 74 83
C. U.S. slang, with depreciatory overtone, for any outfit, establishment.	73 148 151 115 179 141 43
D. Agreement based on conventions.	47 122 135 58 189 194 177
E. Passion for certain collecting, shared by King George V and FDR, among many others.	142 183 36 187 31 178 86 195 123
F. Antonym of rear-end (collision of two moving objects; comp.)	84 166 11 52 8 163
G. From which place.	131 103 85 37 139 70 117 81 168 146 165
H. Proclamation of the gospel.	197 55 99 127 176 14 144
I. Flush.	88 149 126 172 79 7
J. Denoting customary action.	105 193 42 161 48 23 63 34 68
K. Pertaining to locomotor ataxia.	56 15 77 116 89 196 46
L. Card game for any number, originating in South America, wildly popular twenty years ago and still played.	28 188 171 71 114 38 92
M. The pharmacist's mel.	17 118 137 35 94

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. With the benefit (of a particular illumination, or point of view; 3 wds.)	162 174 132 29 184 41 33 167 95 147
O. Slang for a state of fidget.	65 5 93 32 169 76
P. Special name for the greatly widened part of Alaska's river (2 wds.)	110 21 128 66 45 155 158 107 190 64
Q. Thoroughly delighted.	181 12 130 2 191 53 54 100 153
R. Specifying a certain type of soft pleats in women's dresses.	170 108 157 72 111 22 49 44 101
S. Popular small house dog, of three varieties and three sizes.	19 112 1 57 25 62 96 180 109
T. The meteorologist's rain gauge.	154 26 69 185 125 4 198 102 78 119
U. *Rhea americana.*	30 87 97 175 27
V. Worth of a dime in the U.S.?	164 138 160 186 152 9 10 120
W. Furnished with sufficient complement, as for work crews, etc.	91 75 129 60 13 98
X. The void of space.	199 80 59 82 39
Y. Swimmer.	16 121 182 134 200 3 67
Z. Light-draft houseboat on the Nile, lateen-rigged or power-driven.	61 18 133 140 124 51 24 90

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

		1 S	2 Q	3 Y	_	4 T	5 O	6 B	7 I	8 F	9 V		10 V	11 F	12 Q	13 W	14 H
15 K	16 Y		17 M	18 Z	19 S		20 A	21 P	22 R	23 J		24 Z	25 S		26 T	27 U	28 L
29 N		30 U	31 E	32 O	33 N	34 J	35 M		36 E	37 G	38 L	39 X	40 B	41 N	42 J	43 C	44 R
45 P	46 K	47 D		48 J	49 R		50 A	51 Z		52 F	53 Q		54 Q	55 H	56 K		57 S
58 D		59 X	60 W	61 Z		62 S	63 J	64 P		65 O	66 P	67 Y	68 J	69 T	70 G	71 L	72 R
73 C		74 B	75 W	76 O		77 K	78 T	79 I	80 X		81 G	82 X		83 B	84 F	85 G	
86 E	87 U	88 I	89 K	90 Z		91 W	92 L	93 O	94 M		95 N	96 S	97 U	98 W	99 H	100 Q	101 R
	102 T	103 G	104 B	105 J	106 A	107 P	108 R	109 S		110 P	111 R	112 S	113 A	114 L		115 C	116 K
117 G	118 M	119 T	120 V		121 Y	122 D	123 E	124 Z	125 T	126 I	127 H		128 P	129 W	130 Q	131 G	
132 N	133 Z	134 Y	135 D		136 A	137 M	138 V		139 G	140 Z	141 C		142 E	143 A	144 H	145 B	146 G
	147 N	148 C	149 I		150 B	151 C	152 V	153 Q		154 T	155 P		156 A		157 R	158 P	159 B
160 V	161 J		162 N	163 F		164 V	165 G	166 F		167 N	168 G	169 O	170 R	171 L	172 I		173 A
174 N	175 U		176 H	177 D	178 E		179 C	180 S	181 Q	182 Y	183 E	184 N	185 T		186 V	187 E	188 L
189 D	190 P		191 Q	192 B	193 J	194 D		195 E	196 K	197 H	198 T		199 X	200 Y			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 18 of this issue.

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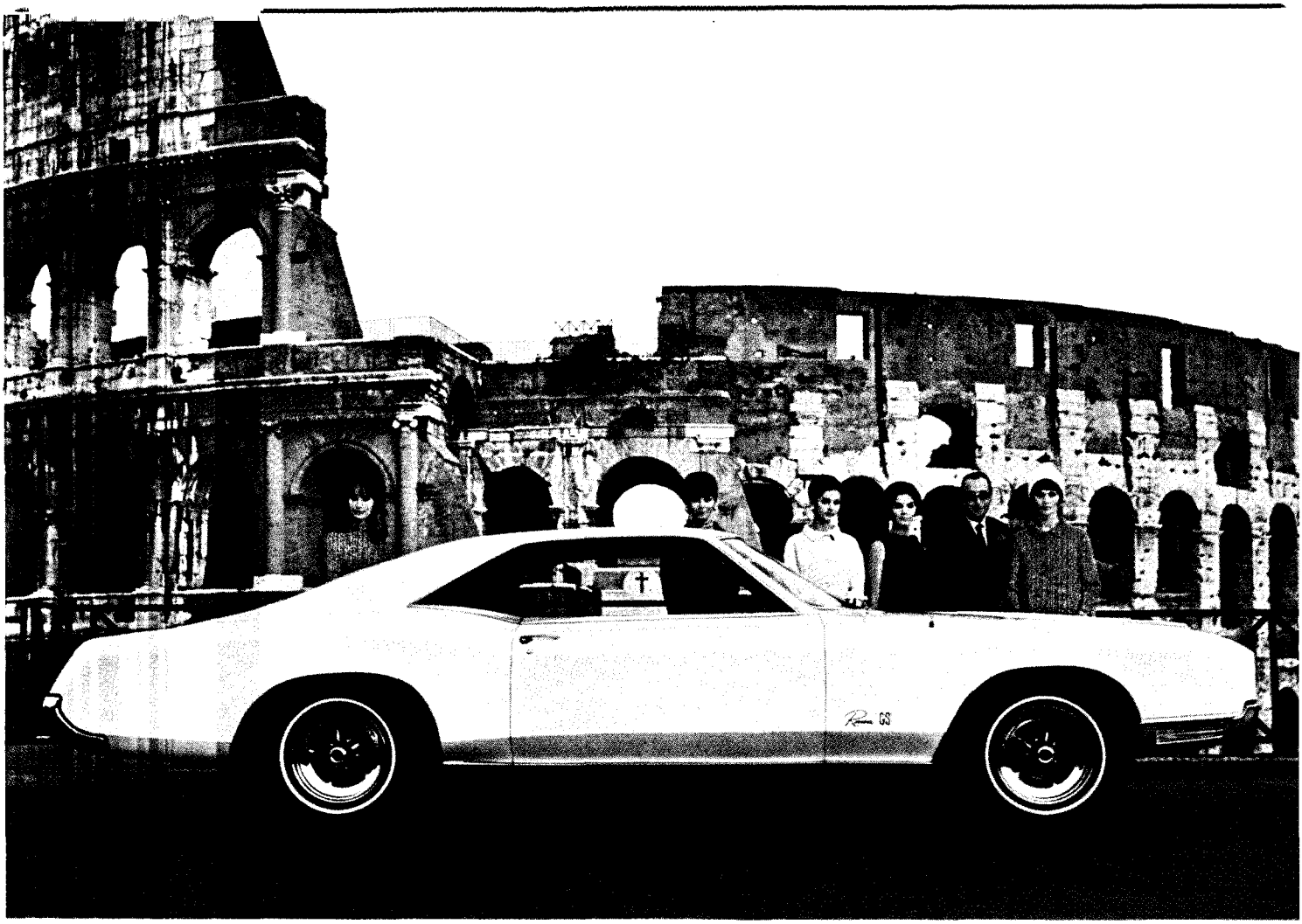

Buick Riviera. Made in U.S.A.

What makes a car a car is styling, performance, ride and handling. Only when they're all tuned together is the car a Buick. Like this 1966 Riviera Gran Sport.

If there are two things the romantic Italians love, one of them is automobiles. Dashing, dramatic automobiles.

Now, some people think Italy has a monopoly on the red-blooded cars that make hearts beat faster and the adrenalin flow.

But those people have another think coming.

The tuned car is here. *Con brio.*

Where the tuned car comes from. Well, from the sunny slopes of far-off Flint, Michigan, if you want to be precise. But really it comes from the hearts of people who dearly love a great road machine.

The tuned car is a blend of styling, performance, ride and handling—all working together in harmony. It means the Riviera lives up to its looks, and that's going some. Under the hood, you have a 340-hp Wildcat V-8. The exhilaration it turns out is harnessed to the road via a suspension that gives you thorough control, yet a firmly comfortable ride.

We confess that we give the Riviera more than a little foreign flair, when it comes to designing it. So we exuberantly tune in Latin fire and grace.

But we never forget American practicality. And so the Riviera offers you a choice of bucket seating or six-passenger bench seating. (Or, for that matter, a combination: a new notch-back seat that converts into semi-buckets is available.)

Help keep America safe. When you first see the '66 Riviera, you might be forgiven for overlooking certain added attractions. Such as all the *safety* equipment that comes standard: seat belts front and rear; shatter-resistant inside mirror; outside rearview mirror; padded dash and sun visors; dual-speed wipers and washers; backup lights. (Which make seeing where you're going easier, even when you're going where you've been.) We overlook nothing to make your driving more pleasant. Nothing at all.

Drive the tuned car. And be glad Flint is in your country. The way to wangle an introduction to the tuned car is simply to visit your nearby Buick dealer.

You'll quickly discover that this '66 Riviera is as sleek and dramatic as any Roman chariot could possibly be. At the same time, you'll be pleased to know that it continues the Buick tradition of comfort and solid dependability.

And besides that, all the labels are in English.

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

1966 Buick. The tuned car.

BUICK MOTOR DIVISION

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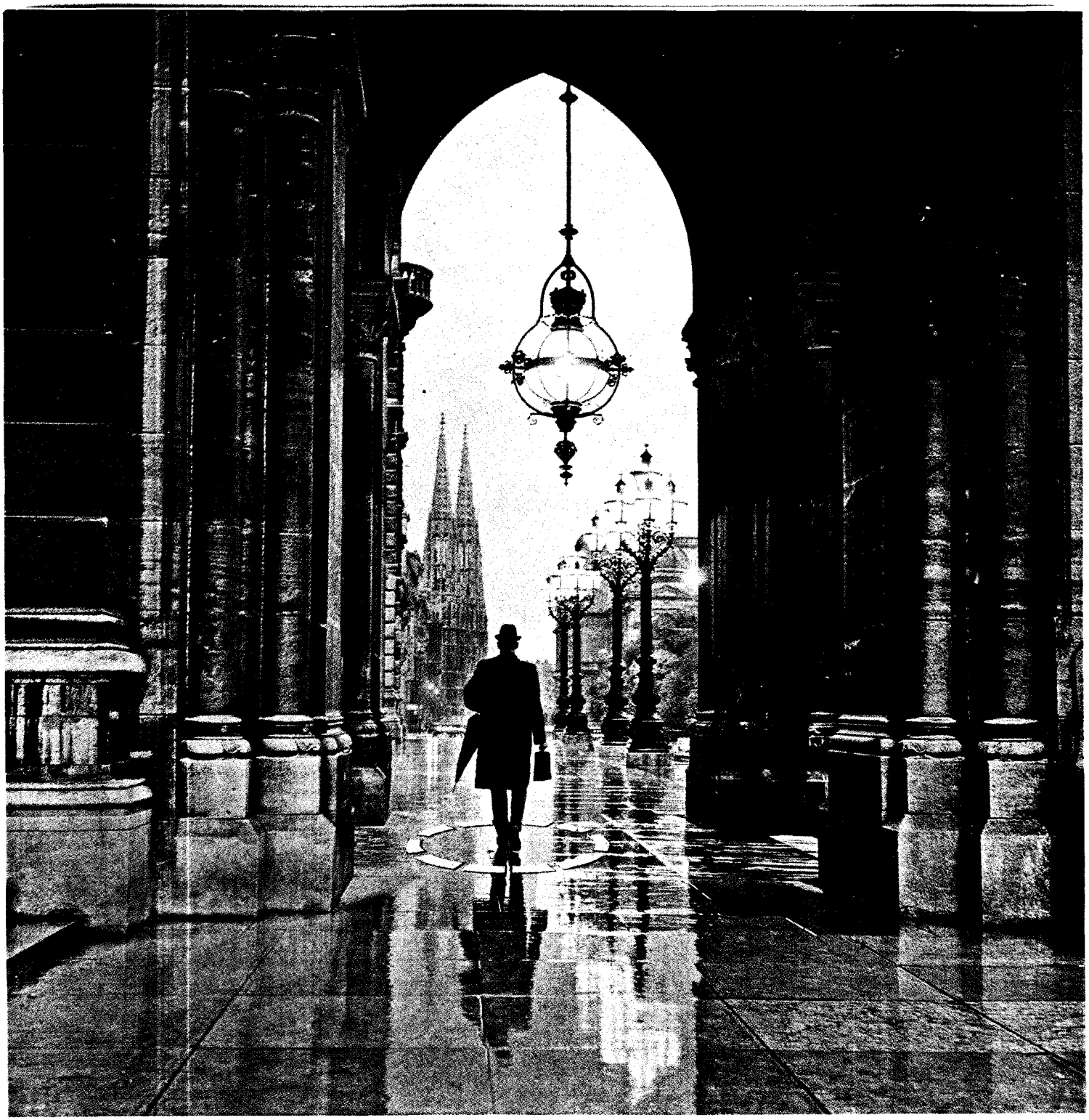

Vienna's Rathaus—just a few minutes from a new Bank of America branch

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